

The Single Woman's Guide to Getting a Baby By Nancy Jo Sales

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Star Jones,
Single Girl

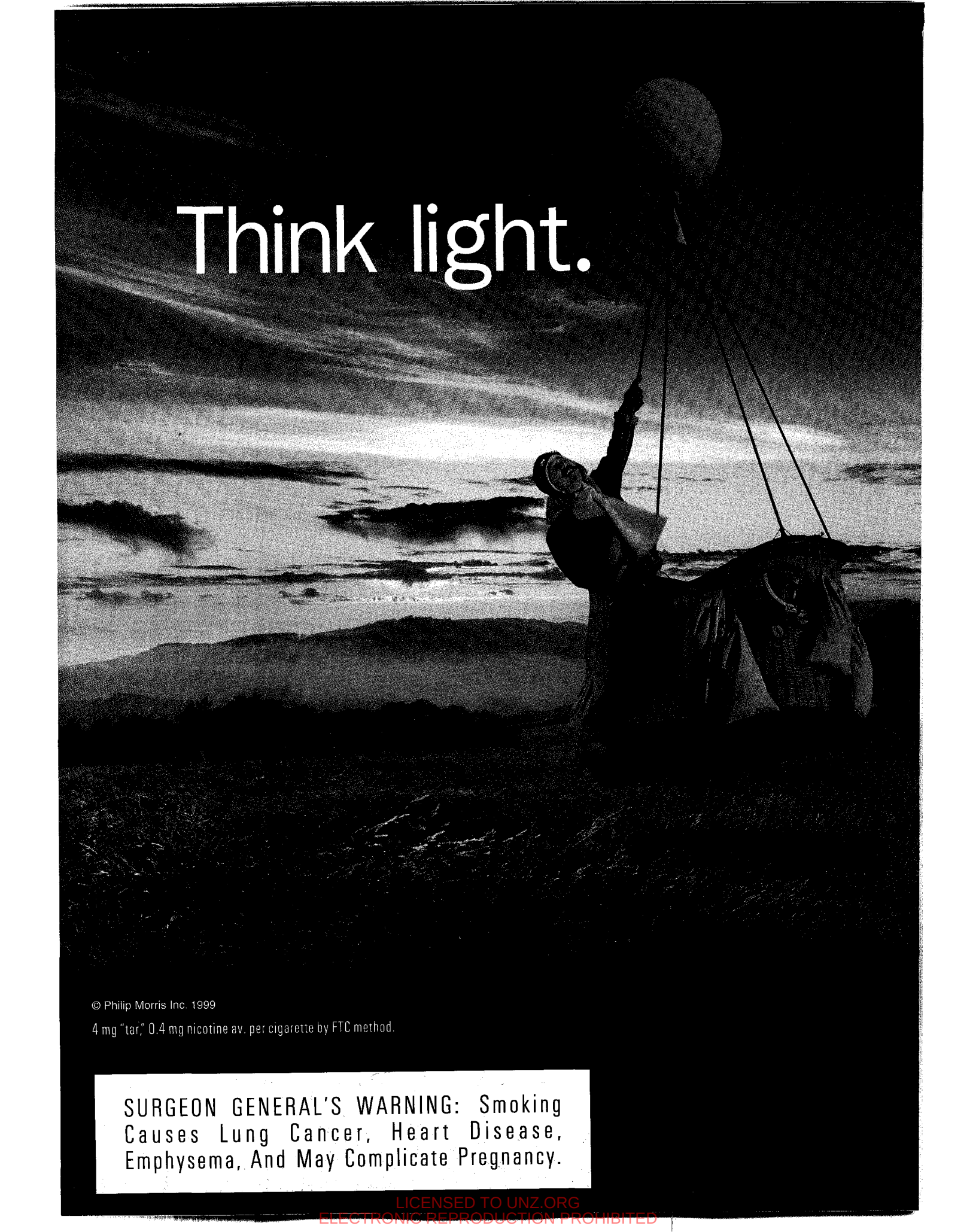
SINGLE AND FABULOUS?

You may be alone, but you're in good company: 3 million people—including a certain talk-show host—are looking for love in the city. Here's how to find it.

SBF, attorney who works in the entertainment industry, likes cigars, champagne, and hot news items. Seeks a man who is secure, smart, funny, tall, drug-free, heterosexual, gainfully employed (and who wouldn't mind sitting courtside with me at Knicks games). NOV 05 1999

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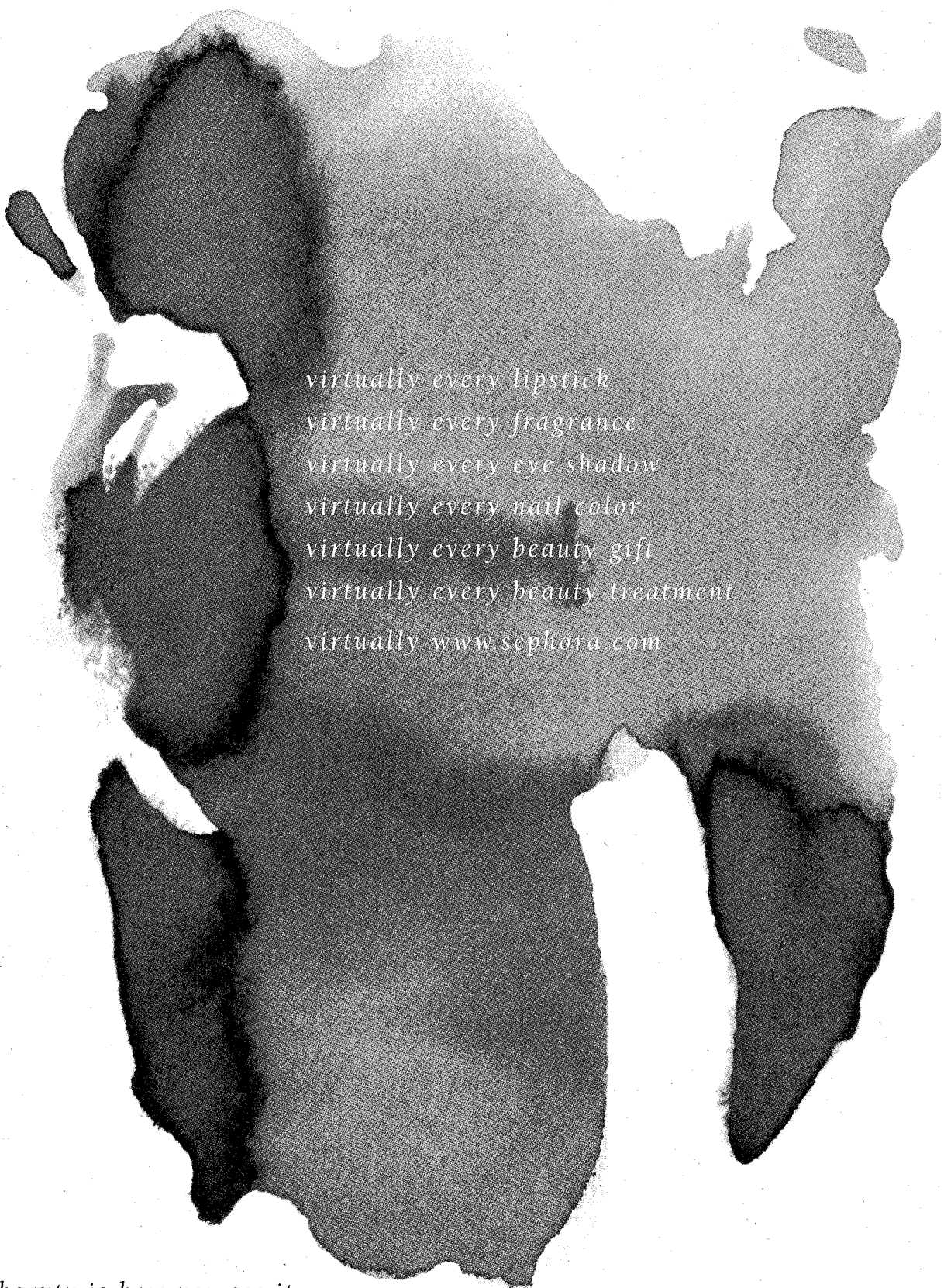




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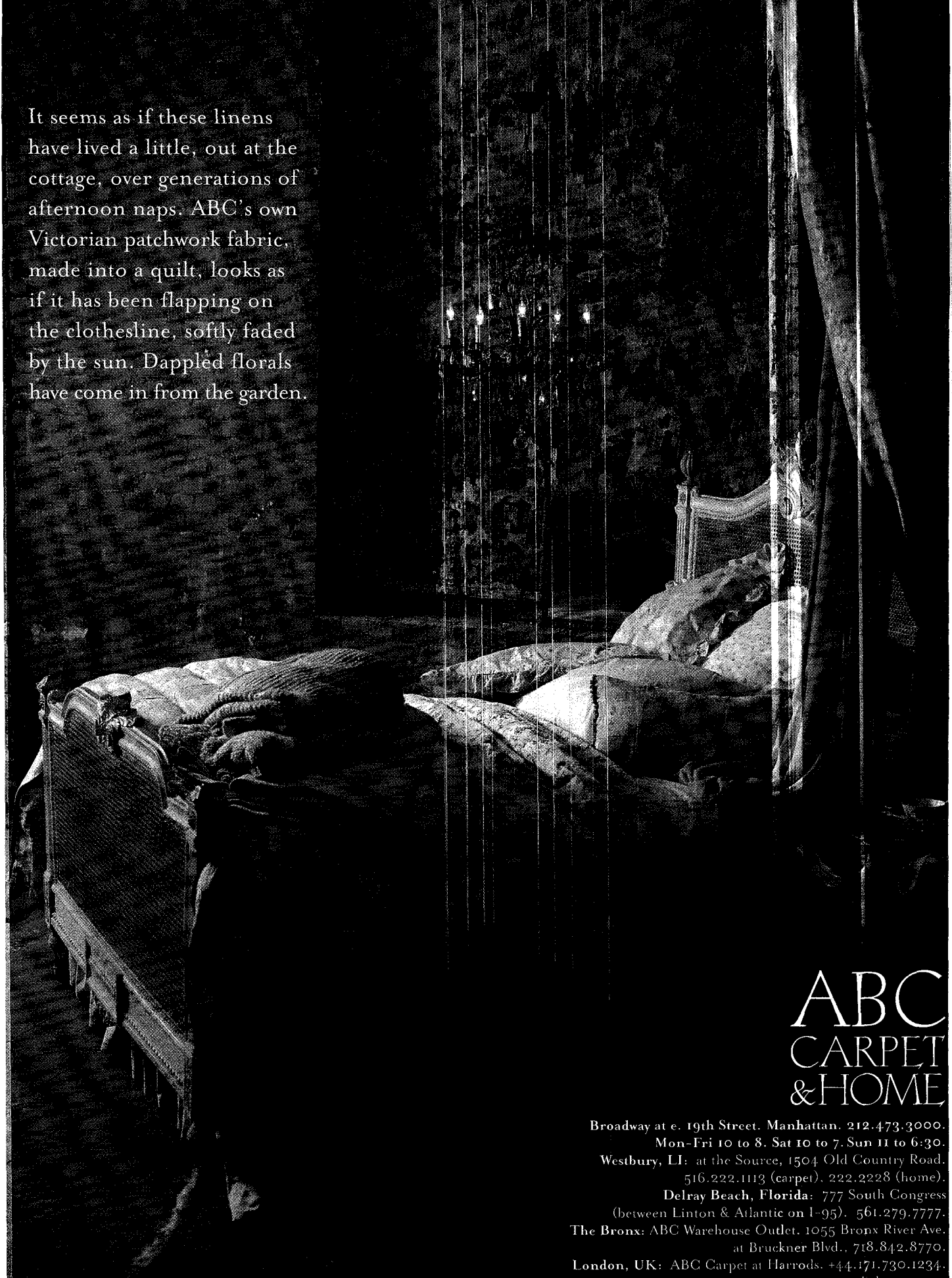
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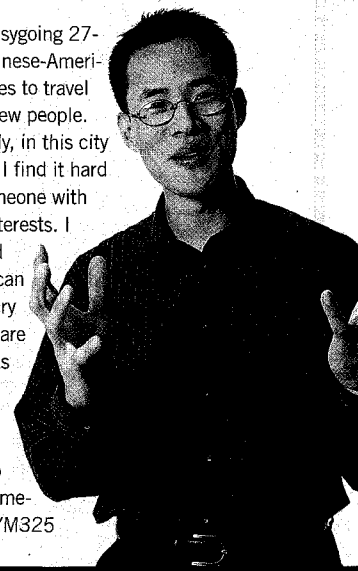
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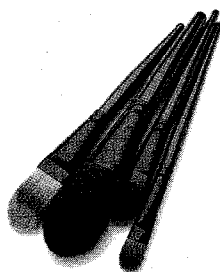
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Hometown Hero

David Cone is a model Yankee, both on and off the field; if a taste of Brooklyn is what you want, why would you go to the Upper East Side?

IN DECEMBER 1996, DAVID CONE ["WILD Pitcher," by Chris Smith, October 18] stopped by my 11-year-old nephew Shimmy's hospital room at Memorial Sloan-Kettering. He was visiting kids with cancer—by himself and with no fanfare. He told Shimmy that when he was feeling better, he should visit him at Yankee Stadium. Nine months later Shimmy was in remission, and David Cone made good on his offer. While the Yankees took batting practice, he spent a long time signing autographs for Shimmy, talking with us, and giving Shimmy words of encouragement about the importance of maintaining a positive attitude. This was in the heat of a pennant race while Cone was sidelined with his own medical complications. Shimmy was wearing a Yankees 1996 World Series Champions cap. As we were about to say our good-byes, David Cone said, "That's a nice cap. Here's another one for your collection." And with that he removed his own well-worn, sweat-stained Yankee cap, signed it, and gave it to Shimmy. It was a completely spontaneous and generous act. Shimmy was speechless and I had tears in my eyes. Shimmy's leukemia soon returned, and he died five months later. I will always hold Mr. Cone in my heart and mind as the sweet, gentle man who gave a golden child one of his last really good days.

Kathryn Janus
MANHATTAN

Brooklyn Bound

INSTEAD OF EATING AT A MANHATTAN restaurant whose "shipshape utilitarian décor evokes Sheepshead Bay" ["Restaurants: Fireman's Ball," by Hal Rubenstein, October 18], why not go directly to the source and any one of the exceptional seafood restaurants in the area? If Lundy's can re-emerge in all of its glory, why not try the best instead of an imitation? There are hundreds of restaurants

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in Brooklyn that would give Fireman's "Bubba's chicken" a run for its money—with the added bonus of a real-life bubba in the kitchen. Diners don't have to go to the East Side of Manhattan for a taste of the "real Brooklyn."

Marty Markowitz
Senator, 20th District
BROOKLYN

Boy Wonder

I'D LIKE TO THANK ARIEL LEVY FOR WRITING a wonderful article on Jimmy Fallon of *Saturday Night Live* ["Not Jerry Seinfeld," October 18]. Levy's beautiful insights and keen observations captured perfectly this young man's genuine and vibrant personality. Fallon is a person who will make it, not only because of his talent but also because of his charisma, charm, and interest in others—a true role model for young Hollywood.

Carrie L. Goddard
MANHATTAN

In Country

WRITER PETE WELLS ["POP MUSIC: ROCKIN' Country's Boat," October 11] has used his reviews of Garth Brooks's new record as a forum for taking potshots at country music, which he apparently neither likes nor understands. He claims that what country needs is a "cross-cultural trans-fusion" of black music and refers to Nashville's prejudices. Has Wells surfed the FM dial lately? Currently there are three stations that play *only* rap, hip-hop, and soul, and the sameness of the sound indicates that black music is as "rigorously ritualized" and "inbred" as Wells accuses country music of being. There is only one country-music station in New York, and I for one would not like to tune in and hear George Strait sounding like LL Cool J. Surely fans of all genres should be able to enjoy their preferred music without being accused of bias.

Shelley Gudeon
JACKSON HEIGHTS

Always the Quiet Ones . . .

AS THE OVERSEER OF FIVE SPECIAL LIBRARIES around the country, I was offended by Peter Rainer's assessment that

Kristin Scott Thomas, as Kay Chandler in *Random Hearts*, "is supposed to be a politician of some repute" but instead "acts more like a library supervisor." ["Movies: Pilot Error," October 18]. I'd like to know how, exactly, a library supervisor behaves. Is Mr. Rainer picturing a gray-haired lady with rimless glasses who whispers "shhh" all day long? Has he visited a modern library lately?

Judi Margolin
OLD GREENWICH, CONN.

Jailhouse Doc

YOUR "INTELLIGENCER" IN THE ISSUE OF OCTOBER 11 ["Oz Meets *ER* in Oregon Lockup," by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell] was more "Intelliguesser." On the basis of no evidence I'm aware of, your reporter told the public of a blossoming "best friend" relationship between Dr. Michael Swango, subject of James Stewart's book *Blind Eye*, and our client Dr. Jeffrey R. MacDonald, subject, most recently, of Fred Bost and Jerry Potter's *Fatal Justice*. I've made the inquiries that your reporter should have, and there is no truth to the rumor that MacDonald and Swango have a relationship, nor, indeed, that they have anything in common other than medical degrees. MacDonald, who recently won an appellate-court decision allowing him to do DNA testing in order to prove his innocence in the murder of his wife and daughters, was temporarily incarcerated in the same prison housing Dr. Swango. This togetherness was entirely involuntary on Dr. MacDonald's part, I can assure you.

Harvey A. Silvergate
BOSTON

Correction In the "Holiday Foods" issue (November 1), two recipes referred to ingredients that are not included in those dishes. The chestnut-and-dried-cherry-stuffing instructions should read as follows in the next-to-last paragraph: "Add parsley, thyme, cherries, and chestnut mixture. Break in the egg, and add the stock." In the sausage-and-apple-stuffing recipe, the next-to-last paragraph should begin as follows: "Combine in a large bowl the bread and the sausage mixture. Break in the egg, and add the stock." ■

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INTELLIGENCER



Tom Hanks:
Bunker mentality

THE TIES THAT BIND MORT ZUCKERMAN

Is **Mort Zuckerman** keeping his *News*-hounds from sniffing around Empire State Development Corporation chief **Charles Gargano**? The state's economic czar is leading the charge to revitalize Times Square—and Zuckerman got two prime development spots

in the area. Gargano's agency has been under investigation by district attorney **Robert Morgenthau**, and the probe is reportedly delaying Gargano's appointment to **George W. Bush**'s presidential campaign, but Zuckerman's *Daily News* did not publish **William Rashbaum**'s tough reporting on Gargano "for months," according to one publishing source. Only when the tab learned that the New York

Times was going to be running a page-one story on October 22 did the *News* finally scurry to get its own story into print, according to another source. But *News* senior managing editor **Arthur Browne** says it's "ridiculous" to think that Zuckerman's business interests are affecting the paper's coverage. Browne points with pride to the fact that his reporter Rashbaum broke the story that Gargano's aide **Paolo Palombo** secretly pleaded guilty to a bribery charge and wore a wire in the office—a story the *Times* ran the next day. "If we were able to substantiate any wrongdoing by Mr. Gargano, we would certainly report it," says Browne. "We were not able to do that—nor was the *Times*." Rashbaum refused to comment.



Kim Porter:
Puff mommy

Christopher—and Puff's mommy, **Janice Combs**, met up at the party celebrating the release of Universal's *The Best Man*, hosted by **Russell Simmons** and the Wedding List company at Lot 61. The bash, which drew such diverse revelers as **Spike Lee**, **Oscar De La Hoya**, and **Patricia Herrera**, saw the two mothers enjoying each other's company well into the early morning. "They were hanging out all night—even posing for

AND THEY CALLED IT PUFFY LOVE

Former **Puff Daddy** flame **Kim Porter** may have been traded in for a newer model, **Jennifer Lopez**, but she still rates with the most important member of Puffy's entourage: his mom. Porter—who is the mother of Puffy's infant son,

KEVYN AUCOIN'S BAD HAIR DAY

Although makeup master **Kevyn Aucoin** appeared to be thrilled when he learned he was one of three people to be honored by the Beauty Cares Foundation, he failed to show at its tenth annual fundraiser, hosted by supermodel **Heidi Klum**. According to one fashion insider, Aucoin was miffed that organizers at the AIDS charity asked him to tap his well of celebrity clients for a presenter, feeling he was being used rather than just honored. Beauty Cares founder **Mark Pipino** and event producer **Rudy Sprogis** insist they don't know why Aucoin didn't show up. "They really didn't give us a reason," Pipino claims. Aucoin, whose agent, **Sandra Rubalcava**, accepted the award, refused to give the story lip service. "I have nothing to say about this ridiculous gossip," he snapped.



Photographs: clockwise from top, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Robin Platzer/Twin Images (2).

NOVEMBER 8, 1999 NEW YORK 13

WAITER, THERE'S A CAMERA IN MY SOUP

Mind your table manners next time you eat out—you could be under surveillance. Hidden cameras are being installed in popular restaurants around town as part of the indie documentary *Life . . . With a Side of Fries*, a film about the quirky customs of eating out in America. The cameras will lurk in such oddly obscure places as a maître d's glasses and waiters' button holes. While overt footage has already been shot in Mesa Grill and Michael Jordan's The Steak House, Vedauwoo Productions, the film's producer, won't disclose exactly which New York restaurants will be bugged. But a spokesman says they will plant cameras in "reserved Upper East Side" establishments, "trendy Village bistros," and everywhere in between. Diners whose antics catch the eye of director **Matthew Pestorius** will have to sign a release permitting use of their footage, but considering that famous New York foodies like **Tim Zagat**, **Nobu Matsuhisa**, and **Florence Fabricant** of the *New York Times* are all featured in the film, less-celebrated gourmets may be enticed into fifteen minutes of fame—even if it's with a full mouth. Pestorius has a word of warning to crabby diners, however: "Think twice before you chew out your waiter," he says. "You never know who they may be."

pictures together," says a fellow partygoer. Puffy, on a promotional tour in Japan, wasn't there to witness the family reunion. Thanksgiving dinner should be interesting.

THE JOURNAL OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS

Was it a case of sour grapes? The *Wall Street Journal's* **Paul Steiger** was booked, then unbooked, for CNN's *Street Sweep* show last Tuesday. When the cable network got word that four companies were being replaced on the Dow Jones Industrial Average, a booker called to get a *Journal* representative for that afternoon's show. Steiger, who just four days before had turned down a million-dollar job offer from CNN, was set for the show. Then a CNN New York staffer who doesn't work on *Street Sweep* called network chairman **Tom Johnson** in Atlanta to alert him to the sensitive interview, according to one inside source, prompting Johnson to specify that no one should

ask Steiger about the job offer on air. But in the newsroom, the buzz was that "Johnson pulled Steiger as a guest," according to another source, who adds that Johnson's move was viewed as "petty." Meanwhile, Steiger took himself out of the running, saying that "it was too soon after his CNN adventure for him to appear" and proposing *Journal* markets editor **John Prestbo** as his substitute, according to Dow spokesman **Richard Tofel**.

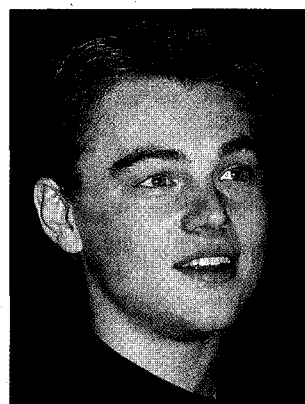
JFK JR. RELIEF; FEVER OVER BEEF

LEO TO THE RESCUE: What's the last taboo for a show that sings the praises of porno videos and anal sex? In the original version of an episode of *Sex and the City* that re-aired last week, Samantha, played by **Kim Cattrall**, finds herself socially redeemed when she befriends John F. Kennedy Jr. after her promiscuity turns her into a social pariah. In an attempt to avoid bad taste themselves, producers of the show redubbed the

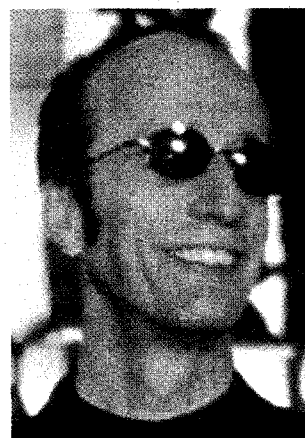
voice-over, replacing the reference to Kennedy with none other than **Leonardo DiCaprio**. Seems that even reruns sometimes have surprise endings.

MEAT AND GREET: Bee Gee **Robin Gibb** may have been greatly anticipated at the *Saturday Night Fever* opening-night soirée, but his dietary restrictions were not. In keeping with the Bay Ridge theme of the disco-driven Broadway musical, publicists turned to White Castle to cater the China Club celebration. It seemed like a stroke of synergistic brilliance—until it was discovered at intermission that Gibb and his wife, **Dwina**, the evening's guests of honor, are strict vegetarians. So as Gibb—alongside such other celebs as **Rosie O'Donnell**, **Sarah Ferguson**, and **Katie Couric**—watched the polyester-clad crew boogie down, publicists called frantically on their cell phones searching for, and successfully finding, an open health-food store to pick up some tofu and other soy noshes—helping the Gibbs stay alive . . . without meat.

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Sehgal.



Leonardo DiCaprio:
Sexy substitute



Robin Gibb:
More than a vegan

JESUS MISSING IN THE WINDY CITY

A good Jesus is hard to find—as **Andrew Lloyd Webber** discovered this fall. His Really Useful Group is reviving the 1971 musical *Jesus Christ Superstar*, which was booked for a tryout at Chicago's Shubert Theatre in February before hitting Broadway in April. But although the musical was announced as part of the Shubert's subscription series, the producers have canceled the Chicago run and decided to head straight for New York next spring. "They couldn't find a Jesus," says one well-connected Broadway insider, "so they had to cancel." That view is disputed—sort of—by the play's press rep, **Adrian Bryan-Brown**, who insists that problems scheduling "the creative team of the show" caused the delay in Chicago. A savior has been chosen, he insists, adding, "We're keeping mum on our Jesus" until the contract is signed. The current plan is for the musical to play at the Ford Center for the Performing Arts in mid-April, according to several Broadway sources. And the producers are attempting to mollify the Shubert by promising that Chicago will be the first stop on the national tour. Now, if only they could get some divine intervention at the box office.

"CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK?", IS JUST ONE WAY TO START A CONVERSATION.

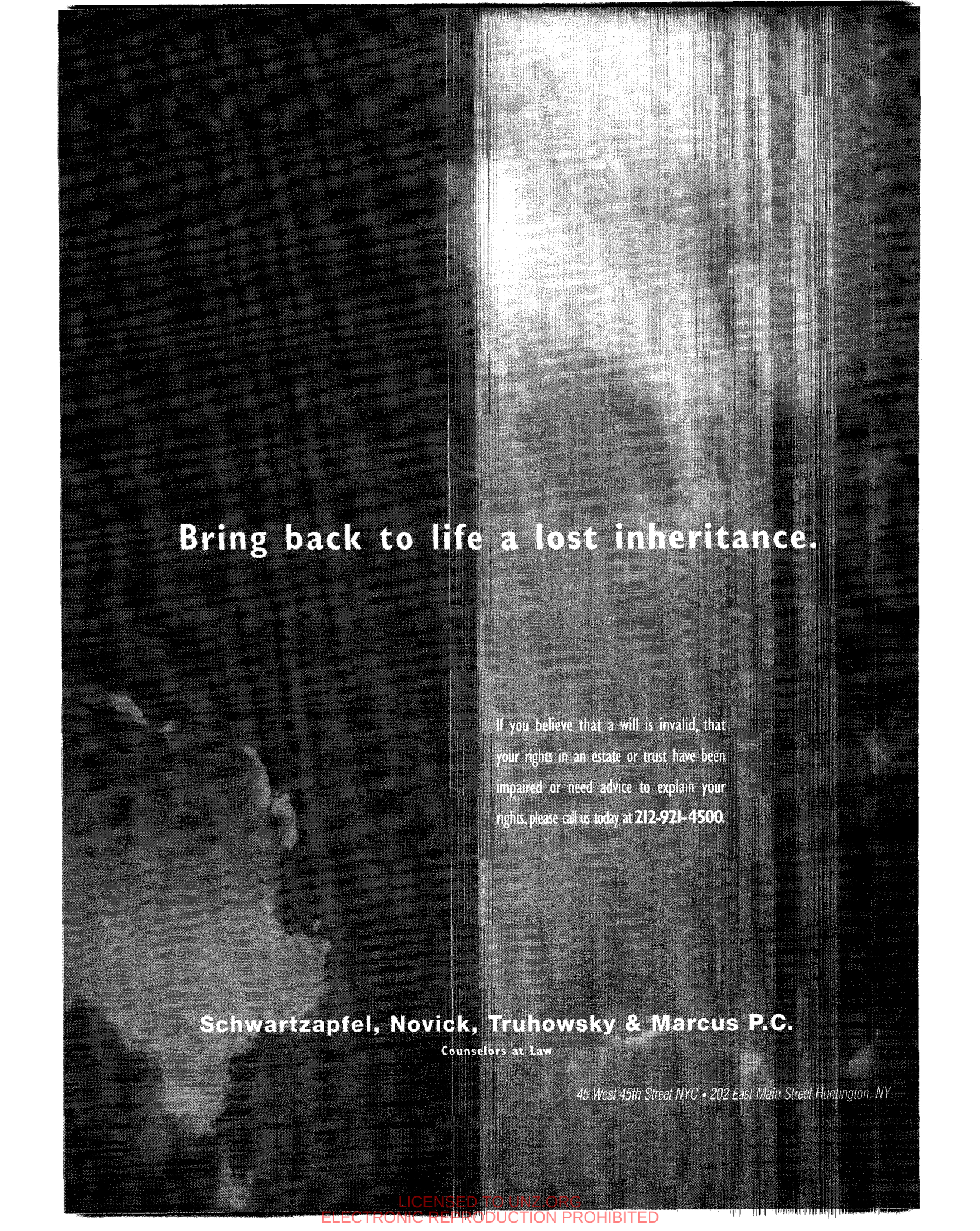


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GO THAM



Feed Frenzy

Does the full story behind a new Web venture signal the end of the do-it-yourself ethic?

SOMETIMES IT SEEMS THE new math was invented for the new economy, where four or five small companies—only one of which has ever made a profit—can add up to big money. At least that's the thinking behind an as-yet-unnamed new venture set to integrate several Internet publications into a new highbrow "portal site"—a kind of hipster Yahoo! for the twenty-somethings who were known as Generation X before they became Generation IPO.

Last week, word got out that the owners of Feed, the scrappy East Coast answer to Salon, were negotiating with several other Websites that have more intellectual cachet than they do mass appeal, including Suck, a snarky mix of

comics and think pieces; Alt.culture, an online encyclopedia of cool; and the Smoking Gun, a collection of documents with high gossip value. (New York has a content deal with the Smoking Gun.)

Feed co-founder Stefanie Syman confirms that the new

company plans to connect its constituent sites over the course of next year, but it has already faced its first setback. Originally, the prospective partner sites wanted to band together under the name www.pop.com, which was registered to Lycos—the company that owns Suck and is providing startup costs through its Lycos Ventures division. (Lycos acquired the name when it bought Wired Digital last year.) But Lycos made a deal to give the site name to an entertainment company owned by DreamWorks and Imagine Entertainment.

"It turns out the guy who runs Lycos [CEO Bob Davis] had his own idea about the URL," says someone involved in the deal. "You have these 'zine sites wanting something that is sought by DreamWorks—you know who's going to win the fight." A Lycos spokesperson would say only that the company is "thrilled to be working with [the DreamWorks-Imagine] Pop.com and we expect to continue working with them in some capacity."

Whatever its eventual name and Web address, the new company plans to cut costs by consolidating advertising-sales and office operations. Teaming up with Lycos will also bring in

the kind of traffic necessary to attract major ad campaigns. "There's a flow of interesting people," says Steven Johnson, who runs Feed with Syman, "so it's a logical place to start."

In this case, "interesting people" means the 25-to-40-year-old tastemakers whose fortunes have risen along with the booming economy. "It's more a sensibility we're defining," says Syman. "These audiences tend to be incredibly loyal and exciting."

Long-term plans for the portal include partnerships with independent record labels and e-commerce Websites. That, as well as the aggregation of these formerly independent sites into one umbrella company, seems to reflect the abandonment of the do-it-yourself ideal that envisioned the Web launching a thousand 'zines rather than a thousand IPOs.

Whether this shift is permanent may depend on whether this new company makes money. "There's definitely room in the media world for property geared toward a 25-to-40 audience that's fairly sophisticated," says Anya Sacharow, an analyst with the Internet research firm Jupiter Communications. On the other hand, "the core business of pure content is still somewhat problematic." But that never stopped anyone in the new economy, so the big question is: When's the IPO?

"We have a number of hurdles to get over," says Johnson with a laugh, "before we start thinking about that."

BORIS KACHKA

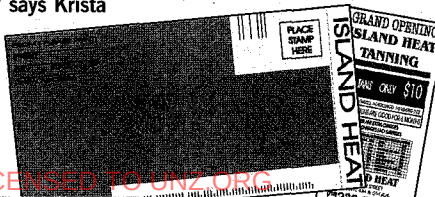
Fine: \$50. And Hey, You Look a Little Pale!

Every car owner in New York knows that parking on the street is almost more trouble than it's worth, but drivers who manage to decode the forbidding signs can usually be confident that they're within the law. So when residents of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, found a sea of all-too-recognizable orange rectangles blanketing their windshields a couple of weeks ago, they had the predictable response: "There were flames coming out of my ears," says Krista Gaskin. "I've already spent \$1,000 on parking fines this year!" But the "tickets," it turns

out, were no Giuliani crackdown—they were uniquely attention-getting promotional flyers for Island Heat, a new tanning salon, advertising a tentans-for-\$10 special on the reverse side. Neighbors fumed that the design hoax had to be illegal, but a spokesperson for the New York City Department of Finance says no laws were broken. Crime or not, some, apparently, still thought punishment was

in order: "We got death threats," says salon employee Teresa Catani. "People just couldn't take a joke."

ANNA HOLMES





Time-Sensitive

Whiners about inexact clocks get a new high-tech toy at this year's marathon.

IN ADDITION TO THE USUAL indignities that await New York City Marathon runners at the finish line—blistered feet, blackened toenails, the particularly unpleasant chafed nipples—there has always been the vexing knowledge that official finishing times aren't quite as accurate as they could be.

Before the race, the Verazano-Narrows Bridge is a

shoulder-to-shoulder crush of 30,000 athletes; when the gun goes off, the runners—except for the handpicked elite who start at the front—begin a slow shuffle toward the starting line that eats up precious time. "It's never more than five minutes," insists Road Runners spokesperson Paula Turner. But, she admits, "it definitely feels a lot longer."

To compensate, weekend

warriors typically subtract as many minutes as necessary to get their "real" time. Ask a finisher how he did and he might say, "Well, the clock said 3:41, but on my watch it was more like 3:37." A few minutes may not seem a big deal in a race that lasts all day, but for most marathon runners the race isn't against the guy gasping just behind you but against a hoped-for finish time that has been carefully calibrated, practiced, and prayed over for months.

This year, the grumbling should stop. Each runner will have a computer chip (something like an E-ZPass) tied to his or her sneaker. At the starting line, the finish line, and the ten-kilometer, half-marathon, and twenty-mile marks, they'll cross timing mats with antennae embedded in them. The antennae will pick up every chip, and each runner's time will be posted on the Internet minutes after he or she completes the race. On each finisher's certificate, there will be two scores: the official gun time, on which awards are based, and the real time, suitable for bragging, qualifying for Boston, and resting easier at night. **MICHAEL STEELE**

Stayin' Alive?

If its backers are to be believed, *Saturday Night Fever* is the ultimate prodigal musical—first roasted by the theater Establishment, then rescued from its disco inferno by popular demand. But just how critic-proof can this show be? To recoup its \$9 million outlay, it'll have to dance around some wildly negative buzz—including outrage by movie loyalists—that could discourage out-of-town parties from following Tony Manero into Manhattan.

Associate producer Manny Kladitis claims he's already sold \$20 million worth of tickets, only \$2 million of that through group sales. Long-term success, then, will depend on individual tickets. And while Kladitis says the show is "extremely well sold" through March, a quick visit to Ticketmaster shows good orchestra seats still available every Saturday night in January and February (in fairness, the Death Valley of Broadway's calendar), including on Valentine's Day weekend.

With \$500,000 in weekly expenses, 1,700 seats to fill eight times a week, and an \$80 top ticket price that can't play well in Tony's Brooklyn 'hood, *Fever* is not quite a lock yet. But Kladitis dismisses naysayers. "We expected critics not to relate to the show," he crows. "I mean, look at Donald Lyons or Ben Brantley—I don't think they've ever been to a disco in their lives!"

Harsh words from the man who brought us *Man of La Mancha* with Sheena Easton. And, it turns out, wrong. "I spent many nights in Studio 54," protests the *Times*'s Brantley, who believes word of mouth will chill *Fever*. "All they'd have to do is play the album and have some hot dancers onstage, and it would be better than what they've got." **ROBERT KOLKER**



We're All Ears...

At last we can add "roller-coaster rider" and "Aerosmith aficionado" to Michael Eisner's list of avocations. In a rally-the-troops e-mail memo sent last week, Disney's top mouse muses about Pokémon, Beanie Babies, and other youth-market concepts that eluded his grasp—and vows never to be out of touch again.

>> From: Eisner, Michael [SMTP:Michael.Eisner@disney.com]
>> Sent: Tuesday, October 26, 1999 9:52 PM
>> To: [REDACTED]
>> Subject: 10/26/99 Age Decompression

>> Dear Fellow Cast Members:

>> Aside from going to the German language stage version of "Hunchback of Notre Dame" in Berlin and the London theatrical opening of "The Lion King" and the new Millennium Celebration at Walt Disney World, meeting with European and Disney World executives during each stop, I have been on

>> Among the buzzwords that kept popping up in my reading material was the expression, "age compression," which is used to suggest that kids are growing up faster than ever. Like most buzzwords, I find that this one is overly simplistic. The fact is that, ever since Adam and Eve had to cope with the upbringing of their two boys, parents have felt that their kids were growing up too fast.

>> This perception is simply nothing new, and you can be assured that kids will still be kids. But, it is also true that the kinds of entertainment that kids seek out is always evolving. Hula hoops, baseball cards, pogs, beanie babies, Pokémon—one generation's "cool" is another generation's "no way." The message for our company is that we must keep finding creative ways to adapt and expand the inherent appeal of the Disney brand.

>> And so we are. For example, "Tarzan" integrated the music of Phil Collins to create a dazzling animated film that is one of the highest grossing films of the year and was particularly successful with teen audiences. And, while in Walt Disney World, I saw the 30-minute "Tarzan" show at Disney's Animal Kingdom, which provided more proof of the all-family appeal of what Disney creates.

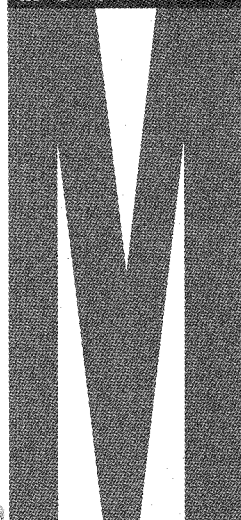
>> Then there's the original "Toy Story" which drew in audiences of all ages by offering a new look and a new attitude for family films (as, I am confident, will "Toy Story 2"). The Rock 'n' Roller Coaster at Disney-MGM Studios integrates the music of Aerosmith with three inverted loops for an entertainment experience that is truly on the edge (I rode that three nights ago. WOW!!)

>> Do we hit the mark every time? Of course not. But, as long as we experiment and search for new ways to connect with the Disney audience—which truly ranges from the uncompressed ages of 2 to 92—then our company will continue to achieve success far into the future, on to a time when a term like "buzzword" is long forgotten... but a character like Buzz Lightyear is as popular as ever.

>> Michael

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MONTAUK



BOHAEDESIGN



He left me. Good riddance.

He never picked up his socks. He thought I was

his mother. He didn't make me laugh anymore.

He's gone. Who cares... I kept the sofa.

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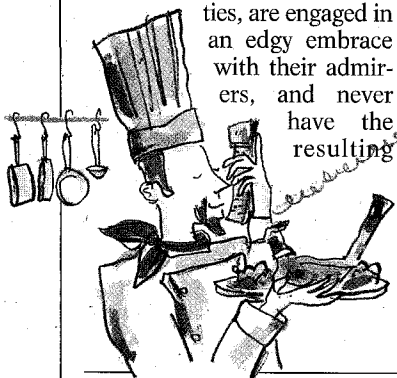
Table Salt

A sharp new play sends a jolt of recognition through the restaurant world.

THE BEST SATIRE IS SO witty that even the objects of ridicule find it a riot. That must be why, from Bouley Bakery to Gramercy Tavern, New York's top restaurateurs have been laughing of late.

In the hit one-man show *Fully Committed*, Mark Setlock plays a frustrated reservationist at an unnamed four-star New York restaurant. He also does the voices of all his callers: the despotic chef, the smarmy French maître d', the supermodel's assistant, the relentlessly demanding socialites.

Top restaurants, like celebrities, are engaged in an edgy embrace with their admirers, and never have the resulting



connivances and cruelties been quite so farcically exposed. Like Narcissus to the pool, the restaurant world can't stay away—especially after reading William Grimes's review in the *Times*'s "Dining Out" section.

"The whole industry has been to see the play," says Dominique Simon, the maître d' at Bouley Bakery. Before the sold-out show closed last week (soon to reopen for an extended run at the Cherry Lane Theater), it was itself much like a four-star dining establishment, with restaurateurs fighting to get in. Drew Nieporent, owner of Nobu and Montrachet, called his friends the Zagats to pull strings with the theater management. Daniel Boulud of Daniel and Café Boulud squeezed in at the last minute.

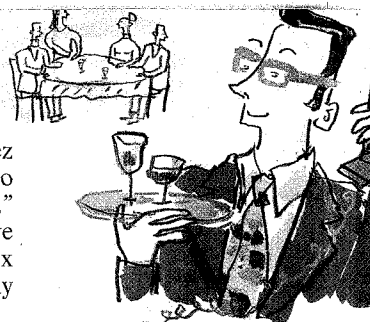
"Of course we all recognize ourselves—it's like going to see Molière," says Simon, who saw the play twice. "Everyone says that the maître d' in the play, Jean-Claude, is me, but there are a hundred Jean-Claudes around town!" Another candi-

date is Jean-Claude Baker, the theatrical owner of Chez Josephine. "People will do anything to get a reservation," he says of his restaurant. "I've had city officials offer to fix my parking tickets! The play is like a mirror."

Reflected prominently in that mirror are Tim and Nina Zagat, who loved the show so much they rented out the entire 129-seat Vineyard Theatre last Tuesday, inviting friends and staff. Onstage, Setlock hunted for the Zagats' lost reservation while the panicking chef screamed at him to pull the Zagat file and see what Tim ate last time—drawing huge laughs from the audience.

Of course, everyone portrayed in the play says it's all exaggerated, but reservationists say it's all too accurate. "I wasn't laughing as much as everyone else," says Laura Breen of Verbeena. "This is the truth." "The need and desperation is just awful," agrees Gramercy Tavern's Michael Quinn. "Assistants to movie executives are the most desperate, as if their bosses are going to kill them."

Quinn and sev-



enteen other employees saw the show courtesy of their boss Danny Meyer. Although Meyer is known for introducing the concept of friendliness to New York restaurants, even he had a lesson to learn. In the show, a fellow reservationist phones Setlock pretending to be a thundering "Mrs. Buxbaum." This terrorizing trick is a familiar one: Meyer says he once called his own reservation line at Gramercy Tavern and pretended to be Senator Ted

Kennedy—stutter and all. "I was confirming my reservation—which did not exist—for that evening, and I really had the reservationist going!" says Meyer. "When I started laughing, he realized it was a game, but he didn't find it funny. After the play, I went up to him and said, 'I promise you, I will never, ever do it again.'"

NINA TEICHOLZ



Dispiriting

How to capitalize on a European drinking craze when the key ingredient is illegal here?

THE GAUNT, HOLLOW-EYED look of heroin chic, held up as the harrowing mark of late-millennial decline, is, in fact, nothing new. At the end of the last century, Paris was distinguished by "absinthe chic," its subjects equally emaciated and arguably more artfully portrayed. Manet, Degas, Picasso, and Van Gogh all painted absinthe drinkers, usually angular figures hanging over wooden chair backs in lonely cafés.

A century later, the drink has

made a huge comeback in Europe and London, where part of the rage is the ritual, in which ice water is dripped over sugar cubes on a latticed spoon balanced atop a glass. As the sugar water dissolves in the drink, the anise-flavored spirit turns an opaline green.

New Yorkers will get a taste as of November 1, when Michel Roux, the mixology mastermind behind Absolut vodka, Grand Marnier

liqueur, and other spirits, begins importing the intoxicant to the United States. Actually, it's not absinthe that's coming but a product Roux calls Absente—and the difference is crucial. Around 1915, absinthe was outlawed in most Western European countries and the U.S. because it was thought to cause convulsions and insanity. Igniting the absinthe-abstinence movement was the 1905 story of a Swiss laborer who got drunk on absinthe and shot his whole family to death. But it turns out he had drunk a lot of other cheap liquor that day, too. "The worst thing for you is badly distilled alcohol," says Roux. "There's nothing

dangerous about absinthe. It was unfairly banned."

Absinthe contains wormwood, which chemically resembles cannabis and contains the mild hallucinogen thujone. U.S. regulations permit only tiny amounts of thujone in alcohol (ten parts per million). So in concocting Absente, Roux has replaced the outlawed wormwood with its easier-on-the-thujone cousin, southernwood, or southern wormwood, known as "petite absinthe" in France. It can still give you a buzz, Roux insists, especially when sweetened (he claims sugar boosts the thujone effect). Or perhaps the Absente high is altogether less exotic—the spirit, after all, is already 110 proof. N.T.



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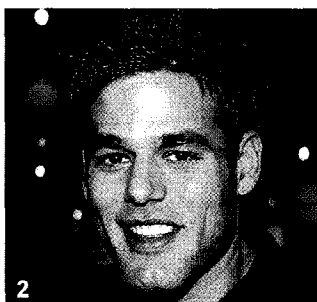
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The Pickup Artists

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

IN MY LIFE—AND I'M ONLY 27—I'VE BEEN TO 30 FILM FESTIVALS," explains would-be indie director Jeremy Workman, whose short, *Claire Makes It Big*, played at the Hamptons International Film Festival. "Each one is hookup city. At Sundance one year, I got *three* girls in *two* days." Indeed, everyone appeared to be searching for a hookup at the William Morris Agency's October 22 party for Jason Alexander's directorial debut, *Just Looking*. The leather-clad crowd entered the peach-lit Pacific East restaurant in Amagansett to be greeted by Alexander, also known as "George." "Jason is so much more than just George," gushed 1998 It-girl Gretchen Mol, who plays the love interest in the movie. "He really prefers Jason," explained Alexander's tall wife, Daena. She confided, "I met him when he was a casting director and I was an underemployed actress. Draw your own conclusions." Munching on a mini lobster roll, Alex Abrams, a writer, revealed his hookup method: "If you want to pick up a girl below 14th Street, all you have to say is 'Do you know Gill Holland [the long-haired producer of the indie *Hurricane Streets*]?' Everyone knows the guy—works every time." "Gill's really sweet," agreed a hopeful 23-year-old screenwriter in a tight maroon dress. Tucked at a corner table, Woody Allen's legendary producer Jean Doumanian coolly surveyed the scene from beneath her black bangs. Back at the bar, another eager cinéast inquired: "Jean Doumanian's here? That's so cool! I have a meeting with him next week." VANESSA GRIGORIADIS



1. Liza Minnelli and Bianca Jagger at the opening of Feinstein's at the Regency Hotel. 2. Ivan Sergei at the Armani Exchange benefit for the New York Restoration Project at the SoHo store. 3. Ali MacGraw and Catherine Zeta-Jones at the Fashion Group International's Night of Stars at the Rainbow Room. 4. Barbara Sinatra, Prince Albert of Monaco, and Barbara Grant Cohen at the Princess Grace Foundation awards gala at the Waldorf-Astoria. 5. Beverly Peele and Michael Jai White at *The Best Man*'s premiere party at Lot 61. 6. Jason Alexander and Jean Doumanian at the *Just Looking* premiere party. 7. Christina Greeven and Chris Cuomo at the Career Transition for Dancers benefit at Essex House. 8. Mark Harmon and Dr. Mark Schlesinger at the Hackensack University Medical Center's annual party at Grand Central Terminal. 9. Muffie Potter Aston, Audrey Gruss, Trudie Styler, and Deborah Norville at the Van Cleef & Arpels benefit for the American Ballet Theater at Essex House.

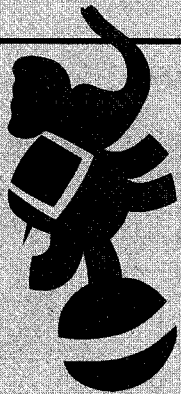
NEW YORK®

NYCALENDAR

NOVEMBER

COMING up

ALBERTA FERRETTI Philosophy Di Alberta Ferretti and NEW YORK Magazine invite you to join us for a night of shopping. We'll be joined by NEW YORK Magazine's own sale authority, Shyama Patel, Fashion Market editor and editor of *Sales & Bargains*. Tuesday, November 30, 7 p.m., 452 West Broadway (between Houston and Prince).



BIG APPLE CIRCUS Join NEW YORK Magazine on Friday, November 12th for a one-night-only private performance of the Big Apple Circus at Lincoln Center. It will inspire and delight circus fans of all ages. Tickets are available exclusively through NEW YORK Magazine. Send a check for \$30 per ticket payable to NEW YORK Magazine: NEW YORK Magazine, Big Apple Circus, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All tickets will arrive by mail or be held at the door.

BARN RAISING The first modern day barn raising in New York City kicks off three days of holiday fun in Bryant Park. The barn raising, celebrating the launch of The White Barn Candle Company, starts November 9th at 7:30 a.m. Beginning Thursday, November 11, from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., the barn will be open to the public. The barn features room tableaus of holiday and everyday decorating ideas. Artisans

and craftsmen will be on hand to demonstrate their trades. The barn will also be open Friday, November 12, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m. and Saturday, November 13, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.



THE WHITE BARN CANDLE CO.
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LUXE LIFE Join NEW YORK Magazine on November 17th at the China Club for our annual Luxe Life event. Don't miss the opportunity to sample great food and drink while enjoying displays of upscale products and services. To purchase tickets send a check for \$30 payable to NEW YORK Magazine: NEW YORK Magazine, Luxe Life, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All tickets will arrive by mail or be held at the door. Tickets can be purchased at the door for \$40.

RECENT happenings

FRAGRANCE BREAKFAST

On October 6, NEW YORK Magazine hosted the annual Fragrance Week Breakfast at Michael's. Nearly 100 VIP's from the beauty, fashion and jewelry industries gathered to hear Annette Green, President of the Fragrance Foundation unfold her plans for Fragrance Week. Fragrance Week is October 30 - November 7th.



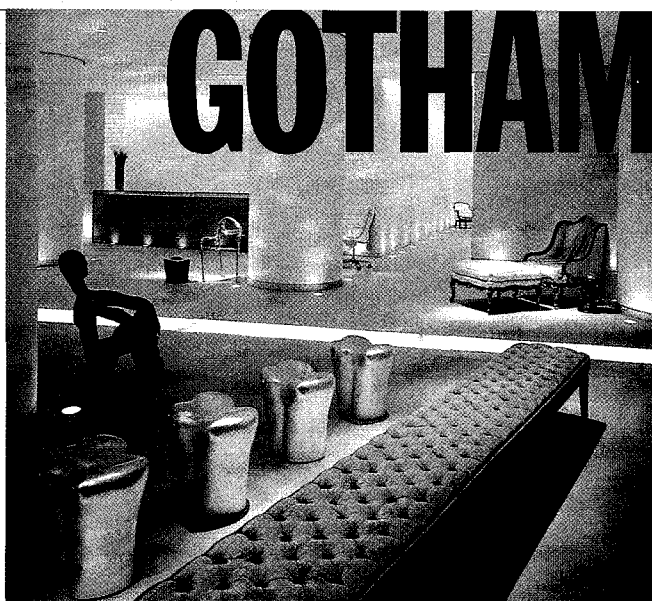
(Left to Right) NYM Publisher, Alan Katz, Fragrance Foundation President, Annette Green, NYM Retail Manager, Jana Hollingshead, Ralph Lauren Frag. Marketing Manager, Linda Mauro, NYM Group Publisher, Amy Churgin and Sanofi Beaute President, Donald Loftus.

Check out NEW YORK events at www.newyorkmag.com

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LONDON EDITION



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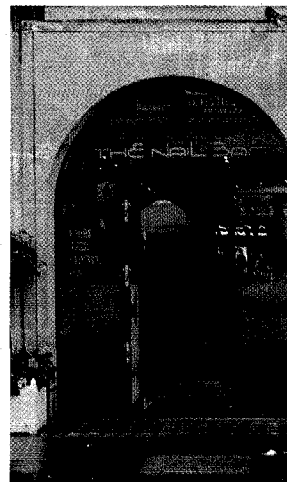
With London running head-to-head with New York in the race to be ground zero of all things hip, it's a bit of a coup that this year's high-water mark of Albionic glam—the new St Martins Lane hotel, Ian Schrager's first British foray—turns out to be a reminder of New York's hegemony. The door policy at the Jade Jagger-friendly Light Bar is straight out of Moomba. The young Cockney bellhops in pea coats and blocky black shoes seem like ghostly visions of the armies of young hipsters marching up and down lower Broadway on any given Saturday. The rooms, with their floor-to-ceiling windows and cryptlike minimalism, are a symphony of whites that would give Tom Wolfe vertigo—though control-freak guests are invited to color their own mood with the St Martins's trademark dial-a-hue room lighting. Even the hotel's culinary hothouse is an outpost of Jeffrey Chodorow's Asia de Cuba. All of which has created the kind of unbridled media frenzy we're more used to over here. In the end, of course, it doesn't really matter where the hotel sits, Times Square or Leicester Square. As with the Royalton, Schrager's eighties Stateside triumph, when you check into the St Martins, you're no longer in London or New York. You've actually booked a room on the fifth floor of designer Philippe Starck's fantabulist cranium.

ALEX WILLIAMS

American Beauty

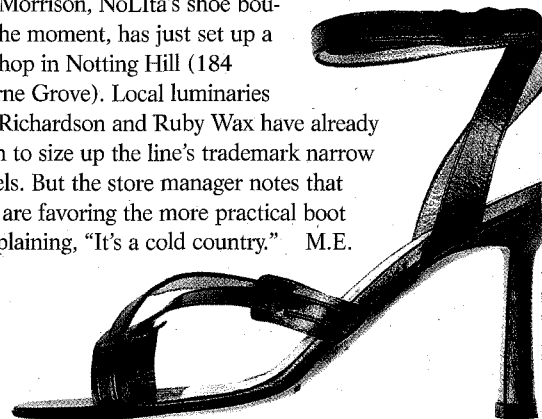
When society girls Christy Powell and Katrina Fleming opened London's first manicure salon, the Nail Bar (37 Maddox Street), modeled after the popular Korean shops that dot New York, friends cautioned, "The English bite their nails!" Despite the nation's childish habit, West London gals are parking themselves in droves at the chrome manicure bar. But not *everything* about it is American—the most popular service is the French manicure.

MAURA EGAN



Chelsea Girls Trade in Their Wellies

Sigerson Morrison, NoLita's shoe boutique of the moment, has just set up a satellite shop in Notting Hill (184 Westbourne Grove). Local luminaries Miranda Richardson and Ruby Wax have already popped in to size up the line's trademark narrow kitten heels. But the store manager notes that shoppers are favoring the more practical boot styles, explaining, "It's a cold country." M.E.



Good Libations

England may be known for its pint-drinkers, but at the Lab Bar (12 Old Compton Street), Londoners are lining up to sip Manhattan-style mixers: coconut martinis, berry-flavored vodkas, and even alcohol-free fruit concoctions. The Soho lounge, inspired by the *Wallpaper** school of design, is filled nightly with the health-conscious and the barely conscious alike, but the New Age enclave hasn't abandoned cheekiness entirely—rest rooms are marked

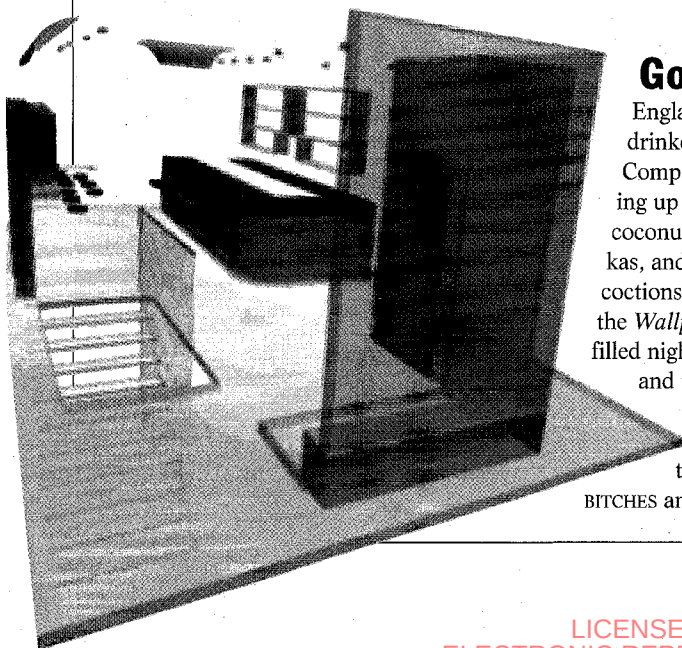
BITCHES and BASTARDS.

M.E.

Hole in One

Until recently, American expats in London have had to endure the leaden British attempt at bagels—or "beigels," as one sad sign famously called the doughy treats. But Bagelmania, a chain of British bagel shops, has finally mastered the ratio of water to flour. Now even Brits can't get enough lox and cream cheese—and no one's suggested a schmear of Marmite.

M.E.



Photographs: clockwise from top left, Todd Eberle; Rob Fuller; courtesy of Sigerson Morrison

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The Wrong Stuff

It isn't Clinton's personal politics that has bollixed up Al Gore's campaign; it's the Clintonian way with ideas—seek consensus and attenuate any fresh notion to death.

THE PROBLEM REVEALED ITSELF AT exactly 8:22 P.M., when the youthful Gore soldiers appeared in the press room—we weren't allowed in the hall itself; we watched on TV monitors—brandishing a Gore 2000 "Reality Check," an insta-press release telling us that, contrary to what Bill Bradley had said just moments before, the former senator's health-care proposal would cost \$1.2 trillion over ten years, according to an Emory University expert who'd released his report just that day. This was rapid response as only the perfectly greased campaign can do it, and the aides went scampering about waving the releases while pressies reached out eagerly to collect their copies of this obviously crucial evangel.

Over the course of the next 38 minutes, the Gore corps would hand out four more of these. By the fifth, few were scampering, even fewer reaching.

Just a small, throwaway bad idea, these reality checks? Maybe, but a metaphor, too, for the sad and comic insecurity of the vice-president's campaign, in which such massive effort is expended to make everything appear effortless, in which so much planning is undertaken to ensure that all seems natural and organic. It's the Celebration, Florida, of political campaigns, simulated with precision on the advice of the greatest minds in America down to the last (supposedly) randomly placed cobblestone but recognizable as false goods in an instant, evanescent, forgettable, even rather embarrassing.

Gore's problem isn't that he's a stiff. It isn't that his campaign was based in Washington instead of Nashville, or had too many consultants—though that, too, was a manifestation of the campaign's fakery and lack of confidence. It isn't even Clinton fatigue, except insofar as the Beltway media have instructed Al

that he can curry their favor only by bashing the president, which he did the other night even when he wasn't really asked to do so (it was his first question, and the questioner was focused more on the relationship between money in politics and public cynicism).

Gore's problem is far grander than any of these particulars: He fundamentally misconstrues the age. He and all the cooks in his kitchen seem to have decided that the American people want (a) a man of integrity, which they take to mean a man

But right-wing family-values rhetoric is a little past its sell-by date lately; furthermore, old-style liberalism is dead and gone, and the budgetary ink is as black as it's ever going to be. So it could just be that, on both counts, Gore has it exactly and fabulously wrong.

LET'S GRANT THAT AMERICANS WANT A MAN of integrity in the White House (when do we not?). But let's say, for the sake of argument, that integrity means more to people than the ability to keep one's hands to oneself. Maybe integrity means vision. Or courage. Or a willingness to say pretty ballsy things—like the 1964 Civil Rights Act should be amended to include sexual orientation. Bill Bradley said this at Dartmouth, and you can call it pandering to an interest group if you like, and it was; but it was also a good example of the way Bradley is willing to just... say things. If he's the nominee, the GOP will smother him in that position, and if he's president, it'll almost surely never pass, because not only are conservatives against it, which is a given, but many liberals are, too—the black



Point guard: Bradley hangs back while Gore tries too hard in New Hampshire.

who keeps his hands off the help, and (b) a careful centrist whose proposals are, first and foremost, fiscally responsible.

Gore may yet be proved right, or, to put it another way, he might somehow manage to become the next president simply because he locked up so much early organizational support and because he's a decent man and because those ideas, while scarcely inspiring, are not awful. Yet: Notice how backward-looking both of those tenets are. The first smells of eighties Republican family-values-ism, and anyway is nothing more than the most obvious and superficial sort of reaction to Bill and Monica. The second certainly was true in 1992, when old-style liberalism had lost its credit rating and when the budget deficits were monstrous.

civil-rights Establishment, for example, doesn't want to open up the Civil Rights Act and let the Senate, this Senate, start tinkering with it in any way, shape, or form, gays be damned. Gore hewed to that careful position when asked about gay rights, and you could hear in his response all the hours of lukewarm temporizing that go into negotiating a statement that will safely pass muster with all and offend none. But Bradley just said what he thought. His plea against discrimination was the evening's only emotionally genuine moment, and it drew far and away the biggest applause. Maybe that's integrity, too.

Which ties into Gore's second miscalculation. Just as he wrestles to move away from Clinton on the personal front, he

tries to ape him with respect to policy. So his proposals are modest, careful, market-oriented, and so on. But could it be that a majority of people have seen eight years of modest government and can be talked into going for a little more? It's pretty clear that what matters most to people is to elect a president who'll keep this economy blazing along. But it's entirely possible that enough people now believe that with deficits gone and the country doing so well, maybe the time has come to spread some of that wealth around, too.

It's been instructive to watch Bradley move successfully on two seemingly contradictory fronts: gaining the confidence of Wall Street and collecting their dough on the one hand, while on the other proposing some of the most liberal ideas (his health-care plan, his child-poverty initiative) that we've seen since the seventies. Interesting, also, that these Bradley proposals have not been immediately denounced by the pundit

"Gore's proposals are modest, careful, market-oriented, and so on. But could it be that a majority of people have seen eight years of modest government and can be talked into going for a little more?"

class as excessive or out of touch or what have you. There's something not dramatically original but still rather new in his approach, his natural loyalty to the market combined with his demand that its bounty be shared. Call it Liberal CEOism.

Or something else. But whatever you want to call it, it doesn't come from reading polls, which are only as smart as the people who craft the questions in them, or from deciding that the way to loosen up is to kibitz with the audience and tell hoary old jokes about three people arriving at Saint Peter's gate, as Gore actually did in response to a question about managed care. It comes from reflecting on where this country is and where it should go, and being willing to take some chances to move it there. Right now, only one Democrat seems at all capable of doing that.

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Christine Ford is a recent graduate from Pace University with an M.S. in Publishing.



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Yankees Family Values

This year (since nobody entertained the idea that the mighty Yankees wouldn't go all the way), the best baseball stories were off the field.

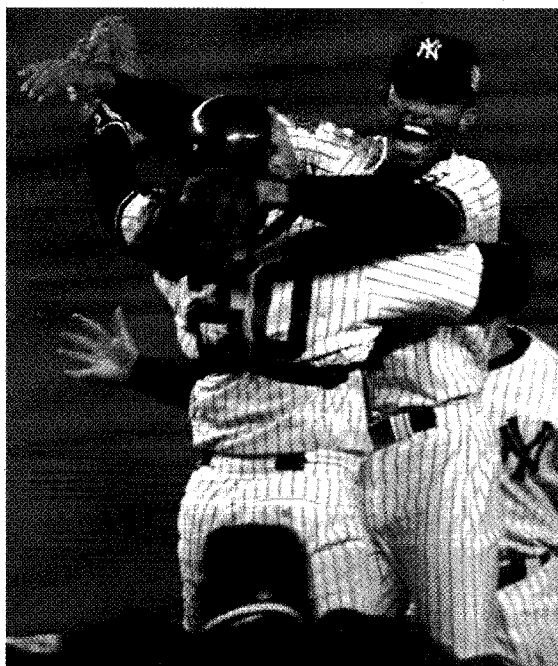
EARLY THIS MORNING, HIS 79-YEAR-old father died; minutes ago, Paul O'Neill and the Yankees swept their second consecutive World Series. In between, O'Neill hardly slept, but, ever duteous, he never asked out of tonight's game. Now O'Neill's face is ashen and he's too tired to pull on the overpriced souvenir T-shirt that a baseball operative is shoving at all the Yankees. "When I was 5 years old, my father told me I was gonna play in the major leagues," O'Neill says, never looking up from the floor.

He says he can't talk anymore, starts to walk away, then stops. O'Neill's gaze darts all over the chaotic locker room, not able to focus. "Did they let the families in yet?" he says softly and to no one in particular. O'Neill is so dazed he doesn't realize the place is crawling with Yankees wives and children; baby strollers are bumping into news crews, and a female voice is singing "Itsy Bitsy Spider." Finally, O'Neill's eyes alight on his own locker, where his petite blonde wife, Nevalee, is sitting on a folding chair, waiting. For probably the first time all day, O'Neill's face cracks into a wide, blissfully relaxed smile as he strides over to hug Nevalee, whom he met on the bus to elementary school when he was a boy in Columbus, Ohio. Soon they'll go back home, after a victory parade up Broadway, to bury Charles O'Neill.

IT'S NOT NEARLY AS SNAPPY AS THE BEST Team Ever, the nickname for last year's champs. But 1999's Yankees were the Dutiful Son Team: plenty of admirable hard work, shouldering of responsibility, and carrying-on of the family business; much less joy.

No doubt the Arizona Diamondbacks, say, experience their share of family tragedies, and we never hear about them. But the spate of paternal deaths

that hit this group—Scott Brosius's father, who ran a used-car lot, gone to colon cancer on September 12; Luis Sojo's father, a cabdriver, to a liver infection on October 22; O'Neill's father, a war hero and ditchdigger, to complications from a heart attack on October 27—had a strangeness completely separate from the melodramatic hype. "It's been a weird year," Joe Torre says, his understatement referring also to his own



Series MVP Mariano Rivera and Jorge Posada after the final out.

prostate-cancer surgery during spring training. "But baseball is a game of life."

Torre has become more sentimental recently, but he's been fired too many times to descend into the maudlin Bart Giamatti-*Fathers Playing Catch With Sons* nostalgia mode that attends so much writing and talking about baseball. O'Neill's relationship with his dad was loving but complicated, with the former minor leaguer driving his fifth son to fulfill his failed dreams. The Yankees' core players—David Cone, Tin0 Martinez, O'Neill, Joe Girardi, Chili Davis—are old enough to have learned baseball the tra-

ditional way, from their fathers. It isn't the deaths of three fathers that define their Yankees sons; it's their blue-collar lives that shaped the '99 champs (is it an accident that the highest levels of basketball, a far more improvisatory and exuberant game, are filled with the sons of single moms?). Torre already knew about the personality of his team. "We're grinders," the manager says. "This is not a group that ever takes it easy on itself."

The Yankees' rich history often provides inspiration for current players. But there's a downside: O'Neill and Bernie Williams and Martinez never take a step on the "hallowed ground" of Yankee Stadium without the long shadows of Ruth and Mantle and Mattingly trailing them. "I was feeling really good about myself," Cone says with a grin after the final game, having just won his fourth world championship, "until I saw Yogi, who says, 'You only got eight more rings until you catch me!'"

The grind this season included answering questions about whether the '99 Yankees could surpass last year's record-setting club. I was surprised when these Yankees lately claimed to feel burdened by the number of comparisons to the '98 Yankees; the media seemed bored with that angle by June. But true to their self-flagellating form, whether the number of comparisons was

high or low, the '99 Yankees heard and took every single one to heart. These are guys who've been well trained to try to live up to their inheritance.

The second story line to this season—Will Roger Clemens Finally Win a World Series?—always seemed forced. Clemens landed in New York because he'd bullied his way out of Toronto. In the clubhouse, Clemens remained aloof from most of his teammates, sometimes staying in a separate hotel from the rest of the Yankees on road trips. "He's the stealth pitcher," one clubhouse insider says. "Nobody knows him." But who needs love? Daddy Stein-

brenner adopted Clemens, and the dutiful Yankees took it as their mission to win a ring for Roger.

EVEN WITH ALL THE HUMAN-INTEREST dramas and two exhilarating comebacks, this World Series felt rote. Blame that on the Mets, who teased us with a hectic playoff run but no Subway Series, and the Braves, who staggered into the World Series and then stunk. Yes, the pitching of Orlando Hernandez, Cone, and Mariano Rivera—especially Rivera, who is making Metallica popular in Panama—was phenomenal. But was there one Braves infielder who did not kick a routine ground ball? The Yankees, opportunistic as cockroaches, get credit for seizing every opportunity, but to be tested as a team for the ages, they needed the Braves to play Frazier to the Yankees' Ali. Instead, Duane Bobick showed up.

The Yankees did actually lose one game this October. It seems like a mirage, because it happened in the daylight instead of at the standard midnight and because Pedro Martinez is so good, he's spectral. The Yankees were thrashed that Saturday in Boston, 13-1, and momentarily seemed vulnerable. After the game, George Steinbrenner was fuming and Brian Cashman was depressed as they waited in the minuscule visiting manager's office. "Ayyyy, boys!" hollered Torre as he walked in, a smile on his face. "Don't worry about today. Better to lose one than to lose four!" Meaning that Torre was sure the Yankees had dropped their only game of the series, and that the Red Sox would soon be history.

Torre's calm and confidence have been spun into hoary myth by now; that doesn't change the fact that daily doses of Torre seem to lower blood pressure. In game three, Torre tells relief pitcher Jason Grimsley, arriving on the mound to rescue Andy Pettitte, "Hold 'em right here and get yourself a win." Sure enough, Grimsley, who hasn't pitched in a month, stanches the bleeding and the Yankees soon recover from a 5-1 deficit to win.

The Yankees under Steinbrenner used to be famously high-strung. It took Torre, the third son to an explosive New York-cop father, and the fat-kid baby brother to the domineering star athlete Frank Torre, to lighten the load of a team full of anal-retentive self-lacerators. Much of what Torre tells the Yankees in private reads like bromides in print, but he's better than Xanax for this team. He's more wise big brother than detached dad. "Everyone is nervous," Torre says. "The idea is that if you make



Wet-T-shirt contest: Soaked shortstop Jeter.

nervousness work for you, it becomes excitement. If you let it work against you, it becomes fear and pressure."

The one Yankee Torre doesn't worry about relaxing is Derek Jeter. It's Torre who goes to Jeter for a lift. Tonight, in the victory celebration, Torre rips off his hat as he arrives in front of Jeter's locker. "I need to get wet!" Torre shouts, and Jeter doesn't hesitate, splashing him with Inglenook St. Regis alcohol-removed bubbly. "Awwww!" Torre yells as he drips. "Now I feel like one of the guys! Now I feel like I belong!" Then Torre shivers happily. "Can't you guys use warm champagne?"

Jeter, his hat backwards, a rare departure from Yankee decorum for him, dashes toward the clubhouse door. Two clubhouse aides separately tell him, "They're in the dugout"—meaning Jeter's

"This seems like the culmination of so much emotion," says Yankees pitcher David Cone. "You saw it. The clubhouse was eerie afterwards, eerie with relief. Grown men were crying, and not because we won."

parents. They know without being asked who Jeter is looking for. The shortstop pulls a Cohiba (courtesy of El Duque, and the second-best thing smuggled out of Cuba, after Hernandez himself) from his back right pinstriped-baseball-pants pocket as he dances down the tunnel to the dugout, leaping up to touch the sign with the painted quote from Joe DiMaggio, I WANT TO THANK THE GOOD LORD FOR MAKING ME A YANKEE. Bounding up the dugout steps, Jeter embraces mom Dorothy, dad Charles, and sister Sharlee before turning to the cheering fans and soaking them with champagne, bringing a few more people into the family.

THE EFFUSIONS ABOUT THE YANKEES HAVING heart and character grew bathetic even in the first hours after their victory. Not that they don't possess those qualities in abundance, but Chad Curtis also showed the champs are capable of pettiness. Torre, who rarely criticizes any player in public, was quietly livid at Curtis for attributing the boycott of NBC's Jim Gray to a team vote when none had been taken.

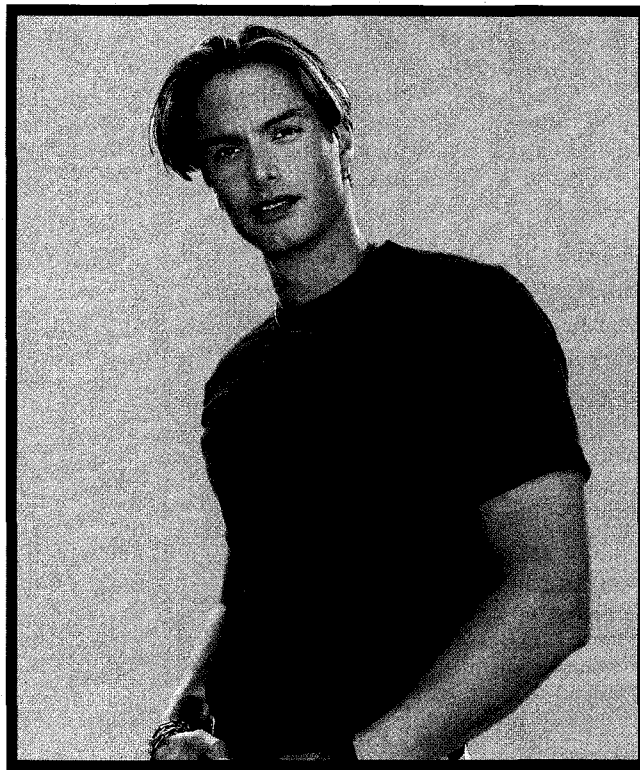
But the mini-controversy is quickly buried in confetti. At 1 A.M., David Cone is the last Yankee on the field and, as always, the last Yankee talking. Finally, Cone leaves the field and heads back up the dugout tunnel, but he stops halfway, not wanting to rush the night at all, after making the mistake of not fully celebrating his perfect game back in July. "This seems like the culmination of so much emotion," Cone says, "from all the way back in '96 when I had the aneurysm to this morning with Paul O'Neill. And losing our manager in the middle of it all. You saw it—the clubhouse was eerie afterwards, eerie with relief. Grown men were crying, and not because we won. That's why there was no loud music playing. You saw Paul's reaction on the field; he was crying and then he kind of knelt down. Everyone surrounded him, almost like we were trying to protect him. Many of the emotions tonight had nothing to do with baseball. It's tough to eloquate."

Maybe by now O'Neill's story has been turned into a gloppy *Dateline* segment, but I doubt it; chances are, we had our one glimpse of the inner Paul in those locker-room moments right after the final World Series out. And it's his words that come back to me now. "I guess with an older club, you have older parents, and with everything that happened to our fathers, we brought a lot of everyday life into this season," O'Neill said. "And everyday life is not always great."

No, but it helped make a great team.



Star—SBF, attorney who works in the entertainment industry, likes cigars, champagne, and hot news items. Seeks a man who is secure, smart, funny, tall, drug-free, heterosexual, gainfully employed (and who wouldn't mind sitting courtside with me at Knicks games). ✉ NYM200



Marcus—SWM seeks SWF who's not into putting on poses. Good cook, preferably nonsmoker, sense of humor a plus. Not to mention intelligent, tall, and into travel. Must have strong family values; be down-to-earth, secure, and stylish; and love pro basketball. ✉ NYM250

If You Can Find Love Here,

On the singles scene in New York these days, money is changing

Just when you thought dating in New York, this city of workaholics, perpetual adolescents, model hounds, and status obsessives, couldn't get any more difficult, along comes a new complication. This added problem, in a word, is *money*. There's more of it floating around the city than ever, which in theory means more to spend on roses and champagne, on Vera Wang

wedding dresses and receptions at the University Club's dining room. By rights, this should be a golden age of romance. But in fact, the opposite seems to be happening. The boom has spawned a breed of wealthy skeptics, as cautious with their hearts as they are fast and loose with their cash. Some dismiss romance entirely—if they're not scrambling to get on the



Ann—SWF seeks cranky white guy with ample 401(k). Must cheerfully accommodate busy writer's nocturnal schedule, pack heat, and be willing to underwrite incidental pro bono work against any felonious presidents. SPOTTED OWL TASTES LIKE CHICKEN bumper sticker on Lamborghini a plus. You are tall, buff, and perceptive enough to get that this ad *is a joke*—**DON'T CALL, DON'T WRITE, DON'T E-MAIL.** But do send photo of Lamborghini and gun. ☒ NYM100



Ed—White male, seventysomething former CEO and practicing attorney who holds down seven jobs. Have belatedly concluded that everyone, straight or gay, needs a partner in life. How'm I doing? ☒ NYM150

You Can Find It Anywhere

everything. By Lily Burana

gravy train, they're consumed with trying to protect what they have. Others are afraid they're going to get jacked, so they use their cash as a hedge against intimacy—financially, they're Daddy Warbucks; emotionally, they're Scrooge McDuck. Gay, straight, male, female—all across the board there's an upsurge in ultraglam ice princesses, mercenary model-chasers, and

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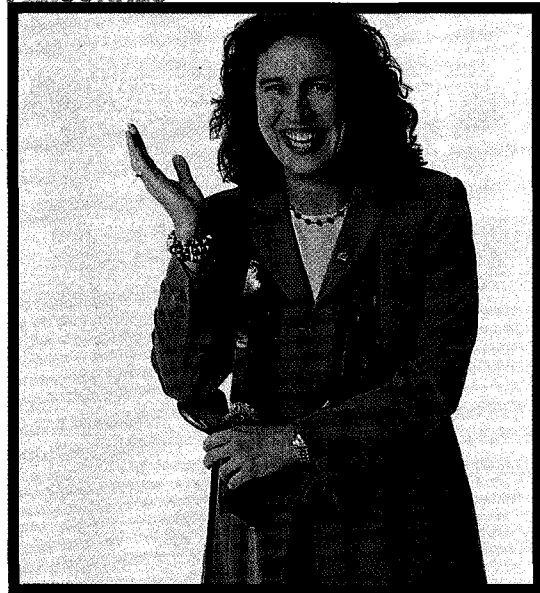
Edited by Maer Roshan

raging party cows. It makes some sense—as much as you want wealth and power, you don't want to be used for it. So in paranoid proactivity, you assume the worst and protect yourself accordingly. One man I know, Holden, has forgone dating in favor of spending all his spare time (and money) with high-dollar escorts. He knows his predilection keeps any potential Mister Right at bay, but he feels it's "a cleaner transaction"—he may be vaguely unsatisfied, but he won't get hurt by men who might feign love to get at his lucre. His situation is unusual, but it prompts a question for the age: Can you find true love in a bull market?

In a city as expensive and status-conscious as New York, it's impossible to date without the specter of finances forever looming. Yet only the truly bold—or tacky—are comfortable even broaching the subject. It's tricky stuff. One wants to believe that, ultimately, all you need is love. But you're also supposed to choose partners based on shared growth potential. How can money not be part of that? The bottom line comes into view, and romantic ideals get hazy.

To respond to our personals—Send written responses to Strictly Personals, *New York Magazine*, P.O. Box 4600, New York, NY 10163-4600. Be sure to indicate the box number of the ad.

PERSONALS



Deborah—Shapely, striking, spunky Ivy-grad word-smith with irreverent wit seeks intelligent, clean-shaven man with sense of humor who is generous of spirit and seeking a committed relationship and golf partner. Avid theatergoer a plus. ☐ NYM900

Consider, for instance, my friend Tara. A struggling painter who holds a crap job at a Chelsea gallery, she found herself being courted by a patron, and *snap*, just like that, she hooked herself a "Benjamin"—as in, he's got a lot of Benjamins. No one's calling them sugar daddies anymore—that's so Anna Nicole Smith. Tara's not about boob jobs or peroxide or 22-carat diamonds. She does, however, appreciate investment advice, advanced degrees, and Clergerie shoes—all of

ANYONE CAN BE TEMPTED BY THE RIGHT
TRINKET OR OPPORTUNITY—TO SAY
NOTHING OF THE RIGHT APARTMENT.

which "Benjamin" is providing her. She's not a gold digger. Really. She just happens to be getting some very nice perks from a man whom she might like less could he not offer her so much. As her friend, I'm concerned. I'm dubious of her ethics. And frankly, I'm a little jealous.

Maybe by admitting that she's with someone mostly for his money, Tara is just pulling the zipper on a taboo we all know too well. (In fact, it's one of the last remaining taboos in *New York's* personals. "You still can't say you're looking for someone in a certain economic bracket," says "Strictly Personals" guru Nancy Fedder, "unless you're willing to disclose your own finances.") Not that dating up is the only money-and-dating taboo. Dating down—that is, purposely choosing someone because they have less money than you—is equally controversial, and equally dicey. My friend Lisa is involved with a perpetual grad student. She thought that by dating someone short on funds and long on intellectual stamina, she'd be assured of the sincerity and esoteric sensibilities she'd been looking for. All she had to do was polish this diamond in the rough and she'd find happiness. Well, she realized soon enough that financial status isn't that great a character indicator. Grad Boy, it turns out, is a cheating dog who isn't

remotely interested in learning the finer points of Ethiopian cuisine or the latest in drum 'n' bass. But this girl is too embarrassed to admit her mistake, so six months later, she's still dragging her Pygmalion project around, suffering his dalliances and picking up the check.

Predictably, there's more dating up than down. A stately older woman I know decries "women who crawl through shit for a mink coat." (As if such debasement were exclusive to women.) She's had

money and connections her whole life, so perhaps she considers such a rebuke her birthright. But her self-righteousness seems pointless—anyone can be tempted by the right trinket or the right opportunity. To say nothing of the right apartment.

Relationships in New York, an acquaintance asserts, are all about real estate. It sounds rather calculating, but he's got a point. After all, in this city, the sure sign that a couple is serious is when they go in on a storage unit together. How many relationships have dragged on past their natural lives because one partner couldn't bear to—or afford to—leave "that great apartment"? And how many relationships got jump-started because that first sleep-over date was hosted in an impeccably maintained classic six or a loft? I always thought a surefire Manhattan personal ad would read: "No criminal record, no mortgage. Have place in heart awaiting your affection and space beneath picture window overlooking park awaiting your credenza."

My buddy Holden is now smitten with a particular rent boy—but he's spending four grand a month to see him. Lisa, my down-dating friend, is, I think, about to toss Grad Boy's CD collection out her window and reclaim her one-bedroom in the name of sanity. As for Tara and "Benjamin," their relationship continues apace—uninspired but well accessorized. He's got the vicarious life of an artist, and she's got tuition and some fabulous, fabulous shoes. They like each other fine, but will they make it in the long run? It's hard to say. But when it comes to love and money in New York, what you can count on is this: Prudence is wise, but paranoia is expensive. If you mate only for money, you will work for every penny you get. Absence of funds doesn't ensure presence of heart. And rent control will always be an aphrodisiac. ■



50 Ways to Meet Your Lover

Where to find love (or some approximation) in this heartless town? Our reporters went out alone so you won't have to.

PARTY LIKE YOU'RE STILL IN A FRAT AT AUTOMATIC Slim's (733 Washington Street), where pretty Hoboken-living junior analysts pay tribute to Blondie with Buds in plastic cups, dancing (and disrobing) on the bar and making out with just about anyone. With the music so loud and the lighting so dark, you can forget the crafty come-on lines and just go straight for Jessie's Girl.

SINGLES NIGHT AT THE KABBALAH CENTRE (155 East 48th Street; \$26) doesn't draw the yarmulke-wearing crowd one might expect. The scene one recent evening: 250 or so spiritually endowed midtowners, mainly in their thirties and forties, sitting around candlelit tables, sipping Kabbalah-brand spring water, mesmerized by a rab-

bi's Jackie Mason-esque rhetoric about love. After the lecture, there's the Soul-mate Workshop Game, which prompted dinner-table queries like "Are you a fire sign or an earth sign?" *L'chaim!*

HOW MANY OF YOUR LAST DATES BEGAN INSIDE a murkily lit bar, and how many concluded with your curt reply "But I already have friends"? Maybe it's time for a change of pace. Kiss the future at **Date Bait** (call 212-971-1084 for times and locations, or go to www.datebait.com), a truly postmodern service for lonely urban dwellers. First, you join about 30 other singles for an hour of "structured mingling." Then you fill out a computer-scanner card, ticking the name of every participant you'd enjoy seeing naked. Finally,

Paper chase: Making it happen at Kinko's.

you're handed a list featuring all your two-way matches and—voilà!—a date is arranged. End up empty-handed? Then we suggest promptly switching from vodka to whiskey.

MEET A MATE AT A SCIENCE-FICTION-FAN CONVENTION? Scoff all you want. But in exchange for listening to some Kirk-vs.-Picard drivel now and then, you'll beam up a partner who will be pathetically grateful for every bit of attention you give him, won't be spending money on Prada anything, and is unlikely to cheat on you, unless you count Jedi mind tricks. Besides, those computer-programmer types are privy to those three magic words: *Microsoft stock options*. The next one's at the new Metropolitan Pavilion (125 West 18th Street; 718-326-2713), November 12 through 14. May the force be with you.

IN THE OLD DAYS, FIREPLACES KEPT YOU ALIVE in winter. Now they get you laid. If only you had one. Next-best thing is the **Cornelia Street Cafe's** handsome fireplace room (29 Cornelia Street), where the logs crackle as you drink strong tea and scan the room for another fecund soul.

YES, DRIP, THE COFFEEHOUSE DATING SERVICE (489 Amsterdam Avenue, at 83rd Street) is so last year: And yes, those binders with singles' profiles can be daunting—particularly when caffeinated rubbernecks look over your shoulder and boldly question your taste. But you can't argue with the service's results: Drip's latest match, lawyer Amy Schwartzman and attorney-playwright Peter Brightbill, eloped over the summer. They haven't been back to Drip since—except once. "We went and got copies of our profiles," Brightbill quips, "so we can show our kids exactly how we lied about ourselves to each other."

THE BACKLIT BOTTLES BEHIND THE BAR AT Niagara (112 Avenue A) are reminiscent of the ones in *The Shining*, and the too-hip-for-the-room D.J. likes to play "Lonely Teardrops" by Jackie Wilson. Here, slumming thirtysomething yuppies from Murray Hill match Cosmo for Sam Adams with nose-boned twentysomething tattooed kings and queens of Avenue C and beyond.

AT BOTANICA (47 EAST HOUSTON, AT MOTT Street), it's often impossible to tell how many of the beautiful hipsters actually know one another and how many have just launched into impromptu conversations about the avant-garde puppet show

they saw in a Greenpoint loft. Be prepared for spartan beer-stained tables in the front room, cushy torn furniture in the back, and attractively undernourished East Village types scattered throughout. To get in good with the pretty young things, make nice with the owner's mutt, nicknamed Slave—the one munching on the beef jerky under your table.

YOU'LL NEVER FEEL OUT OF PLACE AT THE upscale(ish) gay lounge **g** (223 West 19th Street)—so long as you've squeezed into head-to-toe Raymond Dragon; have pumped up your bis, tris, lats, and quads for the past twenty years; and drink nothing but frozen Cosmopolitans all year round. These are some intimidating social waters, so be sure to brush up on some of your wittiest epigrams. An entertaining game is to eavesdrop on conversations and tally up how many times you hear "He's not an asshole—he's just *really* insecure."

THE SUSHI'S AWESOME AT YAMA (122 East 17th Street), and everyone knows it. But instead of ditching work at 4:30 to get a table, join the cute crowd waiting on line for a couple of hours and hope that romance will bloom. By 8 P.M., you should be able to hook a fellow spicy-tuna lover who doesn't mind paying \$10 for a good combo maki.

CHECK OUT HMV'S JAZZ SECTION (1280 Lexington Avenue, at 86th Street) for sensual types looking for purrs from the masters. Some cool-looking cat will be happy to provide album-picking advice. And if you go back to your place, you know that the two of you share the same taste in lovemaking music, which is actually half the battle.

HOW'S THIS FOR A SCENE? EVERY FRIDAY night on West 95th Street, hundreds of Orthodox Jewish singles, clad in the requisite yarmulkes and skirts, pour out of



YOU'LL NEVER FEEL
AT 'G'—AS LONG AS
YOU'VE WORKED OUT RELIGIOUSLY FOR THE PAST
TWENTY YEARS AND DRINK BUT FROZEN COSMOS.



Congregation Ohab Zedek (118 West 95th Street) into the street for a major-league schmooze session. This sea of singles—dare we call it *Circumcised Sex in the City*—includes more than its share of Yeshiva University and Stern College alumni who migrate from Washington Heights and midtown, respectively (en route to buying their dream houses in Teaneck), plus a smattering of Columbia graduates. A "score," to this crowd, means getting an invitation to a Shabbos meal.

GAY AND GYM-PHOBIC? DON'T LET THE sculpted pecs and strong-arm lattè-making techniques of **Factory Café's** baristas scare you off—this cruisey café (104 Christopher Street) is about as far away from the Chelsea meat market as it gets. Settle into an oversize armchair and scope out the scene as a diverse mix of students, Christopher Street locals, and a few scattered heterosexuals chill out to lite jazz and warm up to each other.

THEY SAY IT'S EASY TO MEET PEOPLE AT THE gym, yet no one you know has met there. It's not you, honey. It's your gym. No matter where you live, **Duomo** (11 East

Tale of two cities: Top, the scene at Ciel Rouge; bottom, checking out more than just magazines at A Different Light.

26th Street) is worth a trek to Madison Square Park. The swank facility, equipped with a lounge and a pool table, rakes in legions of Swedish pretty boys, top-tier models, and actor/dancer types happy to shoot the breeze and compare abs.

LOOSEN YOUR TIE AND SAUNTER over to the W's bar, **Whiskey Blue** (541 Lexington Avenue, at 50th Street), where young midtown professionals heading for homes in Long Island line up around the block (it can take half an hour to get in if you don't know the doorman). The crowd is attractive and well-off enough to afford the ludicrously high bar tab they're sure to run up. If you get lucky, chances are that penthouse

he's inviting you back to really is his.

FEATHERED HAIR, LEG WARMERS, SATIN HOT pants, headbands, and disco beats—the roller-skating party of your high school lives on at **Roxy** (515 West 18th Street; cover is \$15) every Wednesday night. Do the time warp with some of the best skaters in town. Comb in the back pocket is always a plus.

BAD HAIR DAY? ASK BUMBLE AND BUMBLE (146 East 56th Street) stylist Randy Febré for a special hookup treatment: To date, Febré has set up over 40 of the unlucky-in-love hipsters she expertly coifs and counsels at this trendy hair salon. The secret of her success? A head-side manner so calm it lulls the freshly snipped actors, doctors, and writers she counts among her clients into revealing their single status—and asking her to help. You might be able to make the most of your fresh new do with a date that very night.

IF YOU DON'T THINK THE BAGELS AT H&H Bagels East (1551 Second Avenue, at 81st Street) are as mouthwatering as those of its West Side counterpart, then surely you'll find that the bustling weekend-morning crowds make up for it. The mad-deningly slow service turns out to be a blessing in disguise as it allows perfect strangers ample opportunity to check each other out and strike up conversations with newfound queue-mates. If all goes well, you and your new acquaintance can take your bagels, coffee, and chitchat over to one of the small tables near the entrance.

THE PERFECT ANTIDOTE TO THOSE CLINICAL coffee bars multiplying like spores all over the city is the quiet, friendly second-floor café at **Border's Books and Music** (461 Park Avenue, at 57th Street). Survey the reading choices of your prey for clues on the best approach. And if you come back empty-handed, don't despair. There are plenty of magazines on the rack.

YOU MAY LIKE YOUR GREEN MONSTER smoothie laced with Spirulina. He may like his Reggae Rumba with Astragalus. But once the two of you get talking at **Lucky's Juice Joint** (170 Second Avenue), the Veruka of the juicing world, it's just a matter of time before you realize that you both go to the same gym. Exciting as this must be to both of you, please try not to bother the sullen hipsters lounging outside in Revos and track pants, sipping Immune Rocket Boosters and thinking about where to go for dinner.

TABLE-SHARERS MAKE FRIENDS AT THE FIFTIES-style **Magnolia Bakery** (401 Bleecker Street), a hangout for a heady mix of gay and straight meatpacking-district clubbers, West Village redbrick-dwellers, and indie-rockers. But if you can't find a seat or you're just having takeout coffee, waiting on line can actually be fun. It moves fast, though, so make sure you've practiced your lines.

DT-UT (1626 SECOND AVENUE, near 84th Street) may be another loungey Upper East Side meeting place, but at least here you get to eat something sweet. This café, whose motto is "Eat, drink, and love," tries to make all three activities as pleasurable as possible. Patrons snack on brownies and mochaccinos as they burrow into the plump chairs and sofas set throughout the carefully lit lounge. Try the do-it-yourself s'mores with a new friend.

AT THE 160-YEAR-OLD WEST Village pharmacy **Bigelow Chemists** (414 Sixth Avenue), an old-school pharmacy with a distinctly unclinical atmosphere, you can walk in with a piece of paper bearing a prescription and leave with one with a phone number. Popular with NYU students and frequented by locals slowly cruising the aisles

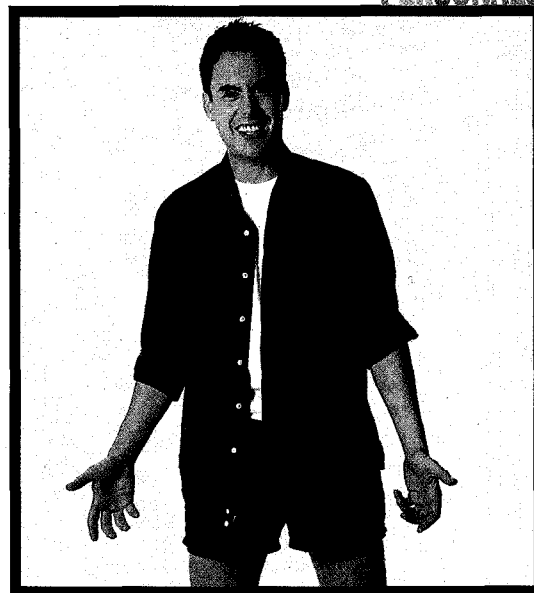
for lemon-scented soap, this place brings new meaning to the term *checkout aisle*.

AT THE REGAL JING FONG (20 ELIZABETH Street), you'll think you came for the dim sum but won't be able to help noticing the sultry shrimp-dumpling experts who are always more than happy to show you how to hold chopsticks (even if you know how, pretend you don't). Yak it up, sip some plum wine, and soon enough, your parents may receive a collect call from a wedding chapel in Shanghai.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT VINYL (824 NINTH Avenue, at 54th Street) may be all you need to revive your spirits, if they've been flagging since that disastrous date the night before. It's filled up with hung-over revelers munching on French toast and eggs Florentine. Slide into one of the black vinyl booths next to a chiseled club bunny and compare piercings. If that doesn't pan out, there's a ceramic bust of Elvis that looks very lifelike. Bonus: Light streaming through the wide-open windows means you can really see what you're getting yourself into—no excuses!

THERE ARE MORE INTERESTING THINGS THAN *Our Town* to check out while you're waiting for your dirty laundry, like who that fine brother with the basket full of

PERSONALS



Darren—Help! This 27-year-old can't figure out if he's more a Brooks Brothers guy or a Versace one. Ivy League Fulbright fellow/model-actor seeks smart, good-looking person with upbeat personality. Age/gender don't matter—just be exceptional! ☒ NYM350

ANCIENT EVENINGS

Modern maturity may have set in for some New York singles, but Donna Summer hasn't danced her last dance, either. By Nancy Jo Sales

"Did you see Miss Vicki?"

The buzz around Night Owls at Club El Morocco on a Friday night was that Miss Vicki, former wife of effete sixties songbird Tiny Tim, was among the gay divorcees, widows, and never-been-marrieds out looking for love. The occasion was a **George Bernard Private Party**; it happens around twice a month ("like hot flashes," said one guest), always advertised as "28 to 49," a well-known euphemism for a decidedly more seasoned crowd. "I'm 64—but I photograph 52," a man in a pink toupée offered gamely, asking for a

forgotten his lower dentures caught a woman in an explosive bear hug, jiggling her vertically. ("For a lot of 'em, it's just a free feel," clucked a 60-year-old widow who'd come all the way from Sheepshead Bay.) But mostly, the crowd was wild with dance fever—men in checked suits with bald pates gyrating, women in ball gowns and pantsuits shimmying (a challenge, since most of them were clutching oversize handbags). "No one feels they have any time anymore—it's now or never," said one man who said he'd never married due to "anxieties."

"They're all insane," said the host of the evening, George Bernard, with obvious affection. "I can't do a boat party—I did the research. They're so afraid of commitment, they won't go out on the water."

Bernard, a poofy-haired man "in my forties" who resembles Garry Shandling, went into the singles business fifteen years ago. For the over-40 set, he's considered one of the only games in town, with parties at "respectable" places like Tavern on the Green, Maxim's, Le Bar Bat. He thinks older singles should be more flexible. "A lot of them are so picky about looks! They say they're looking for a nice guy, but on AOL they all want 'no baldies.'"

"I'm not looking for Alex Trebek," insisted Maxine (no last name—"there's too many crazies out there"), an avid George Bernard dance attendee and schoolteacher from Floral Park, Queens. "I'm not looking for Harrison Ford—who by the way is Jewish. But something in between Alex Trebek and Danny DeVito would be nice. I'm 51 and still a shapely size 6!"

"It's terrible to be alone," confided an attractive gray-haired man munching on the as-advertised "2 full hours of hot hors d'oeuvres." "I was a broker on the New York Stock Exchange. I went to discos every night. The seventies seem like a second ago to me. I thought I had all the time in the world. But in New York, nobody wants to settle. Everybody wants to meet Miss or Mr. Perfect. And then one day, you wake up, and there's no one there. But you live on hope," he added, smiling.

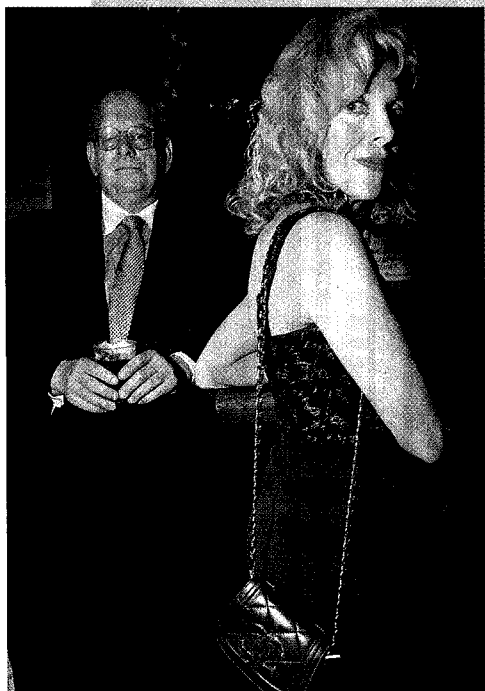
"Hey . . . do you want to dance?"

dance under the flashing disco lights.

"I'm not Miss Vicki—I'm Miss Jan," said Jan Corey, a petite forty-something blonde in a studded motorcycle jacket and the only rock-and-roll chick in the house. "I was Tiny Tim's second wife. We got married on Jay Leno, not Johnny Carson."

"Let me tell you, it's hard to find a guy who compares to Tiny Tim," she shouted above Madonna's "Holiday." (Madonna's a favorite at the George Bernard dances. "Well, she's no child herself anymore," a woman in gold lamé observed.)

Out on the dance floor, a man who'd



Calvins is. At Park Slope's **K & E Laundromat** (835 Union Street), the hook-up potential is high because of the prime Slope location. The clientele is interestingly diverse but heavy on the crunchy side—after all, K & E is directly across the street from the Food Coop.

SPLASH (50 WEST 17TH STREET) IS STILL THE place to go if you're a young gay guy from Staten Island coming to the city for a big-night out, but we'll let you in on a secret: It's not only gay men from the outer boroughs who can score here. The aquatic-themed club has become a haven for pretty girls who come here to hide out from soused Jersey guys at straight clubs, who feel entitled to push up on any cutie in their crosshairs. The feeling at Splash tends to be more up, more cel-

DIGITAL PICTURES OF
THE WALLS; THE
LUVHANDI
READS "BIG UNIT"

ebratory, more open. And don't underestimate the aphrodisiac quality of beautiful, fit young men dancing, flirting, and making out, none of whom have any interest in sleeping with the women present (think fluffers on a porn set). Alcohol and chemicals are flowing, you'll be pegged as being hip and sensitive for being at the club in the first place, and, of course, who can resist the simple law of supply and demand.

GET YOUR HANDS ON A DOG SOMEHOW—BUY one, borrow one, maybe steal one—then take it for a walk over to join the insular community of animal lovers at the **Washington Square Park dog run**, where the dogs aren't the only animals who roll over. Your pooch will not only serve as a handy conversation starter but also make you seem like the kind of nurturing, responsible character so rare in today's single market. In terms of hooking-up potential, the dog run at Union Square Park comes a close second.

FLUORESCENT LIGHTS AND THE SMELL OF INK cartridges may seem poor substitutes for candlelight and incense, but consider that it's at **Kinko's** that people are most vulnerable—here that their stories, screenplays, curricula vitae, and pleas for jobs are exposed to the world. Put those years as the assistant-to-the-assis-



A dog's life: Waiting to hook up at the Paramount.

TENTH STREET LOUNGE (212 East 10th Street) continues to attract a vaguely hip TGIF crowd with good jobs and even better benefits that they're only too happy to tell you about. The long wraparound bar serves as a shimmering line in the sand between you and the Demi Moore look-alike on the other side. The problem is, the leggy model-bar-tenders keep getting in the way and making you order drink after drink

until you can't see straight—and you wind up on the couch with the goo-goo-eyed Elizabeth Perkins *manqué* instead.

LUVBUZZ (1438 THIRD AVENUE, AT 81ST Street) features cutesy cocktails (Luvjuice, Buzzcones), a romantic-gift emporium (chocolate body paint, beeswax candles), and a wait staff of "Luvbees." Potential mates can explore each other's likes and dislikes the old-fashioned way or through Luvbuzz's binder of personal surveys, the "Date-a-base." Digital pictures of singles decorate the foyer walls; the so-called Luvhandle on one gentleman reads BIG UNIT. As if.

CHECK OUT THE LOBBY OF THE huge high-rise at **185 East 85th Street**, the closest thing New York has to Melrose Place and ground zero for young singles from all across the neighborhood. Take your pick of semi-grown-up Syracuse grads turned bankers or publicists, or ask doorman Bobby Conti to fix you up—he has made countless matches over the years. Nonresidents should cruise by around 7:30 to catch the post-work, pre-Equinox crowd. And if you have any problems getting in, tell them you're there to see Billy.

THERE'S NO PLACE IN NEW York that offers a more purposeful effort at same-sex pairing than the basement reading room of **A Different Light** (151 West 19th Street),

a gay-and-lesbian bookstore that is host to weekly singles mixers. Patrons chat on comfy cushioned benches strewn throughout the store; check out the Sunday-night movies—they try not to show *Valley of the Dolls*, *Mommie Dearest*, or *Boys in the Band* more than once per season.

ONCE YOU'VE LOST THE VISITING PARENTS IN the Egyptian tombs, head for the **Cantor Roof Garden** (at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street). Order an espresso and enjoy pastoral views of the park, leafy camouflage, and that ever-alluring naked Rodin. Unleash your hidden raconteur on a band of traveling Brazilian models or French exchange students. Tell them you love poetry and the Louvre. "You are not like other Americans," coos your new friend Marisol—both a compliment and an insult but, more important, a sign that you won't be going home alone tonight.

ROOSEVELT ISLAND'S GREATEST ASSET IS THE cherry-red tram (entrance on Second Avenue near 59th Street), the most popular way for mainlanders to get back to the island's Orwellian shores. And hey, for once it just so happens that you and that babe you've been leering at are both going to the same destination (unlike on the subway). Then—oops!—before you know it, the cable's stuck. Say something

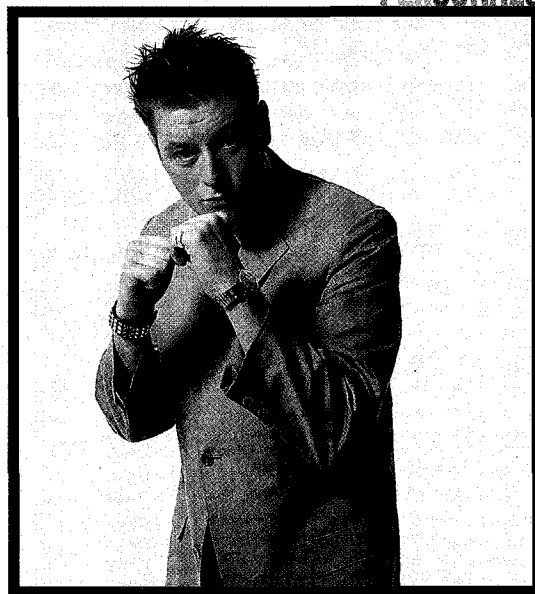
INGLES O-CALLED N GENTLEMAN S IF.

tant to good use and enlarge, correlate, and staple-sort your way into someone's heart. (Try the location at 250 East Houston Street, between A and B, for S&M poets.)

EDWARD MORAN BAR & GRILL IS NO LONGER the leading meat/meet market for the moneymaking set—more popular now is the **Wall Street Kitchen & Bar** (70 Broad Street), located less than two blocks from the Exchange, where the same swarm of suits and secretaries get sauced and search for a new "merger." The 100 types of bottled beer, the 50 on tap, and the "wine-dispensing machine" that serves 50 selections by the glass reflect the prevailing sense that too much is just a good start.

NOW, THERE ARE SOME KINDS OF PEOPLE WHO hardly need help finding places to meet in Chelsea, but for players on the other team, the area can be a bit of a challenge. They say red is the color of passion, and if nothing else, **Ciel Rouge** (176 Seventh Avenue, at 21st Street) is the reddest lounge you ever saw. If meeting someone is your mission, you want to drift in—with at least a friend or two—toward the later side of the night, at which point the tables that share a long, comfortably cushioned bench against the south wall tend to become seized with a communal spirit.

PERSONALS



Josh—Who's your daddy? SWM, 23, graphic designer and snappy dresser with an interest in swing, sports, and sex. My baby will have fine tastes, a sensual bedside manner, good values, and, of course, a trust fund. Are you the girl for me? ☐ NYM450



You've Got Male

For single gay men, squeaky-clean AOL is fast supplanting Chelsea as the city's hottest meeting spot. By Ted Gideonse

It's 11:30 on a Thursday night, and you're a relatively attractive, successful 36-year-old gay Manhattanite in dire need of a boyfriend. You've just returned from g, that vaguely hip gay "lounge" in Chelsea, and unfortunately, you're alone. So much attitude, so little attention. You turn on your computer. "Just for fifteen minutes," you say to yourself. "Maybe it will happen this time. I'll meet a nice guy."

You boot up and log on to America Online, typing in the screen name Charlie4Luv. Next, you type in your profile, embellishing just a tiny little bit: "Looking for love: GWM, 30, 6'2", blond/green, professional soccer player, Rhodes scholar." Suddenly hopeful, you enter the room titled M4M-NYC. Almost immediately, you're hit with a barrage of instant messages:

<NYCSurfer> hey dude
<VillageGuy25> goalie, i hope.
<Sleepless in SoHo> Oxford or Cambridge?
<VillageGuy25> do you really think you will find love in here?

More and more gay men are answering, "Yes, and if not love, I'm fine talking about Ricky Martin for three hours." For the city's queer singles, gay bars are quickly losing ground to the Internet, where you don't have to put up with retro disco or pay \$7.50 for a drink. And while some use the Net as a postmodern bathhouse, for many others it's a virtual dating service, the first resort for gays in the market for joint checking accounts, commitment ceremonies, and Asian babies.

Perhaps the biggest beneficiary of this trend is AOL, which recently supplanted Chelsea as the city's most active gay meet-

ing spot. According to conservative estimates, the site draws millions of gay subscribers a month, and gay men have slowly colonized AOL's chat-room areas, at least two thirds of which regularly feature "M4M" in their titles. Gay-owned Gay.com, in addition, hosts 1.7 million visitors a month, while PlanetOut claims a half million.

Gay men, at the forefront of the Internet revolution, were also among the first to realize its potential as a dating aid. "Gay people have always wished for some practical form of telepathy that would allow them to figure out where their possible friends and lovers were," says Steve Silberman, contributing editor at *Wired*. "The Internet delivered."

Of course, the same anonymity that makes the Internet so appealing also strips away all accountability. Because just about everyone online lies—blithely obfuscating about all manner of vital measurements—many men now insist that prospective partners e-mail scanned photos. But photos are notoriously unreliable: It's not uncommon to get pictures ripped out from catalogues and magazines, photos of yourself, or, in the case of one stunned man, a picture of his cute (but dead) ex-boyfriend. On the Web, as in life, if it looks too good to be true, it probably is.

On the bright side, online aficionados who reach out to virtual strangers may wind up opening their doors to real-life celebrities. One well-known playwright met his current boyfriend online. Another actor regularly uses the Net for more short-term assignments. The onscreen profile for HotArt99, a famous painter and chat-room perennial, describes him as "muscular, handsome and 40" and more convincingly lists his occupation as "World Famous Artist."

Of course, since online gossip spreads faster than mildew in a steam room, discretion is essential. "When I first sent out my picture," says writer Brad Gooch, "someone responded, 'You look like a cross between Brad Gooch and Lou Reed.' I wrote back, 'Yes, I'm Lou Reed.'"

Despite the pitfalls—everyone who uses the Internet to find dates has at least one stalker story—online connections keep proliferating. "This Internet thing actually alters lives," says "Fred," a seventysomething Manhattanite who discovered the information lover's lane about a year ago. "I'd given up all thought of meeting people," he adds. "To my astonishment, I got back a ton of responses. I finally did meet somebody very pleasant to know and very attractive." His someone also happens to be eager, employed, and a sprightly 35. As AOL likes to advertise, "It's so easy, there's a reason we're number one."

Online matchmaking means never having to buy drinks, movie tickets, or pricey jewelry until that potentially special someone jumps through a series of virtual hoops. It's easy and sometimes fun, provided you choose the right site. A few of our favorites.

He's got jungle fever, she's got jungle fever, the whole damn Web has jungle fever. **Opposites Attract**, the site for meeting singles of other races, was founded in L.A. and hyped on *Oprah* and *Montel*—and is now throwing introduction parties all over the country. A \$74.95 annual fee gets you invitations, advice, and personal ads to help locate your Benetton soul mate. www.oppositesattract.com

At **World of Men**, gay men (or, uh, straight men who *hang out* with gay men) can surf newsgroups, view photos, and post personals for \$14.95 per month. www.worldofmen.com

As if finding you a mate weren't tough enough, **Jmates** promises to "save Jewish people from the double-edged sword of intermarriage and assimilation!" Perusing ads by Jewish eligibles is free—if you don't count the guilt trip—but you can't contact anyone without paying \$8.95 a month. www.jmates.com

CatholicSingles.com also charges \$8.95 a month, and the similarities don't stop there. Singles across the country are looking for love strictly within the faith. One big difference: The questionnaire makes sure to ask if members are "free to marry in the church." www.catholicSingles.com

Viagra jokes aren't appreciated at **Sassy Seniors**, where members place personals, send greeting cards, and flirt in the message center with fellow Websters of retirement age—all for free. Common-interest categories include "watching TV," "hot-tubbing," and "napping." And for kinky seniors, there's a link to Naughtynook.com. www.sassyseniors.com

For love with the (very) proper stranger, **Singles With Scruples** offers free access to a database of moral singles and their photos—not that appearance matters, of course. Members are not scrupulously screened ("We believe in personal responsibility," the management explains), but contact can be anonymous as long as your new sweetie's character remains in question. www.singleswithscruples.com

If you're too shy to approach the object of your affection, send a free anonymous mash note via **eCrush**. The site shares dating horror stories and best/worst pickup lines—but the Celebrity Fantasy Crush poll needs some tinkering. Someone should tell voters that No. 5, Jim Morrison, is no longer dating. www.ecrush.com

Cyberspace can be a big place to meet people. To narrow your search, **New York City Matchmaker**—a site geared toward the young, the hip, and the local—offers free trial memberships. www.newyork.email.net

You can't choose your family, but **Beloved.net** helps you search for a partner by age, height, weight, and geographical location for \$9.95 per month—peppering your search with inspiring quotes by famous men-about-town like Mozart and Antoine de Saint Exupéry. www.beloved.net

Somebody must have thought, Hey, we've got to get those *GQ* and *Glamour* readers together. **Swoonomic**—the personals section of Condé Nast's Website—is free, anonymous, and easy, complete with a creative questionnaire that includes "The most unusual place I ever made love was —." Best of all: You can search by area code. www.swoon.com

If your soul mate absolutely must wear a G-string, sign on to **Pleasure Seekers Guide to New York**. This site has sixteen links with information on how to find local places featuring massages and fetish, role-playing, and psychodrama. www.seekerspub.com/pleasure

InterMingle's "Mystery Match Game" turns dating into a game that really does have rules. Three contestants answer questions posed by one mystery date, who chooses a lucky winner based on the responses. It's like *The Dating Game*, but without that pesky Jim Lange. www.intermingle.com

It was only a matter of time before someone parlayed the desperate search for a mate into an online community. The completely free **People2people** has personals outfitted with sound and visual bells and whistles, plus an online dating magazine and a relationship-advice column. For people ready to turn dating into a full-time job. www.people2people.com
ROBERT KOLKER AND ROSE-ANNE CLERMONT

nice, take a picture together, or spill your whole life story as you dangle over the East River.

SINCE MEXICAN RADIO (250 MULBERRY Street) has only ten tables, you'll seem antisocial if you *don't* join in on your neighbors' conversations. The flirty twentysomethings who frequent the spot have no qualms about doing just that. The bar scene can get a little frantic on the weekends—it just means there are more people to kvetch with about the wait for a table as you sip vodka-and-mango lemonades and eight-ounce margaritas.

YOU CAN'T STOMACH ANOTHER DATE WITH A Julia Roberts movie, seared tuna, and a friend of a friend's who works in marketing. No, tonight you're feeling a little wild, a bit avant-garde—in the mood for a beer with the local dorm nymph and a track by Diamanda Galas. At the **St. Mark's Poetry Project** (134 East 10th Street), an array of multicultural performers titillate you and the nubile bookworm with whom you sit knee to knee. Just nod your head as the poet reads and say, "Hmmm . . . hmmm," and you'll never be asked for an analysis—only for a phone number.

SURE, YOU CAME TO THE HERB GARDEN AT the Cloisters (in Fort Tryon Park; enter at 193rd Street and Fort Washington Avenue) to write maudlin thoughts in your journal and listen to Gregorian chants on your Walkman. But while the engraved fountain, Hudson views, and bed of medieval "love and magic" flowers may be charming and all, don't be fooled by this façade of introspection. You're a meditative swinger, and there are others like you. So just lift up someone's earphones and say, "Hi there."

THINK OF MANHATTAN AS ONE BIG HIGH school—and remember that only the "good kids" were at the library. The recently renovated main reading room at **New York Public Library** (476 Fifth Avenue, at 42nd Street) offers a lot of immediate pluses: no cover charge, lots of seating, and people who are definitely literate (if that kind of thing matters to you).

TAKE YOUR PICK OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED PROFESSIONAL types at Hineni Young Leadership Tuesday Torah talks, held at the **Congregation Kehilath Jeshurun** (125 East 85th Street; 7 P.M.). The blond Rebbentzin Jungreis—who can switch from quoting the Talmud to discussing commitment-phobia in a nanosecond—typically speaks to a crowd of 22-to-35-year-olds, but, says the

SINGLE THE CITY Brandon Jones's Journal

Bridget isn't the only one with a diary. We persuaded a bachelor on the make to open up his books . . .

By Anonymous

Resolutions for the Millennium

I Will Not

- Forget to apply minoxidil twice daily or take Propecia once daily.
- Watch Asian women working out in the gym rather than work out myself.
- Date women with cats (leaves roughly 18.9 percent of all women in Manhattan—but am very allergic and want no more incidences like the sneeze all over the last one's comforter).
- Date full- or part-time waitresses (I can't afford them!).
- Quote *Austin Powers* movies or refer to *Seinfeld* plots.
- Call phone-sex lines or write any more e-mails to JennyCat, the high-school cheerleader in Iowa I met in the "Teen Scene" chat room on AOL.
- Go shopping for shoes or bedding with Mom or go on any more trips with her to Bed Bath & Beyond.

I Will

- Increase the circumference of my arms by three inches; improve "six-pack" (hey, bet I already have a four-pack).
- Read a novel by David Foster Wallace, the cool writer.
- Buy Internet stocks; find out about IPOs.
- Get invited to my boss Jerry's Connecticut country house for the weekend; bring good wine (under \$20).
- Learn about wine.
- Get invited to the Victoria's Secret fashion show.
- Form relationship with woman, preferably not more than 120 pounds (no porkers), who earns in the six figures and also wails in some competitive sport like mountain biking or Ultimate Frisbee.
- Watch movies starring Sean Penn or Steve McQueen.

Friday, October 1, 1999

201 sit-ups (v.g.), 28 pull-ups (just okay), 57 push-ups (I should be thrashed by Sable, the ex-WWF wrestling queen . . . I wish!).

Food consumed today:

- Breakfast from the Dunkin's
- Lunch at Korean salad bar
- Dinner at City Crab

Money spent: 11 bucks (dinner with

clients on corporate account—ain't New York livin' great?)

- 1 cheap cigar

8 A.M., New York City, my humble abode—or as I like to call it, the "Batcave":

Dammit—I *don't* think this minoxidil is working. Sprayed a ton of it on last night, but my hairline is still disappearing like the ozone layer. Yesterday in the morning meeting, Jerry told everybody he thought I was starting to look like Friar Tuck. Screw the bastard—I'm only 29! Had a dream last night I kicked him out of his Gulfstream jet like Harrison Ford did in *Air Force One*.

Woke up and calmed self down with replay of the "dream" about the Russian model I met (okay, saw) at Double Happiness. (Why didn't I get her phone number? She wanted me!)

Question: Should I buy a motorcycle?

11:30 P.M.: Came home early from date with Sarah, the assistant up in marketing with the big bazongas. How can she say she's looking for a serious relationship when she won't even sleep with me?

I don't think I should pay for her dinner anymore (or, rather, take her out on the corporate account) because: (a) she won't sleep with me, (b) if she did sleep with me, she'd definitely be the type to start considering herself my girlfriend, and (c) I already know I don't want her to be my girlfriend because she doesn't make any money and isn't good-looking enough—for example, has nasty patch of cellulite beneath her left buttock (the girl should really stay away from tennis shorts). And I can't take a girl with cellulite to Jerry's country house when he invites me, now, can I?

Maybe I should give her a relationship test—could include mountain biking, cooking, blow job. . . .

Nah, screw it. I'm just trying to shag her! (Oops, no more *Austin Powers*!)

Question: What do women see in Ricky Martin?

Sunday, October 3, 1999

290 sit-ups (oh, am I psyched), 48 pull-ups (super-psyched), 100 push-ups (I'm a god!).

Food consumed today:

- Brunch at Starbucks (a little splurgesky—well, I deserve it!)
- Dinner at original Original Ray's Pizza

Money spent: \$9.50

10 A.M., the Batcave: Does the Jean-Paul Gaultier cologne in my bathroom look "effeminate"? (The one with the torso-shaped bottle in tight, ribbed T.) Mandy, the escort who was here last night, said it does. "Are you a fag?" she said. No, I am *not*; but I have to admit that ever since moving to New York I have had some pretty close calls—but what do you want, this is Gay Guy City! One time some guy and I were just talking in the sauna at Crunch and then the next thing I know we're having lunch and . . . never mind, the whole thing was just *weird*.

I read about that Jean-Paul Gaultier cologne in *Maxim*—not exactly a "fag" rag! And anyway, what does a \$125-an-hour escort from the back of *The Village Voice* know about men? She probably *hates* men. But who am I to say? I hadn't gotten laid since the Bush administration (hey, pretty funny—think there's a job for me over at *Saturday Night Live*?).

Made self feel better by working out like the animal that I am, and then composing this e-mail to JennyCat:

"Dear JennyCat: Things are great here in New York. Am really tired as I just got in (it's 8 A.M.) from hanging out all night with my 'homies,' Don Trump, Leo (as we call him), and some of the other guys in my 'crew.' We're a bunch of wild bastards, I can tell you that right now. We went to this club called Life (have you heard of it? If not, turn to page 17 in this month's *People* magazine and see Leo there—and that's my shoulder right behind him!), ordered a bunch of champagne, and lit up the \$20 stogies while all the best-looking women in the place did table dances for us.

"But none of them was as cute as you, you little Iowa prom queen. When I think of all the things I want to do to your hot 17-year-old bod . . . When are you coming to New York to look at colleges? And tell me again about your fantasy about Sabrina the Teenage Witch and the Cheez Whiz. Love, Brandon."

Christ, I hope she's not really some 400-pound housewife. Lonely women are so pathetic.



Snuggle up: Come clean at Park Slope's K & E Laundromat.

director, "We don't ask for birth certificates." After the lecture, spouse-seekers are invited to get to know one another—though not in the biblical sense.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO CAN tell a real Eames from a knockoff, hit the early shift (5:30–6 A.M., Saturday and Sunday) at the open-air **Annex Flea Market** on 26th Street and Sixth Avenue. Only genuine collectors get up at such an ungodly hour to sift through grandmotherly purses for that one shining Fendi. Get a good night's sleep—bags under your eyes will not make you an appraisable commodity.

FLYING SOLO? HIT THE FIRST-CLASS LOUNGES at **Delta Airlines**. Or any other major airline carrier, for that matter. A short schlep to La Guardia is a field trip worth taking if you're looking for bored, rich businessmen desperate for distractions. A few pointers: Bring along an interesting read (always a reliable conversation starter); befriend airline personnel (who knows who might be willing to help you in your cause?); bring a picnic (airport-terminal food sucks); and, most important, pray for delays.

ANY GIRL CAN GO WATCH UNSMILING WOMEN drink and smoke at one of the city's handful of lesbian bars, but a gal looking for something more eclectic has another choice: mixed gay bars, the wave of the future. Two homes for the new breed of homosexual, at opposite ends of the island, offer if not an equal boy-girl mix then at least a quality selection of girls for intriguing interacting. "Ladies'"

Mondays and karaoke Wednesdays are especially silly at **Saints** (992 Amsterdam Avenue, at 109th Street), and any day of the week promises cheap drinks and cuties listening to Magnetic Fields on the jukebox at **Phoenix** (447 East 13th Street).

THE CAFE AT CINEMA Classics (332 East 11th Street), an East Village mini alerno-movie theater, is the place to set up shop if you like to spend your Friday nights pretending to read something by

Stendhal until you meet another cerebrating soul who just can't resist asking you how that book is. Suddenly, you find yourselves sitting in the dark holding hands as Jean-Paul Belmondo tries on a funny hat.

AN EVENING AT THE ITALIAN CULINARY INSTITUTE (230 Fifth Avenue, at 27th Street) is enough to make you forget, if only temporarily, about lovelessness—particularly if you're male, since the institute will waive its \$55 fee for you. Of particular interest may be the monthly "Aphrodisiac Night"—with food like salami, oysters, ginseng, ginger, and Gorgonzola. Don't expect to actually learn how to cook; everyone is too distracted by the free wine refills to actually listen to the chefs.

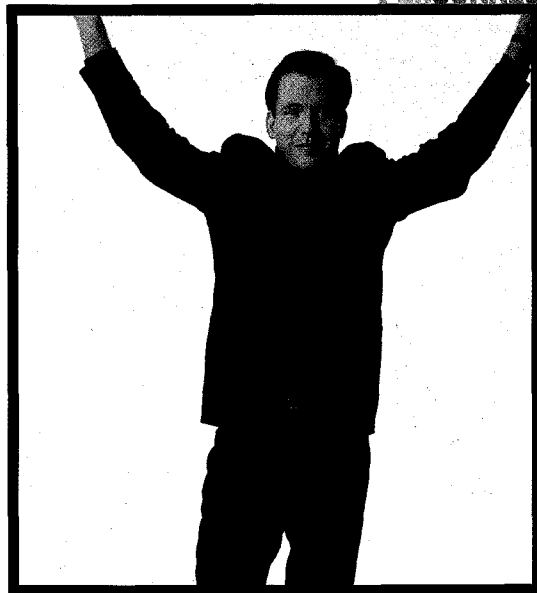
CUPS OF COFFEE AREN'T THE only things steaming at **Grey Dog's Coffee** (33 Carmine Street). Amid the piles of freshly baked breads, Rice Krispie treats, caramel-chocolate brownies, and H&H bagels, some serious flirtation goes down. A true throwback to a college-town hangout, the joint draws a quiet weekday crowd of lone diners clutching their New York *Timeses*; Saturday and Sunday brunches are often mobbed, with guys in baseball caps mingling with publicists in Prada boots as Dave Matthews blares jarringly in the background.

INSTEAD OF DINING ON CHICKEN SOUP WITH matzo balls and challah bread, Orthodox Jewish singles might try the **Diamante Cafe** (8 East 48th Street), which serves gourmet pizzas and pasta dishes—the service counter, appropriately, is lined up along the eatery's western wall—as well as plenty of eye candy for dessert. Noon to two is prime time for husband hunting, especially on Wednesdays—look for Diamond District secretaries from Brooklyn, lawyers, computer techies, fashionistas from the more southerly Garment District, and more than any demographic's fair share of accountants.

TAKE A TRIP TO THE PARAMOUNT'S LANGUID velvety lobby (235 West 46th Street), making your way through Prada-clad divorcees, young Hollywood producers, visiting European decorators, and fresh-faced gigolos in shiny Ferragamo shoes. Kick up your feet on an African stool, order a Manhattan, and ask an attractive stranger if he or she knows how to get to Barolo.

Edited by Vanessa Grigoriadis. Written by Judd Bloch, Chris Bonanos, Rose-Anne Clermont, Matthew Cowan, Suzanne D'Amato, Derek de Koff, Helen Eisenbach, Jason Fink, Amy Helin, Boris Kachka, Jod Kaftan, Robert Kolker, Dany Levy, Johnathan Mandell, Lotsy Meyer, Michele Parrella, Jessica Power, Karen Robinovitz, Rachel Orvino, and Mark Silver.

PERSONALS



Jack—SWM affection glutton, 30, seeks sarcastic, spirited, demanding, hedonistic, sassy, ironic, uninhibited, undersexed, overeducated, sexy, brooding, leggy, mischievous, quick-witted partner in crime. Be mine. Make me yours. I'll cook. ☐ NYM950

Tax-Free Bonding

They're dancing as fast as they can on today's charity circuit, where investment bankers and fashion publicists are hoping they'll bag a very significant other. By Sarah Bernard

ON A BREEZY MIDWEEK EVENING, THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART'S SUMMER rooftop gala hosted by the Apollo Circle, its newly formed junior committee, is in full, albeit subdued, swing. A mix of single women in Guccis and bias-cut slip dresses and single men in pinstripes and windowpanes have each shelled out \$100 to mingle over spring rolls against a sweeping backdrop of Central Park West. "The talent is not that good tonight," says a 31-year-old Web designer decked out in a navy-blue suit and a silver tie, double-fisting vodka tonics. "I went to one of these parties at Christmas," he shouts, as Cher's "Believe" thumps overhead. "I met a girl, she wrote her number on my hand and sealed it with a kiss. How could I resist that?" As the sun is setting, a criminal lawyer who's been working the crowd—and the bar—since 5:30 P.M. is making one last effort to corral a dinner date. He doesn't hesitate to elaborate on why he paid a \$1,000 membership fee. "I was hoping to meet a woman, get married, and inherit 50 million bucks."

The "talent"—and we're not talking the museum's permanent collection—is, indeed, the point of today's charity soirées. While the pro bono-party circuit has been around since Scott and Zelda were fountain-hopping, more and more single urban professionals, from fashion-industry executives to MBAs flush with cash from recent IPOs, are finding benefits to be the most promising—and most efficient—path to pre-nup negotiations (or at least a few plausible dates).

"Maybe they met someone in college, but people move away," says a long-time benefitgoer. "It's a mobile population. When they come back to the city, they need to start a new social group of friends. New York is an intimidating place to meet people. And this is a way to institutionalize it. Besides, people in New York live in small apartments as a rule, especially the younger ones. They



Saba



Photographs by Mark Peterson



Charitable pursuits: All dressed up
and somewhere to go—a silent auction
to benefit AIDS research in October.

don't have the facilities to entertain."

"People are nervous about having large parties in their homes," confides one fixture on the scene who frequents junior events despite his up-there age. "They're yuppies with the finer things now, not college kids who don't mind having 200 people trash their apartment. They're too lazy from work to have to plan an English dinner party for eight and too cheap to hire caterers. And they're not going to bars to meet people," he says. "Elitism is missing from bars."

Marjorie Gubelmann, a junior hostess for the Palm Beach-Southampton crowd, has attended as many as three events a week. "November is a very busy month," she says. "I put the invites on the mirror in my bedroom, and now I can't see my face." Even though Gubelmann is one of those rare New Yorkers who regularly treats her friends to home-cooked meals in her crimson dining room, she acknowledges that for most, the parties fill a kind of social void. "Most people I know don't know how to cook. Most of my friends can't even make toast," she says. "Plus, people are working longer hours. It's harder to come together socially."

And so, the city's institutions have stepped up their role as dating service for the monied class. Museums, hospitals, libraries, even auction houses these days are offering something the bars and clubs never could: a prescreened, high-caliber pool of candidates. In response to increasing demand, they're throwing more and more parties and expanding existing "junior" evenings.

For the first time, the Israel Museum held a formal event at the Tribeca Rooftop instead of the usual modest cocktail mixer. MOMA's annual "Party in the Garden" was bursting at the seams with pashmina shawls and Shoshanna dresses. Since so many juniors populated the pre-party patrons' dinner, a new committee was formed this year to sponsor a simultaneous juniors-only meal for an additional 300 in the downstairs Gar-



Collectors' Night at the Armory's Winter Antiques Show (which benefits the East Side House Settlement) expects 1,500 attendees this January, up from 350 three years before.

"Basically, it's a high-class meat market," declares one Wall Streeter on the party committee for Montefiore's Albert Einstein hospital. "This is sport."

I SUPPOSE THE BENEFIT CIRCUIT IS A sort of spin-off from the days of arranged marriages," says Kristina Stewart, editor-in-chief of *Quest*, a shiny sheet for the cummerbund crowd. "Today, there are plenty of bonus babies to mix it up with the trust-fund babies. My advice to the goa-

lege bridge-and-tunnelers. The Museum of the City of New York lures a capped-off coterie of 800 black-tie-and-blue-blood swanks; the Bridgehampton Polo matches, a mix of society straw hats and scrappy hangers-on. The cultural institutions have a reputation for attracting publishing, music, and fashion types as well as businesspeople. Some—like the Young Collectors' Night at the Winter Antiques Show—pull a notoriously comely group. "We get a really good mix of uptown and downtown," says board member Marina Rust. "I think we've developed that kind of reputation. And that's fine." People have been known to call from Chicago looking for tickets.

It's an unspoken rule that "the diseases"—cancer, Crohn's and colitis, and

GUESTS ACT LIKE MEDDLERS AS THEY CONSIDER THEIR INVITES. FOR THE PRICE OF A NIGHT AT ODEON, THEY CAN POSITION THEMSELVES IN FRONT OF THEIR TARGET AUDIENCE.

den Café. The Wildlife Conservation Society's "Evening at the Central Park Zoo" sold out weeks earlier than usual, with 750 guests signing up in advance for the early-bird \$150 ticket special. Another 250 snapped up the remaining spaces, which went for \$165 apiece. The Young

teed Internet moguls looking for a high-maintenance deb to marry and set up home for them: Buy your own dinner jacket. And *don't* call it a tuxedo."

Each party has its own personality. The Israel Museum attracts an expectant Jewish audience; the *Intrepid*, a swarm of post-col-

cystic fibrosis—are the least flashy. "The diseases get more professionals in finance, doctors, lawyers, accountants—a more unattractive group," says a regular party attendee.

In down times, circuit regulars tide themselves over by scoring free invites to

Photograph by Evan Kafka



Affairs of the heart: Checking on availability at the Winter Antiques Show's junior-committee party in Grand Central.

quickly sold out in advance. Those who are not cozy with committee members (and therefore don't receive heavy-stock invitations in their mailboxes) can only hope to sidle up to a table hostess at the lesser-priced "dessert" portion of these evenings—in the hopes that she will ask them to join the table next year.

One lawyer in his thirties, who admits to forking over \$3,500 a year on such entertainments, does the math: "I could go on five dates, and it's going to cost me 700 bucks. Or I could go to one of these for \$150 and get five phone numbers."

Samantha Daniels, who runs Table for Two (or More), a dating service for the young and successful, likes to introduce her clients to potential mates at these benefit parties. There's no stigma associated with them, as there may be at a typical "singles weekend" or even an evening overtly constructed for the purpose of romance, i.e., a blind date. And, as Daniels explains, part of the allure of this tax-deductible dating game is that you know you're going to see at least a handful of people you sort of know. "It's not a random crowd," she explains. "It's only degrees of separation."

The growing interest in charity events is even inspiring fashion designers like Céline, the couture house run by designer-of-the-moment Michael Kors, to lend frocks out to society party girls and their friends to be photographed in them like Elizabeth Taylor in *Butterfield 8*. For MOMA's Party In the Garden, a \$9,000 beaded crystal dress was lent to a friend of Serena Boardman's. Language, a trendy boutique on Mulberry, has become a clearinghouse for such occasions, supplying Skin Jewelry, a kind of sparkly fake tattoo, to the likes of Alexandra von Furstenburg. Co-owner Ana Abdul tries to make sure girls don't leave with the same outfits, but sometimes she can't help it. Abdul, who dressed *Manhattan File* editor Christina Greeven head to toe for a ballet benefit at the Met, sold 30 pashmina shawls the afternoon before one MOMA bash and outfitted the

same crowd with Chloë T-shirts when they headed off to sip champagne with Stella McCartney at the store opening in September. This fall, Philip Treacy handbags are the coveted accessory, especially for those who did not make the waiting list for a shipment of pashmina ponchos—expected to arrive just in time for November's busy dance card.

Publicists and luxury lines are vying to place their products at the parties' silent auctions, betting that each of these marriage-minded singles will soon be half of a well-heeled household with two incomes to burn. One gallery donated a Robert Indiana print to the Israel Museum's raffle. Comité Colbert, the association of French luxury-goods companies, sponsored a party to honor the young collectors' committee of the Winter Antiques Show. Each company erected a sitting room showcasing its wares that was the size of most guests' studio apartments.

The new e-commerce site LuxuryFinder.com has gotten countless requests to include charity events on its yearlong "LuxuryFinder Calendar," debuting next week. "Yes they're interested in sporting and fashion events, but we're getting a ton of e-mail inquiring about charity parties," says executive vice-president Pamela Gross. "Even internationally." What better way to waltz into the path of a count or an heiress than at the Monte Carlo's Red Cross Ball next August?

store-opening parties and Website launches. "You have to get on the Shriftman-London-Grubman lists," explains a member of the Young New Yorkers for the Philharmonic who just attended the Coach store's 57th Street reopening. Wannabes find out which P.R. company—usually Harrison & Shriftman, London Misher, or Lizzie Grubman—is throwing an upcoming event and then the shameless phone campaigns begin. "We get calls all the time," says Lara Shriftman, who orchestrated the openings of Louis Vuitton's SoHo boutique, Jimmy Choo's midtown shop, and Cartier's East Hampton outpost. "And if we know them, or they know somebody we like, we'll usually put them on the list. Store openings are like nightclubs were in the eighties. Young people don't like to go to nightclubs anymore. They know these will be nice events. They'll go to the store to have cocktails in a civilized environment."

Guests strategize like media buyers as they consider their fistful of invites. For the price they insist they'd pay for a regular night at the Odeon, they can position themselves directly in front of their target audience. "People are attracted to people from the same social economic status, the same prep school," says a former magazine media buyer. "You're always trying to qualify your leads."

For many marquee events, tickets are

PERSONALS



Jared—SWM, overdressed bon vivant and journalist deluxe, seeks supermodel with a Ph.D. for peasant-baiting, elbow-rubbing with the *bon ton*, and well-bred condescension. Are you rich, bored, bitchy, and bi? Enclose a photo by Steven Meisel. ☐ NYM550

JENNIFER HUNG, DRESSED IN A CHLÖE tank top and Earl jeans and clutching a tan Hervé Chapelier handbag, is scouring NoLIta for something to wear to the opening day of Bridgehampton Polo—which doubled this year as a benefit for the Hale House children's shelter. After visiting a pair of Mark Schwartz pony-skin heels for the fourth time, she walks across Prince Street to Ina, a high-end resale shop. "This is a perfect skirt for Polo!" she gasps, waving a lavender, green, and white patterned Pucci above her head. Hung, who left a job on Wall Street for comparatively low-paying positions in fashion and publicity, explains that with the same crowd milling through most events, recycling that taffeta ball skirt is impossible. The scene has a long list of infamous characters: the gentlemen pushing 50 who insists on buying "junior" tickets, the financier with a penchant for threesomes, the Prada-swathed fashion editor who languishes unapproachably as the guys pursue less-intimidating targets, the Czech playboy with a standing table at downtown Cipriani.

Despite the fact that most of Hung's girlfriends have yet to procure any fiancés, they remain convinced that coughing up the thousands of dollars a year for tickets, outfits, and pedicures while their hair is being blown out will set them on the right track. "These par-

ties invite flirtation," Hung argues. "If you're interested in someone, it gives you an opportunity. But it's a Catch-22. You can't look or be hungry. I'm 26, but I tell them I'm 25," she says. "Twenty-six sounds fat."

BY 5:30 P.M. ON SATURDAY, THE POLO match is filled with revelers sipping cobalt blue "dot-com" martinis. Hung arrives in a navy slip dress and Manolos and whisks past the throng at the London Misher check-in desk. *Hamptons* magazines are fanned out like a deck of cards on white foldout tables. A gigantic Mercedes hood ornament rotates behind the bar. As turkey wraps and chocolate brownies whip around the tent on trays, the chatting and networking is on a high flame. "I should introduce you to my friend. He wants to go to business school," says Hung, scanning the crowd. "So he's been going to everything."

On the sidelines, a hedge-fund manager is skeptical of his party prospects: "I've met people I've gone home with at these parties, just not any woman that's turned into a serious relationship," he says, as Russell Simmons strolls by with his wife, Kimora Lee, rubbing her pregnant stomach. "But that's my life."

Over at the silent-auction table, a fight has erupted over a \$3,000 mink coat. John D'Urso explains that he's in bankruptcy arbitrage. "Like what Richard Gere did in *Pretty Woman*," he says. "I met a young lady I dated for three years. Since we broke up, I've been going to these parties." So often, in fact, that he's become a self-styled party expert. Every Monday, D'Urso sends "Ironman" dispatches of the coming week's events via e-mail to a select list, prefacing them with an inspirational quotation. A recent bulletin co-opted a few lines from *The Rake's Progress*. Another opened with Oscar Wilde: "To love oneself is the beginning of a lifelong romance."

"It's a double-edged sword," says D'Urso, shaking his head. "If you're seen at parties, you get a reputation as a party boy. But girls don't want to date party boys, and boys don't want to date party girls. I've been on

the circuit a year and a half, and I've just about reached my fill. I'm going to ask my grandma to hook me up."

A FEW MONTHS LATER, ON A PARTICULARLY crisp October evening at the Winter Antiques Show's junior-committee party in Vanderbilt Hall at Grand Central, spaghetti straps have given way to pony skin, strawberry tarts to crème brûlée. The fall season is gaining momentum.

Guests drop their business cards into a bowl in the ersatz room fashioned by Rémy Martin while a Bianca Jagger look-alike in a crimson shawl is drawing a crowd. Back from a trip to India, she is trying to organize a pashmina trunk show, the Upper East Side's version of a Tupperware party.

As friends greet familiar faces from their summer shares, there is a kind of back-to-school excitement. Tonight, it is decided, the crowd looks more prime than usual, but then, boldface names like Marina Rust and Brooke de Ocampo are now honorary chairs. A pair of identical twins who look like Heather Locklears are stationed by the bar, champagne in hand. They are both single. "One night, we were at this party at the public library," explains the elder of the two, shouting over the house music as a tray of lemon squares passes by. "We said, 'Okay. We're going to split up and go on our own for twenty minutes.' We did a few laps around the room and hit the bathroom when it got lonely."

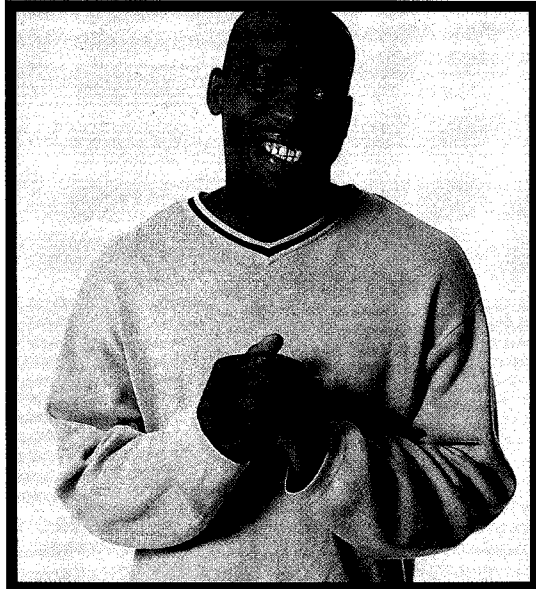
Still, even if the parties feel overvalued these days—even if the returns remain disappointing—Manhattan's wealthier random hearts continue to mail in their checks diligently. "Most people are fairly desensitized to price right now," says Hung. "And I, personally, think the Wall Street people think it's glamorous."

But as these parties grow in popularity, old-guard scenesters are shying away from these nights at the shining armory. MOMA and the Youth Renewal Fund sell unlimited tickets at the door; AMFAR's "Boathouse Rocks" party was even advertised on TV. The come-latelies, as some see it, are watering down the social champagne.

"Over the last five years, the character has really shifted," sniffs a Dartmouth grad who religiously attends events in the city and the Hamptons. "The most obnoxious stockbrokers, the cheesiest girls, gauche older couples. Women who had one too many tune-ups, you know? A guy who's put his wife under the knife too many times. That's why I stopped going to the December Met party. Too many knuckleheads."

"Some people, 'the Rats,' go to every

PERSONALS



Regan—Extremely sweet, easygoing, sincere, caring, athletic 26-year-old Caribbean. Good with his hands; looking for very sweet, friendly, outgoing, attractive, active woman in her early 20s. ☐ NYM600



Putting on the glitz: "I'm 26, but I tell them I'm 25," says one benefitgoer. "Twenty-six sounds fat."

celebrities or moguls—it's a reasonably priced Old World benefit."

But the pay-to-players are finding their way into the Museum of the City of New York party, and there's been some culture clash. "Many of these guys are Daddy's little boys—they don't work—and Skippy McButters, Daddy's little girls who don't have jobs," observes one newish New Yorker who has made a point of befriending Gilbertson. "If you don't grow up here, you don't have the childhood stories. You can't say, 'I used to play touch football with John-John.' But these parties are a great way to move in."

The room is "coupley," as they say, but the few bachelors get to work, undaunted. "She's looking for the BBD," says a thirtysomething lawyer, after being shot down at the bar: "a bigger, better deal." Such events, he insists, don't necessarily lead to instantaneous hookups. "People play it for the next play." The trick is to parlay your persistent presence into a dinner-party invite down the road.

Maybe so. But even the right backdrop is not without its complexities. A bleary-eyed guest heads, alone, for a cab—his blue blazer hooked over his finger. "I'm dating seven people right now," he sighs. "And I'm not going to marry any of them."

one of them," echoes a Wall Streeter who counts the Zoo, Einstein hospital, and the Israel Museum among her annuals. "The real rats go to more than ten a year. You have to be very selective."

The consensus seems to be that the A-list dinner tickets remain the Metropolitan's Costume Institute Ball, the spring benefit at the Whitney ("It's inconsistent," notes *Quest's* Stewart), the New York Botanical Garden's Winter Wonderland Ball, and the Boys' Club fall fête. And there's high-powered grazing at Save Venice, the American Ballet Theater, the Museum of the City of New York, and Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering's junior dances.

"To a certain extent, people want to go to a party and run into people they know," says Mark Gilbertson, the gatekeeper of the charity scene, over lunch at La Goulue. Unofficially, Gilbertson is the upper-crust matchmaker of New York's junior society, helping new arrivals navigate the city's social offerings and orchestrating intimate get-togethers for the right crowd. Officially, he is the founding chair of the Directors' Council for the Museum of the City of New York as well as a member of the Young New Yorkers for the Philharmonic. "Familiarity is important," he says. "If people see too many unfamiliar faces, they think, Who are these people? What's the deal? I think a mix of old and new faces is ideal. Other parties where you go and don't know who anyone is but there are five so-called celebrities? I don't think those are much fun. That's people-watching, not people-greeting."

But at Gilbertson's most recent Museum

of the City of New York gala, there is no hint of heterogeneity. A sea of blondes in flowery sheaths and cartoonish plaid ensembles washes through the cavernous first floor and spills out onto the museum's courtyard. The theme is hats. One woman has crafted her own with a brim of AstroTurf studded with figurines of ladies sipping tea, their Chanel bags beside them. One man in pink slacks descends the spiral stairs with a proletarian hard hat. Gilbertson, in a seersucker jacket and shorts, is snapping pictures of flashbulb-friendly couple Whitney and James Fairchild as Bill Cunningham shoots a giddy partygoer in a wide-brimmed fuchsia chapeau with her face through a wreath mounted on a trellis. It is an insular crowd of Rockefellers, Brokaws, and Javitses. Inside, Marjorie Gubelman is adorned with South Sea-pearl-and-diamond-drop earrings and a matching pearl necklace. Her prizewinning wide-brimmed black hat blazes with a lavender ribbon. "The same people come to this every year," she says. "If you grew up in Palm Beach and Greenwich and ended up in New York City, you'd come to this party to see your friends. It doesn't attract

PERSONALS



Rochele—Outgoing 26-year-old professional, loves music, athletics, and excitement of life, looking for a tall, dark, unattached, accomplished go-getter (did I mention Jewish?) who won't put me to sleep. ☐ NYM650

The Baby Dinner

Approaching 35, the author had babies on the brain, but there was one little problem: men in Manhattan. And then she thought, *Is a husband really necessary?* A story of modern motherhood. By Nancy Jo Sales

I GUESS IT WAS ABOUT A YEAR AGO THAT I started to wonder if I was ever going to have a child. I'd always assumed it would just happen for me, a kind of cosmic trade-off for death itself. I knew I was going to drop dead some day, but there my children would be at my funeral, senseless with grief and wondering how they were going to divide up my things, and how they'd miss the way I laughed at their jokes. Or so I hoped.

But then it began to dawn on me that after a certain age, motherhood might require some planning, maybe a war room. There is a biological clock, and its ticking gets louder and louder to the ear without an alarm's going off to warn "time's up." Would the cutoff date for me be 40? . . . 43? . . . 45? Was I going to be one of those mothers who gets written up in the medical journals for delivering seven babies at the age of 59, after extensive fertility treatments derived from the pineal glands of Tibetan yaks?

I was about to turn 35, the point at which the baby books say your body starts to change, like those medieval maps where the earth drops off and dragons swish their tails in the darkness. In this day and age, things are probably going to be okay (my own mother had twins when she was 42), so I guess what I'd re-

ally started to wonder was not when, but how. Because I felt ready.

There was just one problem. Though I learned how babies were made when I was 6, I'd yet to find out how to get into a baby-making situation with a decent man on the island of Manhattan. I'm not talking about dating, "relationships," whatever you call these twitching singles dances we do here in New York; there'd been plenty of that. I'd dated tall men, short men, fat men, skinny men, men who are no oil painting, and men who made you want to get on your knees and thank God for men, they looked so good; rich men, poor men, a couple of famous men, and men who will live forever in head-scratching obscurity; a doctor, a lawyer, and not an Indian chief but, yes, a member of the Wu-Tang Clan.

But I'd never been blessed with a relationship with a man I thought I could put up with until our baby's college graduation day. I was even married once, at 25, and there was a good argument for celibacy. What is wrong with New York guys? Pardon me, but these could not be the same men who saved us from Hitler: They whine, they lie, they cheat, they can't commit to a haircut, they think Heidi Klum would give them a hummer if she had half a chance.

Meanwhile, this city is a man's playground, full of the best-looking women in the world, plus free sex, sometimes free cooking and laundry too. Why get married and have children, say the men of New York. They know they can have kids well into their forties (or the Viagra eighties), at which point they'll marry someone in her twenties who thinks she's getting rescued

by this grown-up child in a wrinkled mask.

I'd had it with New York men. Just give me some sperm, I said.

IT WAS IN THIS UPBEAT FRAME OF MIND THAT I conceived what I started calling "the Baby Dinner." Here was my plan, a scheme only a mother could love: I'd invite a bunch of old boyfriends to a wine-fueled dinner party and at the end of the evening get one of them to impregnate me.

Raising kids is expensive enough; I didn't see why I should start the process with a five-figure donation to a sperm bank. And when I went through my list of old flames (the ones who weren't truly mental, or on the lam), I couldn't bring myself to single out just one guy because that felt too much like genetic engineering. So I picked . . . eight.

Sort of like applying to college, I had long shots and I had "safeties." These were all good friends and all lighthearted, if not positively irresponsible, fellows I was thinking of inviting, so I was expecting at least one offer, maybe a bidding war—maybe we could stage a foot race, or arm wrestling.

What would be the arrangement? I wasn't sure. It all depended on who said yes and what he wanted from the deal. Anyway, there'd be no strings attached—unless the willing guy wanted to work out something amicable regarding visitation, holidays, etc. "Johnny played 'Für Elise' on the xylophone," I'd relay, after which there'd be a nice masculine chuckle on the other end of the line, a nice safe distance across town.

"Are you nuts?" said Sloba, my Serbian ex-boyfriend, when I called him up to invite him. "No, wait, let me ask non-



Illustration by Sarajo Frieden

“Yo, it’s all gonna be paid for, right?”

said Kamal, the 24-year-old (he meant the dinner, not the baby).

“Hey, I’ll make a baby with you right now, babe—I’m free tonight,” chuckled James, the rock-and-roll writer. “It’s only 11:30.”

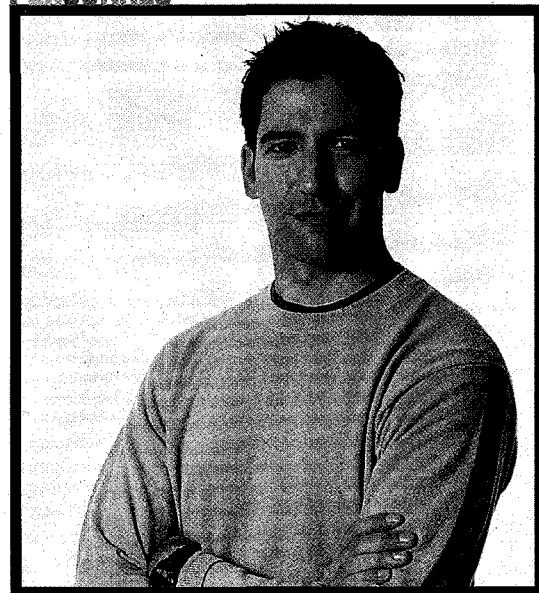
But none of them said no; all of them promised be there, with ties on. So we were really going to do this thing.

WHAT DO YOU WEAR TO A DINNER party where the objective is to wake up the next morning with child? I’m sure the question’s come up before, if not in the same way, but as I didn’t have Martha Stewart to go by, I just went for something sexy but motherly (i.e., cleavage).

The whole day of the Baby Dinner, I felt like I was leaving town. Meanwhile, I was surrounded by cheerleading women—the shoe saleswoman, manicurist, haircutter—all trying to buoy me up with stories of other, valiant women who’d gotten babies by unconventional means: “My cousin went to Romania to get one and came home with three!”

But then, as I was getting dressed that night, I was visited by a strange calm. I know what I’m doing, I thought—the sign of either a personal breakthrough or some kind of meltdown, like when Al Haig said, “I’m in charge here.”

PERSONALS



Mark—GWM, new in town, seeks same, but better. Laid-back is good; Larry Sanders is good; East Village is better than Chelsea; musicals are generally odious. Fellow lawyers and immediate relatives discouraged.
 ☒ NYM700

I’D CHOSEN A PLACE CALLED BAYARD’S AS the site; actually it was suggested by a candidate who couldn’t make it, a magazine editor who already had plans to go to the racetrack to bet on a nag he’d gotten a good tip on. Faced with my bet or his, he opted for the mare.

Since Bayard’s is down in the unfamiliar (to my orbit) Wall Street area, I was hoping to get lost on the way there. Unfortunately, the restaurant flies a large flag. In case there were any more doubts, as I approached in the cab I saw four disgruntled-looking men I knew walking up the street toward me, like that scene from *Reservoir Dogs*.

“Can’t you find a personal trainer to do this? I hear Carlos Leon is looking for work,” said Adam, helping me out of the cab.

“Ever heard of sperm bank?” said Sloba.

“We are the sperm bank,” said Joey.

“Are we gonna get to do a little practice lending?” asked Curtis, giggling.

Adam’s a textbook yuppie, wolfishly handsome, with some help from an East Side plastic surgeon; works in the film business; age 29. Joey’s a software engineer from Queens who looks a bit crazy, with a shaved head and great big dark eyes (35). Curtis is a dreadlocked writer, a teddy bear who favors fuzzy sweaters (26). And Sloba’s the Serb, and exceedingly proud of it; looks like a European film director, which is what he is (43).

All of them smoke a lot, except Adam.

They were a motley group, but they would have to do. I looked them up and down and thought, these weren’t the guys I was supposed to have had a child with, not the stars of my so-called romantic life. But then, you couldn’t really invite, say, Al Pacino (Michael) to your Baby Dinner, though you could invite Robert Duvall (Tommy).

“Listen, if I do it, are you gonna take out an insurance policy?” Joey said anxiously. “‘Cause I can’t afford to raise a kid alone if you die. I think the policy should be at least \$3 million.”

“Now, there’s an ice-breaker,” said Adam.

“This isn’t a Hitchcock movie,” laughed Curtis.

“Hmmm, not a bad idea,” said Sloba, the director, making a mental notation.

We went inside.

The other four bounders

were already at the bar, drinking. And so it always was at Bayard’s, a former gentlemen’s club (est. 1914) with a distinctly back-room feel.

“They say Mr. Bayard was a bit of a swordsman,” the bartender was saying (his name is Max, and he resembles Larry of the Three Stooges).

“Well, that’s appropriate for tonight,” said James, downing a whiskey.

HERE WAS MY PLAN
 A WINE-FUELED
 THE EVENING GET ON

“We’re having a baby,” sang Rick, kissing me on the cheek.

“Congratulations!” said João, the Brazilian, who was always a bit out of it.

“Wassup, baby?” said Kamal.

James is a journalist, silver-haired and obsessed with Elvis, so much so his voice has taken on an Elvisian tone (he’s 51). Rick’s an impeccable art dealer who brings to mind the young (pre-gargantuan) Orson Welles (35). João’s a producer for Brazilian television and telegraphs “George Hamilton” (38). And Kamal’s one of those beautiful New Yorkers of several extractions; a club kid and party promoter (24).

My dating history looked like the Marx Brothers’ visit to the U.N. Introductions went awkwardly round. I’d also brought along my cousin Lisa, so in case I didn’t get any offers she could keep me from throwing myself in front of a bus.

“How’d you meet all these guys?” asked Lisa, looking alarmed.

“Elevator,” “college,” “work,” “party,” “bar,” “nightclub,” said James, Rick, Curtis, Adam, Joey, and Kamal.

“Destiny,” said Sloba, smiling.

And João reminded me of how he’d looked over my shoulder at the cash register in a deli one night in order to read the information off my driver’s license—and then tried to convince me he was psychic.

“You believed me,” said João.

All the men seemed to find this very funny indeed and said they would have to “try that.”

MAX—THE BARTENDER, WHO DOUBLED AS our waiter for the evening—escorted us upstairs to our room. At Bayard’s, you can reserve a room of your own to hash out such problems as whether the biological continuum you’re traveling on is going to end with you.

Certain names have been changed.

The table was set elegantly for ten. I sat at one end, Lisa at the other, four men on each side.

"It's like Agatha Christie," said James. "Not a whodunit, but a who's-gonna-do-it."

"If I do it," said Joey, "can we take the baby to visit my parents? Then they have to stop thinking I'm gay."

"It's amazing how little we seem to have in common," Adam said dryly.

But now he said, shaking his head, "It's just too messy in my opinion. I've known gay couples who've gotten into situations with women—usually lesbian women—and someone always ends up getting hurt."

"Frankly, I don't know what I'm gonna do. Guys can have children until much later in life than women can, so generally we think we have a lot more time to start worrying. Maybe when I'm 75, and biotech-

lobbing golf balls into the neighbors' hydrangeas as the children near-drowned in the pool. Now he just went home to Thai takeout and reruns of *The Simpsons*, like the rest of us.

"You're just hoping," Lisa said, "that in the next five years you'll meet the perfect mate? What if it doesn't happen?"

"There is a rose, but I may not have met her," quoth James, adding, "The Clash."

"Then, I don't know, it'll be six, seven years," said Adam, shrugging.

There was some speculation he was just making excuses so he could continue to frequent Scores.

"I'm just not ready to support a family in Manhattan," Adam said defensively. "There are financial considerations."

"You know," said Curtis, putting fingertips together professorially (no wonder I'd thought of Curtis as a candidate—at 26, he already looked fatherly; too bad he was always pursuing several women at the same time), "people of a certain class in New York seem to think they have to become millionaires in order to give their children all the advantages necessary. Not only is there private school, there are English nannies and summers in Spain. Which is why I think when you walk around the city, you see two demographics with children—16-year-olds and 46-year-olds—"

"People who don't think at all before having kids, and people who think too

D INVITE INNER PARTY F THEM TO IMPREGNATE ME. EX-BOYFRIENDS TO

"What?" said Rick, raising an eyebrow. "We're all schmoes."

I admitted to being the biggest schmo of all and thanked them for coming. "None of you would be here unless I thought you were really swell," blah blah blah.

There was a pregnant pause, and I wondered how to proceed. I suddenly felt as if I were having a particularly Freudian dream. I'd had a dream once, in college, actually, that all my old boyfriends met to try and figure out why I'd been unable to sustain a relationship longer than about the time it took to walk across campus. Finally a wiry law student I'd dated named Paul (a marathon runner who lisped like Sylvester the Cat) threw up his hands and said, "It's really too bad, you know, because you'd make an ex-thellent mother!" For which I gave him a kiss.

It seemed like the best thing to do now was to find out how my guests felt about becoming fathers. None of them had children, either—except for James, who was divorced and had already told me he wanted more. What were they all waiting for?

I decided to start with Rick, since I'd known him the longest.

"Rick, what do you want?"

"I want the jumbo shrimp," said Rick.

"I'm serious."

"So am I," said Rick, making a check on his menu.

Rick, to my mind, was an ideal candidate: He was intelligent, he was kind, and he could remember things like what to call the carved saints sitting above cathedral doors ("tympanum"—I had to look it up). He was also gay, which I thought put us in a uniquely symbiotic position.

We'd never had sex, but we did have a rather steamy night once snuggling in his parents' house in Connecticut, both wearing pairs of his white Brooks Brothers pajamas. And he'd told me once that, when it came to having children, he'd consider "an arrangement."

nology has reached its height, I'll impregnate a 20-year-old boy and we'll have a beautiful family together. Or I'll clone myself and then carry it to term—"

"Maybe you could just fuck yourself," James said, laughing.

"I'm too much of a pessimist to hope for that," said Rick.

"Oh, I guess we're not in Donna Reed Land anymore," I moaned.

"Did Donna Reed ever exist?" Rick said. "That crap was shoved down people's throats for years and years, and as far as I'm concerned, fuck the Cleavers."

The men raised their wine glasses. "Fuck the Cleavers!"

But Adam, I noticed, failed to join in.

"I want to be a soccer dad to my wife's soccer mom," he said, almost wistfully. "In the next five years, I fully expect to be married with children. I want to find someone I can admire to be the mother of my children, someone who does fulfilling work outside the home, even if it's volunteering."

Hearing this description of his noble future bride, I remembered why we'd never clicked; he'd also bitten me so hard once on the ear I thought I was going to have to walk around like Van Gogh. But baby-wise, I liked it that he was tall and had a knack for impersonations; it'd be fun to have a little one who could do Jimmy Cagney.

Still, I wondered about a guy like Adam: In another era he'd have been taking the 8:02 from Scarsdale and

PERSONALS



Virginia—As with wine and certain cheeses, older is better. Grandma, three times divorced, is looking for lucky fourth. I'm a designer, author, Scrabble player who likes jazz, cooking, holding hands, and laughing. ✉ NYM750

much," observed James.

"Outside of New York—and maybe cities like L.A. and Chicago," continued Curtis, "I think the idea of family occurs in people's lives a lot more naturally."

"Because there's nothing else to *do* out there," Joey said. "All they do is pump out babies—and wish they were here."

"Whatever the reason," Curtis said, "New Yorkers seem to have a lot more anxiety when it comes to having children. We're more career-centric—"

"We're more selfish," said James.

"We're more uptight here—and in ways that are measurable," said Curtis. "Um . . . did you know men in New York City have the lowest sperm count in the country?"

There was a small silence.

"Well, this dinner's over," I said. "Ahm goin' to Texas!"

The men laughed, coughed.

WE'D LAUNCHED INTO THE APPETIZERS and fourth bottle of wine when Joey conjectured, "Thinking about New York, I just had the idea that living here impoverishes people's relationships, because they're always thinking there's somebody better waiting around the next corner. No matter what happens, you can tell yourself, well, the woman of my dreams—I'm gonna meet her *tomorrow night*."

The last time I'd called Joey up and

asked him what he was doing, he'd said, "Staring at the ceiling wondering if I have enough energy to masturbate." He was smitten with a snaggletoothed girl bartender at an East Village dive, though there was no timetable on when he was going to marry her, much less ask for her number.

I had to admit, he looked like Kafka, but he could be amusing, and a child would need his computer skills in the next millennium.

"Forget about getting to the marriage-and-children part—people can't even get to the second date here," said James.

"People throw out relationships when they get difficult and never really have to

"she is very well off financially."

The men hooted, cheered for him

THEY WERE ALL LISTENING WITH RAPID attention as Kamal explained, "Older ladies always be wanting to have babies with me! I want to have kids, hell, yeah, but not right away," he said, putting a hand up as if to stop the onslaught of the "older ladies."

I popped my dentures back in and checked to see that my walker was still parked by the door, wondering if I should feel offended. But Kamal was so pretty.

I'd met him at Life (where else?), where he put my hand on his lap, claiming, "This

"NANCE, LIKE, WHA
THIS KID? WHO'S DADDY?" I HADN'T
THAT ONE OUT YET: "DADDY"

commit," said Curtis.

"Plus, it's a boom economy—" I said.

"With lot of boom-boom going on," added Sloba.

"—so everyone just wants to party, not settle down."

"I mean—at what point do you know you've *failed* to find someone who you can deal with?" asked Joey.

They all looked at me.

"Tonight?" I ventured.

João put down his napkin and cleared his throat. "I—uh—met someone. And I'm—ahem—going to have a baby with her. It is time for me to stop living *la vida loca*."

No one was more surprised by this than I (first off, I didn't know that any of the men were attached—but never mind); João had always struck me as the quintessential New York playboy, the kind of guy who buys a lot of scented oil. What I liked about him for baby-making was his temperament—as sweet as mangoes. Probably from calming down all those jilted girls.

"Oh, your girlfriend is pregnant?" I said.

"No, but we are planning on having a baby," said João. "It is her idea. She is 34. She is an astonishing woman. I love the way she looks at life."

"And," he added lightly,

never happens to me in public!" He was actually a lot more mature than some of the 40-year-olds I'd gone out with.

"When you date younger women, the subject doesn't come up, but every time I've dated an older lady it comes up, and there's always some *insane discussion* over it," said Kamal. "It's like its gotta happen, it's gotta happen—"

"You have, like, my ideal 25-year-old life," laughed James. "I always *wanted* to be around women with kids. I felt like I was benefiting from walking into this family that already preexisted."

James launched into a riff on the joys of fatherhood, with all the men listening as if he'd discovered how to make fire. He had a 10-year-old daughter, of whom he had custody every other week. "She's, like, the greatest," he said proudly.

I'd been a little in love with James once, but I was 26 and at that time of life quite retarded. Anyway he'd just gotten divorced from his wife then and was going through a second bachelorhood. He never took me seriously, which I should have known from the way most of our dates wound up at TriBeCa strip joints.

I wasn't in love with him now, but I did love the way he felt about music, which he wrote about; he had soul. Above all, you want a baby with soul.

"How'd you make the decision to have a kid?" Curtis asked.

"Er, truthfully, it was kind of complex," said James. "My relationship with her mom was a little rocky, and to steady it—prolong it, I guess—we decided to have a baby."

"How long did it last after that?" asked Rick.

PERSONALS



Danielle—20-year-old NYU student, Grenadan-American, looking for emotionally accessible man, preferably Caribbean. I love politically involved guys with dreads and with a passion for life. Interests include reggae, journalism, and dancing. ☒ NYM300

"A couple of years," James said sheepishly. "But like, if we hadn't done it, I wouldn't have my daughter now. Having a kid is the ultimate. And, um, you know, I want to do it again."

"May I ask how?" I said.

"Well, I was hoping maybe someone from *New York Magazine* would ask me to dinner, and . . .," he said, winking.

"But you know," he added, "I don't know if I could have a child with someone I'm not really involved with. I still think, like, you gotta be in love to have a baby."

"DID I MENTION THAT I LOVE YOU?" SLOBA said, leaning into me.

ARE YOU GONNA TELL I FRIEND OF MINE?"

"Oh, be quiet," I said, pushing him away. I was getting antsy. It was 10:15, the men were well into their entrées, and I was still a pauper in the baby business.

"Well, has anyone thought over my proposition?" I said.

"Wait! We still haven't heard from Sloba!" said the men, clearly avoiding the moment of reckoning.

"Sloba, Sloba!" They pounded the table.

How Sloba had become the alpha male of the evening remains a mystery to me. All night, the other guys had been splitting their sides over his odd Serbian humor and watching him with the indulgent smiles of boys whose dad is known around the neighborhood as "a trip."

I knew him as a guy who sat alone in his West Village apartment all day listening to obscure jazz records and arguing with credit-card companies. About a decade ago, he'd directed a really wonderful film in Yugoslavia, where he was known as the "Yugoslavian Jim Jarmusch." He shaved irregularly.

"How about you, Sloba, do you want children?" asked Curtis.

"Wahl," Sloba said, pouring himself another gallon of red wine, "ever since I was kid I wanted to be a gangster, and that's why I came to New York. But whenever I envisioned myself as old a man as I am now, I thought I should already be somewhere fishing. Maybe on some island somewhere."

"On the island there, it's pretty safe, and babies can do whatever they want to do and live the life I think I had when I was a kid. They can go out on the street and play, and if they're late coming home nobody gets too worried. We, uh, radio them."

"The problem with me right now is, my country is being bombed . . ." His voice trailed off.

It was May, and the bombing of Kosovo had started about a month earlier. Sloba had been spending every day in front of his computer, monitoring information on the Internet to see which part of his past was being blown up next.

"For some strange reason, the priority of my life has changed. Suddenly, I feel I have to protect my own well-being. And what is the answer? Create a family," he said.

The men were silent.

"Wait," I said, frankly floored, "are you saying you *want* to have a child?"

"It's an existential reaction in the face of disaster," said James.

"I'm being propelled in a different fashion than I've ever been before," Sloba said. "Although the life I've created for myself in New York is . . ."

"Uneventful?" I offered.

"It is really blessed," he said. "But now, I'm confronted with being alone in New York under a whole new set of realizations. You're surrounded by people here, but without family you're more alone than if you were the last person on the planet."

"The thing is," he added, "I'm just not sure New York is the right place to raise children."

"You know," said James, "when I saw the news about that high-school shooting in Colorado, the first thing I thought—after being utterly horrified—was, that's the kind of place I feel guilty for not sending my daughter to! I mean, that big school with those big fields—"

"Oh God, don't feel guilty," said Rick. "Not just because those kids in Colorado were being blown away, but because obviously something about that place was deeply *sick*. It isn't New York that's unsafe, it's the world that's unsafe—"

"Are we just afraid to have children?" asked Curtis.

"I'm afraid of children," Joey said. "Have you taken a look at the average 15-year-old lately?"

"Wahl, let me just illustrate one point which has become a very valid one for me," Sloba said. "About a year ago when I was in Belgrade, a friend of mine thought she might be sick with cancer. She turned out

to be okay. But she said something to me—she's the mother of a young girl—that I'll never forget: She said, 'I can't even *think* about dying until her 18th birthday.'"

"Kids change everything," said James. "You're no longer living for yourself alone."

"It's a very animal thing. And it's very serious thinking," said Sloba.

THERE WAS NOW A PLATE OF FESTIVE little Italian cookies in the center of the table. Max, the waiter, was serving bright raspberry scoops of sorbet. The men were smoking cigars I'd picked up as a pre-congratulatory gesture. But suddenly, the mood in the room had become a bit grave.

"Sooo," I said, putting my hands on the table; my arms were shaking. "Who's it gonna be . . .?"

Just then, Adam's beeper went off.

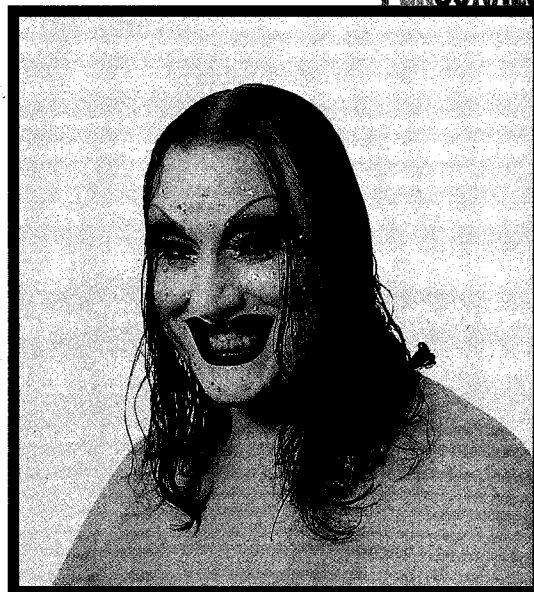
"Biological clock," said James.

Adam got up to say his good-byes, explaining that an urgent work-related matter had come up—at midnight. "I'm sorry, gorgeous. Call me, okay?"

Kamal and João also rose, heads ducking as they made for the door. "Yo, can we do it one more time before you get pregnant?" Kamal whispered hotly in my ear.

I sighed. Now they were gone, and the rest of us sat looking at one another like passengers on the deck of the *Titanic*. Sloba was blowing smoke rings.

PERSONALS



Jackie—Voluptuous drag queen in search of sensitive straight man who will appreciate my artist's temperament and frequent mood swings. No married men or *Star Wars* geeks. Latino a plus. ☒ NYM400

We were down to five men. "Oh, are you still here?" I said. "There seems to have been a stampede."

"Like, Nance, you don't *really* want to have a baby with present company . . . do you?" asked James.

I looked at them all, and tried to imagine a child sitting next to each of them—a little dreadlocked Curtis Jr.; a little James in a velvet jacket and shades; and they were all beautiful—except for the one with Joey, but I loved him anyway.

"I want to be a mommy," I said.

"Look, don't worry," said Rick, trying to be comforting. "You have time—just wait. My sister's 39, and she has a 3-year-old and a 3-month-old. There are going to be men in your life who want to have a family—"

"But what if it doesn't happen?" I said. "What if I get into a two-, three-year relationship with a man and then we decide we can't stand each other? I'll be 37, 38 . . ."

"You could adopt," Curtis said.

"I could; I would. But does that mean every woman who turns 40 without being married has to give up the right to bear children?" I knew there were people, especially in Utah, who'd answer yes to this, and they were entitled to their opinion.

Lisa made a face. "Even if you do get married, it doesn't mean the man's gonna be around after the baby's born, so what's the difference? More than half the people in America get divorced."

James grimaced. "Nance, like, what are

you gonna tell this kid? Who's Daddy?"

I hadn't ironed that one out yet. "Daddy is a friend of mine?" I suggested.

Sloba's smoke rings were hovering over the table.

Suddenly, Max the waiter was stepping backwards in a strange dance; he was cracking up. "We're taking bets on this in the kitchen," he said.

RICK HAD STUBBED OUT HIS CIGAR AND left to go and meet his boyfriend ("I'd give this a few days to *jell* if I were you," he said in my ear). So now there were only four men left: James, Sloba, Curtis, and Joey—all sloshed, their ties all loosened. They had started singing ("Babyface, you got the cutest little babyface . . .").

Time was fleeting, and for one slippery moment I thought how easy it would be to get any of them into bed . . . oh, but these were my friends.

"Oh, Nance, I'm thinking about it," Curtis said suddenly, burying his head in his arm.

My heart leapt around as if it had been shocked by those electric hospital bricks.

"You are?"

"Yes," he said, sounding pinched.

"You talk to her on the phone every night anyway, Curtis," Lisa started babbling excitedly; "now you could just be talking about the *baby*—"

"I'm *thinking* about it," he repeated.

"What do you mean, 'thinking'?" grumbled Sloba. "You're not serious. I am Serb. We don't think, we only . . . misbehave."

"Um—the weight of it," Curtis said, "hadn't settled on me until this moment, but I'm, um, thinking about it very seriously. Look, I don't always *love* being around kids." He sighed. "But that doesn't mean I don't want to have some." "Oh, I'll take care of them!" I piped up.

"Convenient," said Sloba.

"No, no, wait a minute—I'll do it," Joey hissed.

"Is that an offer, Joey?" I said. "It sounds like you're agreeing to hard labor."

"Yeah, that's her department," said Sloba.

"Well I don't know how I feel about being attached to you forever," Joey whined. "But I'm sitting here tonight realizing I'm never going to get married. I *real-*

ly only like to date lesbians."

"Oh, well, thank you," I said. "I think."

"Hey," Joey said. "I want the kid to be a tennis star. We gotta get it right into a tennis training camp."

I looked from Curtis to Joey—it was like looking from a lion to a turtle.

"What do you say to a duel?" I said.

"Nance," said James impatiently. "Why don't you just go for it? We all know who it's going to be."

I was bewildered. "Tell me."

He pointed at Sloba. "Like, *he's* the coolest."

"He's the drunkest. And I haven't heard him offering," I said.

"I thought I made my feelings quite

MAYBE THERE'S A NEW
HARDWORKING
SPOUSES BUT COOL

clear as I explained the circumstances surrounding my present situation," Sloba slurred, attempting diction.

"You said you wanted a baby, but it all sounded very *abstract*," I said.

"If somebody else at this table had a child with my cousin, would you regret it, Sloba?" asked Lisa, fixing her gaze on him.

Then he looked at me with an intensity I hadn't seen since we first met, at a party in the Village seven years ago. I was eating a chicken leg at the time, and dancing in a conga line with some lively Chileans.

"I wouldn't allow it," Sloba said quietly.

The room began to spin.

"WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THIS BEFORE?" I said, recovering.

"You're supposed to read," Sloba said, "between the . . ."

"The ellipses," said Curtis.

"You really want to have a baby?" I said.

"Yes," said Sloba.

"You're offering?"

"Yes."

"You're serious?"

"Is it my English?" he said, glancing around. "Y-E-S."

Max the waiter handed me the bill. I stared up at him dreamily. "I'm gonna have a baby," I said.

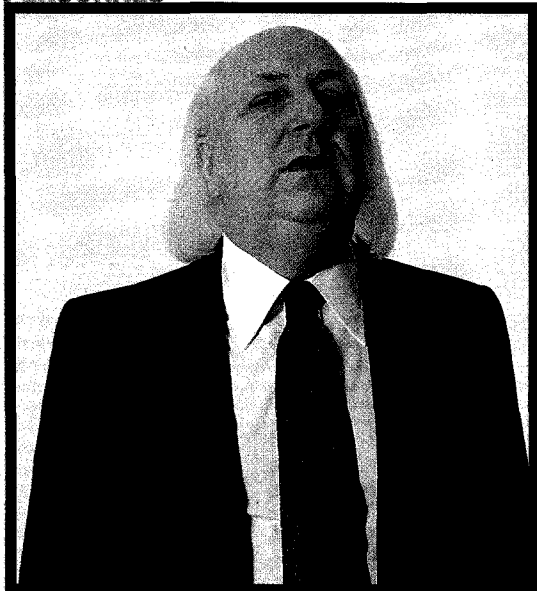
"Wonderful," Max said, pleased, producing a pen. "Now just sign here."

The men were getting up and putting on their jackets.

"When was the last time a patron got pregnant here?" asked James.

"It's been done," said Max, pocketing

PERSONALS



Steven—Stop! It's amazing! What? Me! Discerning SWM, late 40ish-plus, seeks Japanese, European, Taiwanese, African, Korean, or Malaysian female. Interests include good restaurants, the Knicks, roller-skating. You: 28-40, plus or minus 10. ☐ NYM800

the credit-card receipt. "I've seen it before, and tried not to break it up."

"Hey," said Joey, frowning. "What about me? Now I want a baby."

"Relax, brother," said Curtis, putting a hand up on his shoulder. "I think you missed the baby boat."

And we left.

"All my love, all my kissin', you don't know what you been missin'..." James began to sing.

WE WANDERED THROUGH WALL STREET singing Buddy Holly songs; none of us wanted to go home. We wound up in an empty bar by the water with a nautical theme, and I thought, We're like sailors,

Dinner seemed to work *A Midsummer Night's Dream* sort of magic on all of us. All the men were calling me up, wanting to see me, to be with me. João wanted me to meet his fiancée.

Adam and I went to *Notting Hill* and afterwards danced up and down in the aisles of the Virgin Megastore to "Sugar Pie, Honey Bunch," like little kids. James and I cried in each other's arms at the Corner Bistro when the Knicks lost game five. Kamal and I went dancing and laughed our heads off watching the *Austin Powers* video at 4 A.M., eating pancakes. Then we safely said good night.

And Rick and I drank wine and did

would actually make very interesting and loving parents. Pardon the expression, but it's *Friends*—with kids.

After all, the two-parent family structure is only a couple of thousand years old in a species that dates back tens of thousands of years. *Friends*-with-kids makes sense in a city where a cave big enough for your brood costs \$200,000, and a nanny \$25,000 a year, at least. You could pool your resources, buy a little brownstone in the Village, and employ communal nannies, or figure a way to rotate your schedules, like the chore wheel at camp.

Anyway, in some way the Baby Dinner gave me faith that somehow, it's all going to work out. My single life in New York hasn't been the unfulfilled search for a connection I thought it was; there have been connections, and they all mean something—just something different from what it means to have a husband.

And that's why I plan to call on Uncle Adam when I need someone to go with the baby and me to a baseball game; Aunt Lisa will come in handy when I need to make Halloween costumes; Uncle Rick can teach the baby all about art; and Uncle Curtis, no doubt, will have something to say about everything. (With Uncle Joey, of course, there will need to be additional adult supervision.)

As for getting pregnant, well... I'll try to be patient. It's just not easy, with all this ticking going on.

FAMILY MISFITS, A GROUP OF DREAMERS WHO'D MAKE AWFUL LOVING PARENTS.

blown in here to escape our rootlessness.

We watched James dancing by himself to the jukebox, the tails of his velvet jacket swinging around as he did a Michael Jackson twirl. He and I danced cheek-to-cheek to "Refugee." He sang the words to me, Elvis-style: "I said ya don't—have—to—live like a refugeeeeee—"

"Nance, you sure you know what you're getting into?" he asked, hugging me tight.

And I remembered the night I went on my first date with him and we wound up at the Blue Angel watching a woman with fangs do a "reverse striptease."

I smiled. "I never do."

Curtis and Lisa were huddled together talking about how they'd like to invite all their old flames to a dinner party, "just to see what would happen. It's the ultimate fantasy," I heard Curtis saying, giggling. He was flirting.

Joey laid his head on my breast and I cradled him like a baby. "Ma-ma," he said.

Sloba and I hardly talked to each other. A couple of times, we caught each other's eye. Finally I went over to him.

"I don't want to move to an island," I said.

"Wahl." He put his arm around me. "How about West 4th Street?"

BUT IT DIDN'T WORK OUT THAT WAY.

The bombing of Yugoslavia continued, and Sloba and I were acting like we were in love again. We were having romantic dinners, planning on moving in together. All I'd wanted was a baby, and now I had a husband-to-be.

For a couple of heady weeks, the Baby

something we never do—we talked about the past, wondering, to paraphrase the Talking Heads, how we got here, and when we were ever going to have children.

"Are you and Sloba really going through with this?" he asked.

"No, we're not," I said, without thinking.

And then in its inevitable inverse magic, the potion began to wear off. Sloba became... unavailable. I became... irritable. Everything about us that had ever made each other crazy came back in a rush of slapstick incidents.

"But I love you," he said.

"I love you, too." But it was hopeless.

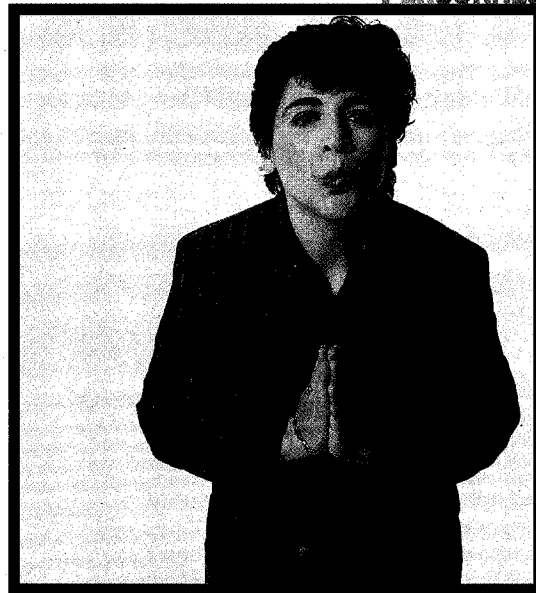
The bombing of Yugoslavia stopped.

He went home to see his parents; and as we parted he made some half-hearted joke about going to visit "Grandma" (his mom). But it wasn't even painful, because we are family, he and I, and all of us.

MAYBE, I'VE BEEN thinking, there's a new kind of family unit forming here in New York.

Its base is a group of friends—all hardworking misfits, loners, dreamers, who are disastrous candidates for marriage but

PERSONALS



Keri—Sappho seeks a muse. Me: sweet, sexy, smart Greek 40-year-old writer with a penchant for quiet, romantic dinners and wild nights out. You: 5'7"-plus, Audrey Hepburn qualities, Fran Drescher wit. ✉ NYM850

THE OTHER SEXUAL REVOLUTION

Our daughters know everything about their bodies and their selves. What they don't know is what it took to win them their rights. Ken Burns thinks it's time they met Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, the brilliant odd-couple activists who brought women the vote. By Ariel Levy



KEN BURNS IS ALL WORKED UP. IN THE TWENTY YEARS HE has been making documentaries, Burns hasn't exactly confined himself to history's quieter moments. *Brooklyn Bridge* (1981), *The Civil War* (1990), *Baseball* (1994), *Thomas Jefferson* (1997), *Lewis & Clark* (1997), and *Frank Lloyd Wright* (1998) all presented him with the challenge of renewing interest in some of America's most grand and familiar narratives. But in his latest project, *Not for Ourselves Alone: The Story of Elizabeth Cady Stanton & Susan B. Anthony*, airing on PBS November 7 and 8, this single father of two daughters has charged himself with telling the virtually unknown story of the crusade for women's suffrage propelled by two heroines who have been all but forgotten.



Suffragette city: This page, American suffragette parade, New York City, May 1912; opposite, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony pose together.

Burns isn't happy about that: "I could go to a convention of 10,000 American historians and say, Could someone talk to me about the second day at Gettysburg? Could you tell me about the sixth game of the 1975 World Series? And everybody's hand would go up. Could you tell me what happened in November 1872 in Rochester after Susan B. Anthony voted? Nothing. What's 'The Solitude of Self,' a speech that ranks with Emerson's essay 'Self-Reliance'? I mean, these women led the largest social transformation in American history, and nobody knows a goddamned thing about it."

Seventy-two years after Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, Elizabeth Cady Stanton wrote

what she called the Declaration of Rights and Sentiments. She shocked the first American women's-rights convention in Seneca Falls, New York, when she declared that "all men and women are created equal," and insisted—against the fears of her colleagues, not to speak of her husband—that women had a fundamental right and an overwhelming need to vote. It would be another 72 years before the Nineteenth Amendment granted women's suffrage, and neither Stanton nor her collaborator Susan B. Anthony lived to cast a ballot. New York's Ariel Levy sat with Burns to hear why this crucial and compelling slice of history has gone unexamined, and to find out who these heroines were.

If God has assigned a sphere to man and one to woman, we claim the right ourselves to judge His design in reference to us. . . . We think that a man has quite enough to do to find out his own individual calling, without being taxed to find out also where every woman belongs.

—Elizabeth Cady Stanton

The old idea that man was made for himself, and woman for him, that he is the oak, she the vine, he the head, she the heart, he the great conservator of wisdom . . . she of love, will be reverently laid aside with other long since exploded philosophies of the ignorant past.

—Susan B. Anthony

Ken Burns: This is, at its heart, the story of a 50-year friendship between two women who could not have been more different: Stanton's born to wealth and comfort, is a gourmet, she eats a lot, she's got kids, she's married, she's had a passionate life, she's a real revolutionary and a great writer. Anthony, who lacks confidence in the beginning, is thin and spare and a Quaker, chooses not to marry, and then becomes the pragmatic wing of the Stanton ideology.

Ariel Levy: Anthony starts out as Stanton's protégée, but ultimately outlives her and is the one who ends up the more effective champion of suffrage.

K.B.: I worked on this project two or three years before I decided we had to include Anthony as a co-equal—even though she's the legs and the eyes of the movement and she's the one who decides that the vote is at its heart. But Stanton's courage was the starting point of my interest.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was the youngest of the five women who organized the Seneca Falls convention. It was she who insisted on including the right to vote in their platform despite the doubts of her abolitionist husband Henry Brewster Stanton and her colleague Lucretia Mott, who warned: "Thou wilt make the convention ridiculous." In 1848, a married woman had no right to property, no right to sign contracts, no right to the custody of her children, no right to divorce, and no right to serve on a jury. But above these pressing needs, Stanton knew the right to vote was indispensable.

Strange as it may seem to many, we now demand our right to vote according to the declaration of the government under which we live. . . . To have drunk-

"Whatever the theories may be of woman's dependence on man, in the supreme moments of her life, he cannot bear her burdens. In the tragedies and triumphs of human experience, each mortal stands alone."
—Elizabeth Cady Stanton

ards, idiots, horse-racing rum-selling rowdies, ignorant foreigners, and silly boys fully recognized, while we are ourselves thrust out from all the rights that belong to citizens, is too grossly insulting to . . . be longer quietly submitted to.

—Elizabeth Cady Stanton

The convention voted in favor of women's suffrage, immediately after a powerful endorsement from Frederick Douglass.

All that distinguishes man as an intellectual and accountable being is equally

true of woman; and if that government only is just which governs by the free consent of the governed, there can be no reason in the world for denying to woman the exercise of the elective franchise. Our doctrine is that "Right is of no sex."

—Frederick Douglass

A.L.: You have to wonder where Stanton got this courage and how she came to be such a free thinker. I had expected Anthony to be the more far-out of the two because she's the one who chooses to be single and travel the country while Stanton is tied up in motherhood and domestic duty, but it's Stanton who continually pushes for more and more radical goals.

K.B.: That is the human mystery. These are decisions of the heart. I'm moved by the idea of giving up 50 or 60 years of your life to a movement.

A.L.: They don't start out with women's rights as their focus, but with the ideal of equality and, more specifically, abolitionism.

K.B.: Right, they are inspired in their work first by temperance . . . if you have no power and you're getting the shit kicked out of you, you need to change the laws about alcohol. It's a shrewd way to protect women. But what really draws them to a life of commitment and reform is the abolitionist cause, and at first that's where some of their great allies come from.

Susan B. Anthony, the daughter of a Quaker abolitionist reformer, met Stanton when she was visiting Seneca Falls to hear an anti-slavery address by William Lloyd Garrison. The two women began a lifelong partnership in which Stanton—who often felt like "a caged lion," pacing the home in which she would raise seven children—supplied much of the thinking

really, haven't become heroes the way, say, Frederick Douglass did?

K.B.: They were women.

A.L.: So we aren't interested?

K.B.: I think men are just fearful of women. Men have written history, and there's something threatening about this story. I mean, that is where *my* humiliation is—I've been making films of American history for twenty years, why the hell don't I know anything about this? Women's history is somehow less—somehow not as important, and that's what we wanted to overcome here.

Little by little, Stanton and Anthony gained ground. Their first legislative victory came in 1860, when the New York State Legislature passed the Married Woman's Property Act, which gave a wife the right to keep her earnings, own property, share custody of her children, and sue in a court of law. Women in other states began pressuring their legislatures to pass similar measures. The following year, the Civil War began.

K.B.: All of a sudden, the greatest country on earth tears itself apart over this issue of slavery. No matter what people tell you, it's slavery that was why the Civil War came, it was why the Civil War was fought . . .

Stanton persuaded Anthony, against her better judgment, to postpone their next convention and halt their activities until after the war, assuming that if women supported the Union, the government would reciprocate by granting women the vote. She was mistaken.

K.B.: When it's over, there's a sigh of relief. The women thought, Oh, this is

and writing that energized Anthony's countless speeches throughout the country. It was Anthony who rented the halls, built the coalition, and faced crowds prone to pelting her with rotten eggs.

K.B.: There's a cruelty to history's selections. When you think about the last half of the nineteenth century, what comes to mind is Indian fighting, lawlessness, and Western expansion, right? Custer. This is the popular notion. But more of who we are now has to do with this great struggle.

A.L.: Do you have an explanation for why certainly Stanton, but both of them

great, we suspended what we were doing to help you, and now we're going to get universal suffrage. But the Republicans didn't have the fortitude to deal with them at that point.

The Thirteenth Amendment—for which Stanton and Anthony vigilantly petitioned—abolished slavery in 1865, three months before the end of the war. The South was readmitted to the Union on the condition that federal troops would occupy the region for a period known as Reconstruction. That summer, the Fourteenth Amendment was proposed, stipulating

The Second Sex: Filmmaker, historian, and father of two girls, Ken Burns at his New Hampshire headquarters



that color would not be a reason to deny any American citizenship. The Fifteenth Amendment raised the right to vote. Over the objections of Anthony and Stanton, gender was not mentioned. The women were outraged; their abolitionist former allies had deserted them.

[Abolitionists] bid the women of the nation stand aside and behold the salvation of the negro. Wendell Phillips says, "One idea for a generation," to come up in the order of their importance. First negro suffrage, then temperance, then woman suffrage. Three generations hence, woman suffrage will be in order! What an insult to the women who have labored 30 years for the emancipation of the slave, now when he is their political equal, to propose to lift him above their heads.

—Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Well, well . . . while the old guard sleep, the young "devils" are wide-awake. . . . We deserve to suffer for our confidence in "man's sense of justice."

—Susan B. Anthony

K.B.: It becomes a zero-sum game for former slaves and women. A huge polity has to deal with the notion of emancipation, and the people who petition get left

out. You can say blacks had the vote, but they didn't, really—Jim Crow takes over as soon as Reconstruction collapses.

A.L.: But the women feel betrayed and embittered nonetheless.

Sambo [isn't] ready for the vote.

—Elizabeth Cady Stanton

I must say that I do not see how any one can pretend that there is the same urgency in giving the ballot to woman as to the negro. When women, because they are women, are hunted down through the cities of New York and New Orleans; when they are dragged from their houses and hung upon lamp-posts; when they are [the] objects of insult and outrage at every turn; when their children are not allowed to enter schools; then they will have an urgency to obtain the ballot equal to our own.

—Frederick Douglass

When Mr. Douglass tells us that the cause of the black man is so perilous, I tell him that wronged and outraged as they are by this hateful and mean prejudice against color, he would not today exchange his sex and color, wronged as he is, with Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

—Susan B. Anthony

K.B.: I think that this is what's so fascinating in this story: it just doesn't conform to what you think will happen. Oh, isn't that nice that Frederick Douglass stands up for Stanton and suffrage when no one else will—not even Stanton's husband, not even Lucretia Mott—and his voice carries the day at Seneca Falls. But then twenty minutes later, you're dealing with her talking about "Sambo" and him saying, This I can't abide! I think from the beginning they were heartsick about what she said. The way I've come to understand it is this: I'm sure you've been mad at someone at some point and said something you really regretted even though you loved them.

A.L.: It isn't just that one comment that mars their record on race, though. They exclude black women from their Atlanta convention years later in 1895 in order to placate other factions of their coalition.

K.B.: They were thinking, What do we have to do to get the vote? And so they made compromises. Remember, it's not until the mid-1960s that any of this stuff with race was earnestly taken up. So we're asking these women to be in a vanguard that none of the rest of the country was prepared to accept, and yet they were actually speaking about these things early on. I'm so interested in race—it's what's animated most of my professional life—and as uncomfortable as it is, I like the intersection here of race and gender.

A.L.: Isn't the idea of women's equality complicated by the fact that we're *still* debating the differences between men and women and, really, that "the cult of true womanhood" hasn't completely dissolved?

K.B.: No, it has not. We're in a post-modern, postfeminist movement in which so many people's self-definition is tied to external ideas of beauty and sexuality that it actually forces you *not* to ask a lot of these questions. And that's where you hope history is not about the past . . . hopefully, in some respect, people—daughters—say, Why do I have to be this way or why can't I do this? That's the thing that touched me the most about making this film. As a father of two daughters, as a *single* father of two daughters, I think about this. Stanton and Anthony themselves are burdened by the most unfair thing: that they don't look beautiful. Walt Whitman said that Lincoln was so awfully ugly he was beautiful. But men are forgiven; they are who they are. Women have to conform to some idea, and so there's another resistance to this story.

A.L.: It seems to me that a lack of appreciation for the work of the last generation has been a (*continued on page 101*)

Photograph by Nathaniel Welch

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Egg Shelves

Primo lighting designer Art Donovan has more than a passing affinity for Art Deco. He was a senior designer at Donald Deskey Associates, the architectural firm whose founder was responsible for Radio City Music Hall. Donovan has recently turned his talents to that Deco essential, the caviar bar, and his table is as glowy as the newly restored Hall. Entirely handmade by Donovan, the bar has rounded wood shelves, a solid backboard, and lacquered-steel hardware; in addition to honey maple (shown), it can be had in mahogany brown or satiny black (\$2,400).

KEVIN HART & CO./31 N. Moore Street/212-966-1963

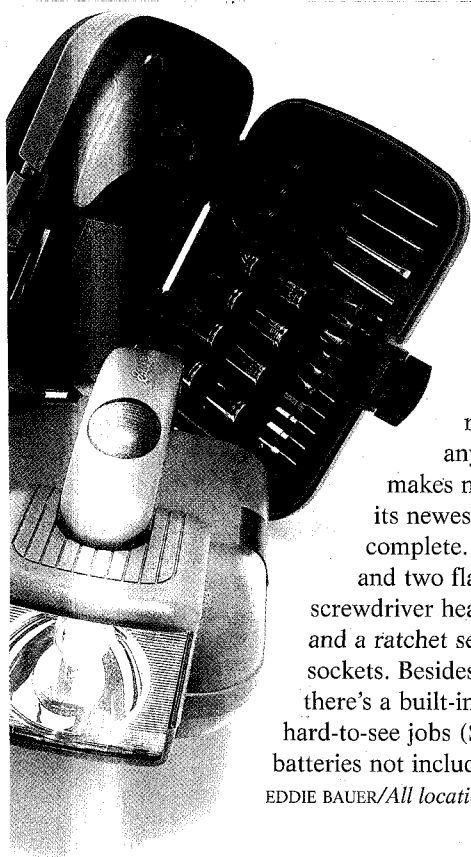
Making Spectacles of Themselves

Utterly bored with the eyeglasses cases around, Selima Salaun, the doyenne of specs, has come up with some rather hip ones. And though they're super-simple—plastic with velvet linings—what sets her cases apart are their yummy, Mike & Ike-ish colors: tangerine, lime green, citron yellow, hot pink (\$10).

BOND 07 BY SELIMA/7 Bond Street/212-677-8487

SELIMA OPTIQUE/59 Wooster Street/212-343-9490

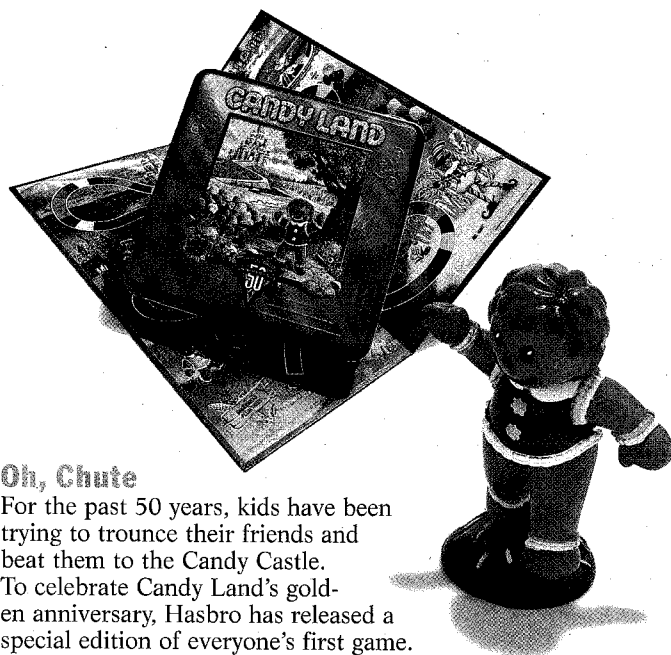




Turn, Turn, Turn

Many companies claim that with one of their mini tool kits in hand it's possible to repair just about anything. Eddie Bauer makes no such claim, but its newest kit is virtually complete. It has two Phillips and two flat screwdrivers, six screwdriver heads, four hex bits, and a ratchet set with eight sockets. Besides this mess of tools, there's a built-in flashlight for those hard-to-see jobs (\$30; four AA batteries not included).

EDDIE BAUER/All locations



Oh, Chute

For the past 50 years, kids have been trying to trounce their friends and beat them to the Candy Castle. To celebrate Candy Land's golden anniversary, Hasbro has released a special edition of everyone's first game. Unlike the version we fondly remember, this one comes in a candy-box tin, the game board has a three-dimensional castle, and the gingerbread pawns are richly detailed and three-dimensional (\$29.99).

STORE OF KNOWLEDGE/1091 Third Avenue, at 64th Street/212-223-0018; and 153 World Trade Center Mall/212-321-2855

Photographed by James Worrell

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

Basque in the Spotlight

Once, Basque linens were used as cattle blankets to protect animals from sun and insects. Today, these sturdy yet luxurious fabrics can add charm to your dinner table. French designer and weaver Jan de Luz revived the old Basque looms about a decade ago and turned the fabrics into household linens. Now Russian twins Elena and Marina Neustadt (and Marina's boyfriend, investment banker Stas Byhovsky) have brought de Luz's line of towels, sheets, and tablecloths to SoHo. In addition to these soft wares, their humongous store is filled with French antique tables, buffets, consoles, and sofas (many of grand scale), as well as hand-painted wood-and-glass doors that once graced the entrance to a French castle. But there are small treats too, like Greek olive oils, vinegars, candles, and soaps. Tablecloths can be ordered in any size, even banquet, and there's an in-store embroidery machine for custom monogramming. (From \$16 for a napkin to \$227 for an oversize tablecloth to \$1,400 for an antique dining table to \$30,000 for the set of glass doors.)

JAN DE LUZ/345 West Broadway/212-343-9911



Dry, With a Twist

A blowout blowout: For just \$20, these style-setters will straighten, sleeken, and iron your locks in time for party season—and this deal isn't just hot air.

IT'S PARTY SEASON AGAIN, AND THERE'S no chance your fuzzy, frizzy, pinned-up beach hair will win points on the social circuit (unless you consider coffee bars and poetry readings social). But if you haven't mastered the art of the blowout, you've still got a hope of looking like a million at least once before the millennium: The following top-end salons have agreed to wash and blow dry "Sales & Bargains" readers' hair into sleek, finessed style at a special price of \$20 (they usually charge anywhere from \$45 to \$80; the only catch is that you can't choose your stylist). Book an appointment for any time between now and December 17 (remember to mention "S&B" when you call, or you will *not* like the bill); bring this page with you; and don't be a grinch (tip at least \$5 if you're happy).

•**Frédéric Fekkai's** expert staff will undoubtedly take very, very good care of your hair. Double-bookers know there's other great stuff here, particularly the facials and self-tanning treatment. "S&B" blowouts are available Mondays and Tuesdays. 15 E. 57th Street, floor T-1 (212-753-9500).

•**Oscar Blandi** is reopening his plush Plaza salon after renovations end, on November 10 (until then he's in temporary digs on East 57th Street). Blandi's haircuts are the tops, but the waxing's great here, too. The blowout deal's good any day. Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at 59th St., second floor (212-593-7930).

•**Oribe's** opulent, gilt-trimmed salon is guaranteed to make even the most unkempt feel like a princess. "S&B" blowouts fall to a pair of up-and-coming young stylists you'll want to watch.

They're on every day. 691 Fifth Ave., near 54th St., tenth floor (212-319-3910).

•**Pierre Michel** feels like a funky downtown salon transported to a huge midtown space. They do everything here—pedicures, facials, makeup. The special blowout offer is valid only Mondays through Wednesdays. 131 E. 57th St. (212-755-9500).

•**Salon AKS** is bright, earth-toned, and all about minimalist luxury. Specialties include highlights and, of course, haircuts. "S&B" blowouts are Monday through Thursday. 694 Madison Ave., near 62nd St. (212-888-0707).

•**Stephen Knoll's** cozy, velvety salon offers body treatments as well as haircuts (the pedicures and facials are especially great). They're game for the "S&B" deal whenever you want it. 625 Madison Ave., near 59th St., second floor (212-421-0100).

Picks of the Week

To Boot New York's warehouse sale has loads of sleek, hip men's shoes and boots (they sell at stores like Bergdorf's) at 40 to 80 percent off, \$69 to \$300. Sizes 7-16. 603 Washington

St. (212-463-0437, ext. 5); cash only; Thurs.-Fri. 8:30-6:30, Sat. 10-6, Sun. noon-5; 11/4-11/7.

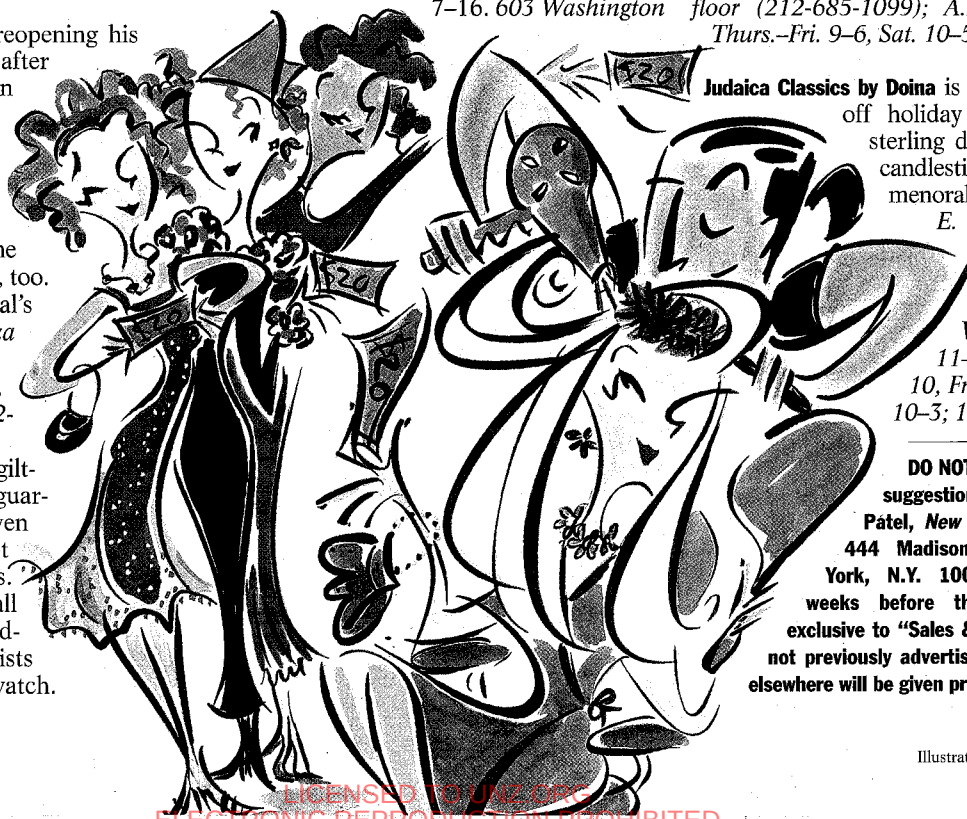
Design & Comfort's contemporary modern and postmodern furniture is 30 to 70 percent off: sofas are \$999-\$2,299, dining tables are \$499-\$2,599, and bedroom sets are \$2,900-\$5,900. 464 Park Ave. South, near 31st St. (212-679-9088) and 380 West Broadway (212-334-1000); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.-Fri. 10-7, Thurs. till 8, Sat. till 6, Sun. noon-5; 11/1-11/30.

Vestimenta's streamlined Italian clothes for men and women are half off at the sample sale: Suits from \$400, separates from \$350, ties and other accessories from \$30. 595 Madison Ave., at 57th St., ninth floor (212-207-8100); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 10-5; 11/1-11/5.

Ligne Roset, the pricey French furniture company, is taking 10 to 50 percent off floor samples. A small aluminum lamp is \$50; an armchair is \$1,032; a two-piece leather sectional is \$3,683. New York Design Center, 200 Lexington Ave., sixth floor (212-685-1099); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.-Fri. 9-6, Sat. 10-5; 11/4-11/6.

Judaica Classics by Doina is taking a third off holiday essentials: a sterling dreidel is \$60, candlesticks are \$80, a menorah is \$400. 125 E. 85th St. (212-722-4271); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon. and Wed.-Thurs. 11-5, Tues. till 10, Fri. till 2, Sun. 10-3; 11/2-11/8. ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.



Get Outta My Face

In the deliriously entertaining 'Being John Malkovich,' director

Spike Jonze puts a whole new spin on getting under someone's skin.

Being John Malkovich IS THE MOST COMICALLY strange and original movie of the year. Like most one-of-a-kind films, it exists almost entirely within its own wiggly frame of reference, and yet, by touching on so many aesthetic conundrums, it's the art film of the moment—or the moment just ahead. Dazzlingly singular movies aren't often this much fun. The director Spike Jonze and his screenwriter Charlie Kaufman, both making their feature-film debuts, transform their notions about the nature of celebrity and time and inspiration into a kind of metaphysical vaudeville. Imagine Pynchon or Nabokov or Borges with a neo-slacker's absurdist spin, and add to it something far more mysterious, a feeling for the crawl spaces in our pop-cult consciousness. There's more going on inside this movie's brainpan than in many a pretentious European import, or stateside equivalent, and yet, in the best American tradition, it wears its intelligence lightly. Only after the film is over do you realize the passion and melancholy that also went into it. *Being John Malkovich* may turn out to be the latest word in cutting-edge hip, but it's just about the least cynical hip movie ever made.

The filmmakers at once parody and dignify the earnestness of the self-conscious artist, personified here by Craig Schwartz (John Cusack), a dejected puppeteer who believes himself unemployable because he "raises issues." He does, but that's probably not the only reason he's unemployable: He's also one ornery prima donna. He creates a mini-ballet called *Dance of Despair and Disillusionment*, featuring a puppet with a painted-on face identical to Craig's, which, incidentally, resembles Jesus'; he stages on the streets of New York a lyrical marionette play featuring Abélard and Héloïse, concluding with the two medieval lovebirds, separated by a cell wall, simulating sex. (A father, watching his young daughter gape at the sight, punches out the puppetmaster.) Craig has the ratty, blasted look of a street person who could be bonkers or some kind of visionary (or both). His idea of existence is simple and self-pitying: *I think, I feel, I suffer*. He's a poseur but also highly gifted. Enthrallled by his own expressiveness, he's the master of his play-act domain.

Craig's wife, Lotte (Cameron Diaz), works in a pet store and crowds their cramped apartment with its denizens, including a brash parrot and a chimp named Elijah. (She's been taking him

to a chimp shrink.) Wearing no makeup, frumpily dressed, with wide, blank eyes and big frizzed hair, Lotte has a vaguely tropical, gone-native look. Just as Craig is more intensely connected to his puppet world than to the people world, Lotte is emotionally of-a-piece with her pets: She brings Elijah into their bed for consoling.

Up until this point we've been witnessing a fractured romantic farce in which both romancers are essentially wooing themselves. But Jonze and Kaufman move way beyond the formalities of genre; the film progresses in a series of riffs and spirals, each one wilder than the one before, and yet it's all highly controlled, deadpan. The 29-year-old Jonze (whose real name is Adam Spiegel, of the Spiegel catalogue family) is perhaps the best of the music-video and TV-commercial directors, but he doesn't go in for a lot of whiz-bang gyrations here; he understands how the film's transcendent strangeness is best served straight up.

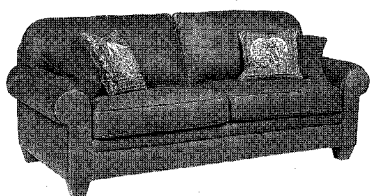
What follows is a daisy chain of loopy linkages. Here's a taste: Craig takes a job as an entry-level filing clerk on floor seven and a half of a Manhattan office building, with ceilings so low that employees walk beneath them crooked. Craig's boss (Orson Bean) is a hale-looking 105-year-old who survives on carrot juice; Maxine (Catherine Keener), a snappish fellow employee, draws

It's all in your head: John Malkovich as himself in *Being John Malkovich*.

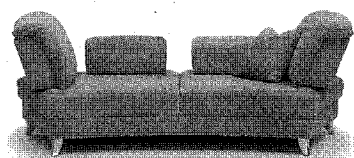


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out Craig's lust and throws it back at him, unrequited. Then Craig discovers behind a filing cabinet in his office a portal which leads him, with a whoosh through its oozy dampness, straight into the head of John Malkovich; for precisely fifteen minutes he sees the world through the unsuspecting actor's eyes—reading his *Wall Street Journal*, munching his morning toast—before dropping rudely down to earth in a ditch beside the New Jersey Turnpike. Craig and Maxine seize the entrepreneurial moment: After hours they charge people \$200 to “be” John Malkovich for fifteen minutes. Lotte gets in on the ride, too—she finds herself inside Malkovich as he makes love to Maxine, and falls for her, and she for Lotte, but only when Lotte is looking back at her through the eyes of the actor. All of which brings on Craig's jealousy; he decides he must inhabit Malkovich and dominate him the way he does his puppets.

The grandest joke in the movie is that, for the people who inhabit Malkovich, it's enough that they are inside him: It makes no difference if he's simply picking at some Chinese takeout from the fridge or ordering up bathroom mats from a catalogue. Celebrity is all—even if, as with most of the people who are in for the ride, the specifics of the celebrity are fuzzy. (No one seems to know the exact nature of Malkovich's credits). The vicariousness of life lived through another—which is the hallmark of our celebrity-obsessed age—is here rendered literally; even mundaneness is made to seem special when viewed through the eyes of a star. The famous are our portals into an enhanced nothingness, and we gladly go for it.

John Malkovich is the ideal actor to play, well, John Malkovich. His air of wayward distraction is aggressively creepy; his big, baldish head here has a puppet-like blockiness, and he looks like he might indeed have another pair of eyes inside his own. In fact, every actor in this movie, and they are all marvelous, appears to be inhabited. They contain a multitude of selves, like those Russian dolls-within-dolls. And yet, this flurry of inner identities—transgendered, transfixed, evanescent—feels right; it's how we see ourselves now, not as a single character but as a gallery of characters butting up against each other.

And the gallery is always up for grabs. When Malkovich, upon discovering what's going on, yells at Craig to seal up the portal because *It's my head*, Craig responds, *It's my livelihood*. Here, in a nutshell, is the postmodern condition: You no longer own your mind. And yet the movie doesn't stop there, for what is acting—what is all art—but a form of vicarious byplay? The audience sees through the eyes of the artist and, whether it be for fifteen minutes or fifteen hours, co-

opts the artist's way of seeing. The metaphor of the movie ultimately collapses in upon itself: Jonze and Kaufman condemn the way the culture invades our heads, but their film is itself a portal into their own minds. For the artist, for the audience, there is no way to escape being a voyeur.

I hope I'm not making *Being John Malkovich* out to be some kind of philosophy seminar in camouflage, but, like Craig, it “raises issues,” and I don't see why they should be downplayed just because the movie is such an abracadabra joyride. It couldn't come at a better time, both in terms of the Zeitgeist it's lancing and in terms of the film industry, which needs all the replenishing it can get. It's the most impressive debut movie I've seen in years.

IN Music of the Heart, DIRECTED BY WES Craven, Meryl Streep plays real-life Roberta Guaspari, a Navy wife who, dumped by her husband, moves to East Harlem and talks her way into a job teaching violin to school children. (Guaspari's story also was the basis for an Oscar-nominated documentary, *Small Wonders*.) The film's climax arrives when Roberta's classes, a fixture in the inner-city schoolscape, are cut. In order to raise money, and a ruckus, she launches a successful charity fund-raiser at no less than Carnegie Hall, with her students concertizing en masse with the likes of Itzhak Perlman and Isaac Stern (both playing themselves, with Stern presiding over his scenes like Yoda). The tone of inspirational uplift is familiar from movies like *Stand and Deliver* and *Mr. Holland's Opus*—which is to say, it's familiarly awful. Streep plays her role like a rowdy den mother. Everybody involved must think they're striking a blow for the compulsory funding of music education in our schools, but the implicit, and misguided, message here seems to be that superhuman efforts can always save the day. What about all those hardworking, marginalized music teachers who *aren't* chummy with Isaac Stern?

In brief: I ONLY HAVE ROOM HERE TO SAY that there are ravishments to be found in the legendary Japanese animator Hayao Miyazaki's *Princess Mononoke*, set in a mythic fourteenth century where forest creatures and demons and humans war against a wash of exquisite watercolor vistas. Utilizing traditional hand-drawn cels and some computer-generated imagery, Miyazaki brings out the animism in this emerald vision and gives it a spaciousness rarely found even in live-action epics.

Peter Rainer's 1998-99 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Call Me Mrs.

'Ahab's Wife,' the latest in the emerging genre of footnote fiction, doesn't add much to Melville's masterpiece. On its own terms, though, it's surprisingly successful.

Ahab's Wife

BY SENA JETER NASLUND

William Morrow and Company; 666 pages; \$28

IF THERE'S A DISCERNIBLE FAD IN FICTION LATELY, IT'S the rise of what might be called the footnote novel. Titles such as *Hitler's Niece* and *Galileo's Daughter* pack the shelves (to name just two footnote novels released this season), exalting the sidekicks, junior partners, and relatives of famous historic and literary names. Such books seem to share an underdog agenda, insisting anew that the last shall be first and that vast things are best viewed from underneath, or at least from an oblique angle. The titles imply the righting of old wrongs, a sort of artistic affirmative-action program. Most often, the stories propose to rescue women from the shadows of much-better-known men, although the formula is capable of almost infinite variations. Imagine Jim relating his travels with Huck. Imagine *Big Two-Hearted River* told from the point of view of the trout. Perhaps it's true that no story is complete until all involved have had a crack at telling it, but then again, maybe not.

Ahab's Wife, by Sena Jeter Naslund, is the year's largest, longest footnote novel, and it manages, as unlikely as this may seem, to make of the gimmick something sweet and satisfying, though not especially lasting, perhaps. The book is as large as an epic, though not as deep, and achingly sincere in its ambition to somehow rival or complement or stand with the classic that provides its inspiration. What it knows of *Moby-Dick*, however, is pretty much what any college freshman knows—generalities about god and fate, implacable nature, and human pride—which makes its relationship with the other book somewhat soft and obvious. Sparkling metafiction this is not. Instead, what we get is old-fashioned historical romance, full of period incident, fine language, and scenic spectacle. The whole effect is congenial and mellow and not at all dependent on one's knowledge of Herman Melville or any other particular author. Indeed, the less seriously one takes the book the easier it is to like.

The wife in question is Una Spenser, a spirited, up-for-anything heroine of generic cut and color whose love of life and sunny temperament will surely gratify book clubs nationwide and make for hours of refined, uplifting chat. More of a luminous force field with a name than a human being, Una inspires good will in the reader rather than recognition. She's an ideal. We meet her in the middle of her story, in the midst of a difficult childbirth in a lonely Kentucky cabin. The scene is done

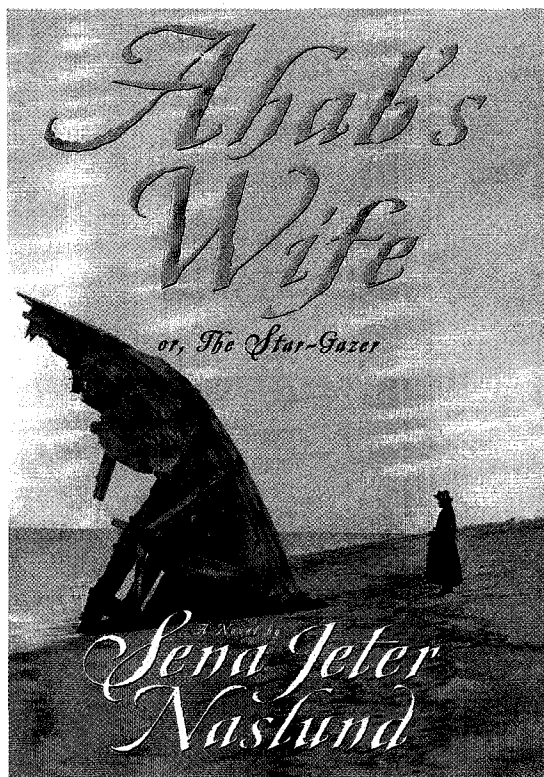
in broad, familiar strokes meant to introduce Una as a figure of universal femininity. Sometime in the middle of her labor, a band of rabid male slave catchers arrive, search the cabin, then riotously depart. Women good. Men bad. Simplistic? You bet. When a fleeing slave emerges from under the bed and shows instinctive talent as a midwife—and when Una, returning the favor, helps the woman seek freedom—the sides are drawn even more boldly. We needn't doubt for a second where virtue lies, or that Una will prove less than wholly admirable to a progressive modern audience.

This guarantee that in no way, shape, or form will Una disappoint, offend, or puzzle, and that she will seek after truth at every turn and do exactly what we'd hope we would do in

regard to various nineteenth-century controversies, removes any hint of anxiety from the book, for better or for worse. Oddly, it's mostly for the better, allowing us to blithely sail along, completely relaxed and only half-alert, as Una lights off on various adventures that add up to a tour of her period. She dresses as a boy and goes to sea, where she learns about whaling, visits exotic locales, and marries her first husband. Like Una's father, a fuming religious fanatic so oppressive he drives his daughter from home, the husband is driven by inner demons that seem to feed off testosterone itself. And of course we know what happens to Ahab.

Una, however, has a talent for happiness. And for tolerance. They're related here. During a sojourn in Nantucket, she acquaints herself with the Unitarian faith, drawn to its message of love and inclusion. A quilter,

That she doesn't blow: Ahab's wife isn't as memorable as the maniac himself, but she's good company for a few hours.

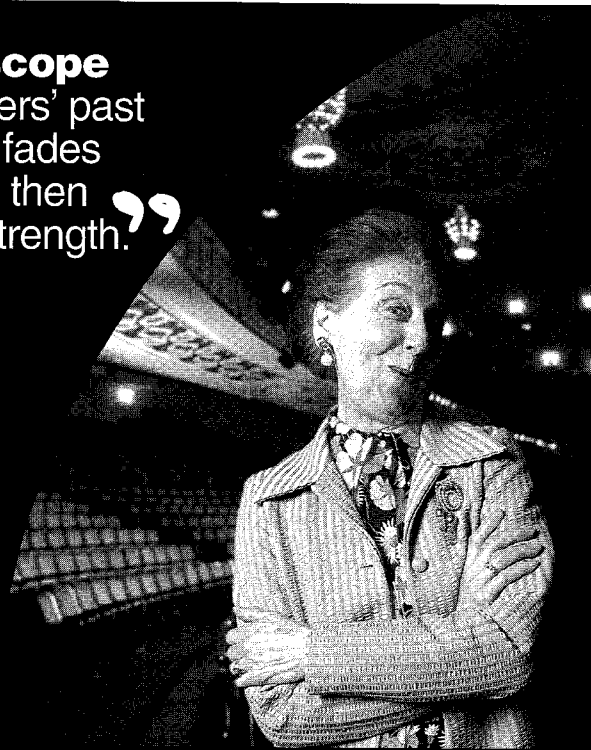


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she discourses regularly on the simple joys of stitching cloth, of creating harmony from scraps. A reader, she quotes liberally from the poets. At one point she joins the circle of Margaret Fuller, an early feminist, and participates in a lofty discussion group, *Conversations for Women*. Art is discussed. Religion. Transcendentalism. Una becomes an abolitionist, an advocate for freedom in all its forms. It's a beautiful life, but not without its sorrows, all of which Una reflexively bounces back from, too limber and diaphanous to crack.

The girl is perfect, that is. And sometimes perfectly boring, like the book. The realist within can take only so much of Una's indomitable spirit. And yet, mysteriously, the book goes on, and one is inclined to humor its pretty progress rather than abandon ship. Partly, it's the prose, which ripples on nicely after a shaky start, smoothly digesting dozens of names and faces and settings. Naslund knows how to pass the time in print—not the highest praise, but praise even so. Her confidence is infectious. So convinced is she of the virtue of her heroine and the import of her ideas that one stops resisting her with skepticism. Its easier to take the ride than buck it, to sit back and listen than try to get a word in.

What a curious feat: to carry a long novel by dint of sheer pleasantness and skillful hostessing. What *Ahab's Wife* has to say

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**“The girl is perfect . . .
and sometimes perfectly
boring, like the book.**

*And yet, mysteriously, the
book goes on, and one is
inclined to humor its pretty
progress rather than
abandon ship.”*

about Ahab hardly matters. The book could do without him, in fact, substituting any grumpy old sea captain for Melville's great creation. Naslund's innovation, such as it is, lies in showing him young and whole and lovable, before amputation and insanity. His flaw, according to his unsung spouse? A masculine preoccupation with “evil”—but we already knew that, and so much more. Which is a long way of saying that *Ahab's Wife* is not, after all, a footnote to *Moby-Dick*, but a diverting work in its own right, decidedly minor but charmingly determined to say something major, to stick up for itself.

Walter Kirm's 1997–99 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Lost in Translation

Joyce's masterly 'The Dead' makes an uneasy transition from page to musical stage; 'Saturday Night Fever' has a beat—but no pulse.

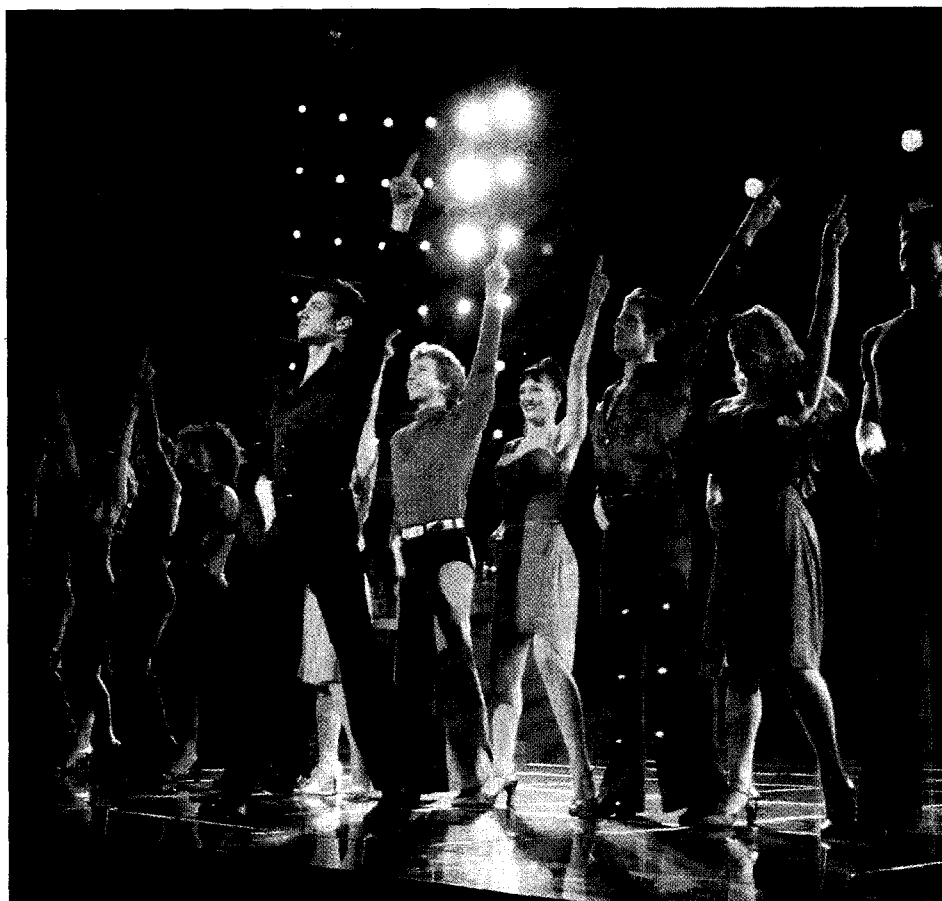
JAMES JOYCE'S *The Dead*, FROM *Dubliners*, is one of the most beautiful novellas in English or any language. In some 60 pages, it evokes a handful of individuals at a Christmastime party with precision and sympathy, placing them with masterly suggestiveness inside a milieu, a society, an era, the world. Fin-de-siècle Dublin may not seem all that prototypical, yet when the writer's eye and ear are this sharp, they push through to the penetralia of the soul, no matter how parochial its trappings.

The humor and melancholy of these intersecting lives are apportioned with the minuteness of apothecary measures, balancing contrary ingredients with the care usually reserved for life-and-death matters. The work's two poles are the fading from life of the elderly Julia Morkan, a spinster music teacher, and the crumbling marital bliss of her nephew, Gabriel Conroy, the authorial alter ego. Gabriel discovers that Gretta, his wife and the mother of his children, will never love him with the pure intensity of the platonic feelings she harbors for Michael Furey, a sickly youth who defied a long-ago chilly winter night to serenade her, thereby courting death more successfully than he'd courted her.

At the party given by three music teachers—the aging Morkan sisters and their niece, Mary Jane—another Michael, a music student, sings for the guests, rekindles Gretta's repressed memories, and sparks in Gabriel a newfound jealousy of that long-buried swain. Out of this and the sketches of other party guests, plus the snow falling over Ireland that night, Joyce conjures a portrait gallery that looms larger, and penetrates deeper, with every magisterial sentence.

Here the fine amateur singer, the graceful lyric poet, and the master fictionist in Joyce combine to write prose whose final paragraphs, almost unbearably sad and beautiful, sing out in a bittersweet simplicity available only to supreme artists. Which is why *The Dead* should be left on the page, where it has built itself an impregnable home.

But fools will rush in. The gifted John Huston could not make his movie version work, despite a tremendous performance by Donal McCann as the writer Gabriel Conroy at his career crossroads and conjugal cul-de-sac. Even so, the film was only a shortfall; the new musical play, with Christopher Walken as



Gabriel, is a deadfall that traps and kills the spirit. Walken walks through the piece as part robot, part zombie, or, most kindly put, the stage manager, who, in Walken's absence, is walking through a rehearsal, script in hand.

The others are all good or better. Sally Ann Howe's Julia and Blair Brown's Gretta are lancinatingly moving, followed closely by Marni Nixon, Paddy Croft, and Brian Davies, too long absent from the stage. Scarcely behind are Emily Skinner, Alice Ripley, and especially Stephen Spinella, who, as the erratic and excitable Freddy Malins, gives a performance to be lovingly pressed into the album of the memory. David Jenkins's savvy sets, Jane Greenwood's dignified costumes, and Jennifer Tipton's tactful lighting likewise deserve warm praise.

But there are also the instantly forgettable music of Shaun Davey, the cobbled-together lyrics of Richard Nelson, and the "book" by Nelson, who, not missing an eye like his heroic namesake, should not have purblindly undertaken the impossible. And even if the music

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Travoltonic
James Carpinello,
center, gets
Fever-ish.

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were not negligible, not dragged in all too sporadically and arbitrarily, it would still prevent us from savoring the far greater music of Joyce's words.

I HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE FASCINATION of stage re-creations of movies or movie musicals, although a tenuous argument could be made for the reverse procedure. What is to be gained by reducing the mobility, scope, and technological proficiency of the camera to the confines of the stage? Especially so if the stage version is in every department in the hands (and feet) of inferior talents. The only excuse for *Saturday Night Fever* is that now the trivia hounds can debate which is the more execrable, it or *Footloose*. On the other hand, *Footloose* seems to have gained a foothold, so, if there are enough desperadoes among the public, *Fever*, too, may land on its (flat) feet.

One hardly knows where to start: the footling adaptation (really transcription) by Nan Knighton, the pedestrian direction and choreography by Arlene Phillips, the hit-or-miss scenery by the usually dependable Robin Wagner, the tiresomeness of the antiquated disco music by the Bee Gees, or the humdrum cast? I envy no one who must fill the shoes of John Travolta, but James Carpinello of the faintly goony face, perfunctory dancing, run-of-the-mill personality, and intermittent acting merely puts his foot in it most of the time. Nor is there anyone else of real interest, although the unfortunately named Orfeh at least makes a game stab at the spurned Annette.

Even the costumes, for which the London designer Andy Edwards was joined by New York's Suzy Benzinger, aren't much fun. Just compare the yellow dress worn by the pallid heroine (Paige Price) to that sported by the incandescent Deborah Yates in *Contact*—never mind the persons filling them out—and you'll see what I mean. One line from the show will serve as its epitaph: "My grandmother kicks higher than that, and she is dead."

ATLANTIC THEATER COMPANY OPENS THE retrospective of its co-founder, David Mamet, with *The Water Engine*, originally written for radio, and even less happy on the stage than at its 1977 premiere. Then, however, more was made of its broadcast provenance, which has now been reduced to a dangling minimum in Karen Kohlhaas's rather lackluster staging.

The play frames its story with an evocation of the 1933 Chicago World's Fair (a celebration of science) and recurrent recitations of a chain letter (survival of the irrational). The story itself tells how lawyers from a big corporation try to muscle in on the momentous invention of an obscure homunculus, Charles

Lang, whereby engines could run on plain tap water. Lang, who lives with his sister and whose only friends are the kindly owner of a hash house where he eats and the owner's small but spirited son, is a typical high-minded loser. He refuses to sell out to the tentacular corporation's corrupt lawyers and pays for it dearly, even though he posthumously scores a Pyrrhic victory.

This, like other minor pieces by our supposedly major playwright, proves more interesting than his grandly attitudinizing big ones. Mamet has some feeling for another David whose slingshot proves less effective against modern-day Goliaths. But *The Water Engine* was designed for radio, which is to say disembodied voices; in the theater, words must become flesh, space assume concrete shape. Hence, for example, unidentified characters spouting chain-letter inanities from limbo do not engage us on the boards as they would on the air.

The production is decently designed and generally well acted but unhappily preceded by a Mamet curtain-raiser, *Mr. Happiness*, in which a radio problem-solver advises troubled callers. This mini-monodrama does not rehabilitate a frowned-upon profession, nor does it function as social satire, and it achieves nothing. Bob Balaban may be excused for failing to salvage it, but not for taking it on.

Cranes, BY DMITRY LIPKIN, CONCERNS Russian-Jewish immigrants in New Orleans during a Mardi Gras party given by Tanya Savinich for, among others, her friendly rival Sophia Belkin, turned bitter foe. Sophia, a talented pianist, gave it up to become a fully American wife to Edik Belkin, a sozzled failure, and mother to Alex, a promising young pianist en route to Juilliard. Tanya, conversely, has jettisoned her nobler aspirations, ruthlessly acquiring the lavish house where the action is laid and a husband, Dima, already rich and potentially famous. Only her sweet, reclusive 16-year-old bookworm daughter is a thorn in Tanya's arriviste side.

The parallel rivalries of the elders, the bungled sex of the young'uns, we have seen it all before with more verbal bite, greater kinetic invention. Even the on-stage oral intercourse was handled more believably in *Killer Joe*. Under Scott Elliott's nervy direction, not all performances thrive equally. Mira Furlan is almost too powerful as Tanya, Laura Esterman a bit washed-out as Sophia. The husbands, David Margulies and Josh Mostel, are on target; the kids, Amir Sajadi and Amy Whitehouse, are adequate. The play, despite Derek McLane's phenomenal set, is not.

John Simon's 1997-99 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Social X-Rays

The Guggenheim reveals Francisco Clemente in all his voluptuary, self-involved glory; the Public Library uncovers anatomy of a different sort.

Francesco Clemente IS A CHARACTERISTIC DANDY of the late twentieth century, a hothouse Narcissus who reflects the merging worlds of society, fashion, and art. An Italian-born painter who was a young art-world star during the Reagan years—when vanity and the yearning for celebrity came to dominate culture—he rarely disappoints a camera. In glossy magazines, he appears gaunt and dark-eyed, with a sensual expression that suggests both restlessness and satisfaction. He dresses with stylish nonchalance and wears a face that looks carefully unshaven—he's a man of silk and stubble. He refuses to be confined to one place but prowls among New York, Rome, and India; he cultivates the air of an aristocratic alley cat. It's not irrelevant to discuss his appearance in this way, because Clemente himself makes it central to his art: Not only does he act seduced, intoxicated, and bewitched by his own body, but he also seems philosophically impressed by its carnal and spiritual significance. More often than not, the "form" his art takes is *his* form.

A dandy of this kind is a special taste. To skeptics, the scale of the current retrospective of the artist's work at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum may seem florid and outsize, a monument that mirrors the artist's own narcissism. (Brooklyn Museum bashers might also call the exhibit decadent, as it treats Catholicism irreverently.) Organized by Lisa Dennison, the show includes more than 200 works in a variety of media—oil, fresco, watercolor, pastel, sculpture, book illustration—and it fills most of the museum. The catalogue is enormous as well. At the age of 47, Clemente is the youngest artist ever given a full retrospective at the Guggenheim. Few artists at mid-career look their best under this kind of spotlight. Clemente is prolific but uneven, and there's a similarity to his focus—despite the protean variety of his subject mat-

ter—that sometimes makes the show seem just more of the same. The size of the exhibit also detracts from his best pictures, which are often small in scale and intimate in tone, like a dirty aside whispered prettily in your ear.

But Clemente's art also captures an important psychological mood—or sensation—found in our culture. In his pictures, there is an impatience with limits. No boundaries are tolerated around "the self," no firm or fast edges define or restrain the play of the imagination. (That may be why he is best at pastels and watercolors, media that melt and blur.) The artist's "self" floats outward, procreating and multiplying at will, denying itself nothing as it pushes and spills into the world. The best way to embody this kind of egotism, of course, is by creating a vision of endless erotic combinations. In the painting *Scissors and Butterflies*, several dreamy creatures, all of whom look like Clemente, appear to be mutilating or castrating one another with scissors. But there is no suggestion of terror or loss. The creatures already seem to be both male and female, and the reddish, steamy atmosphere is charmingly poisonous rather than bloody. The scissors create new Clementes—together with a collection of bright genital-butterflies, which float through the space.

In Clemente's art, there are also no borders around cultures. The artist wanders at will across the earth, incorporating into his art whatever strikes his fancy. It might seem difficult to create an art that brings together New York, India, and the Mediterranean, but Clemente does it as if by right. He sips and tastes; he relishes the surface glint. He displays no reticence before another culture, no fear, for example, that Hindu India might represent too powerful, deep, and ancient a tradition to appropriate with ease. The subcontinent offers the artist another beautiful mirror, another form of delectation. Clemente's India is heated and overripe, dirty (*continued on page 76*)

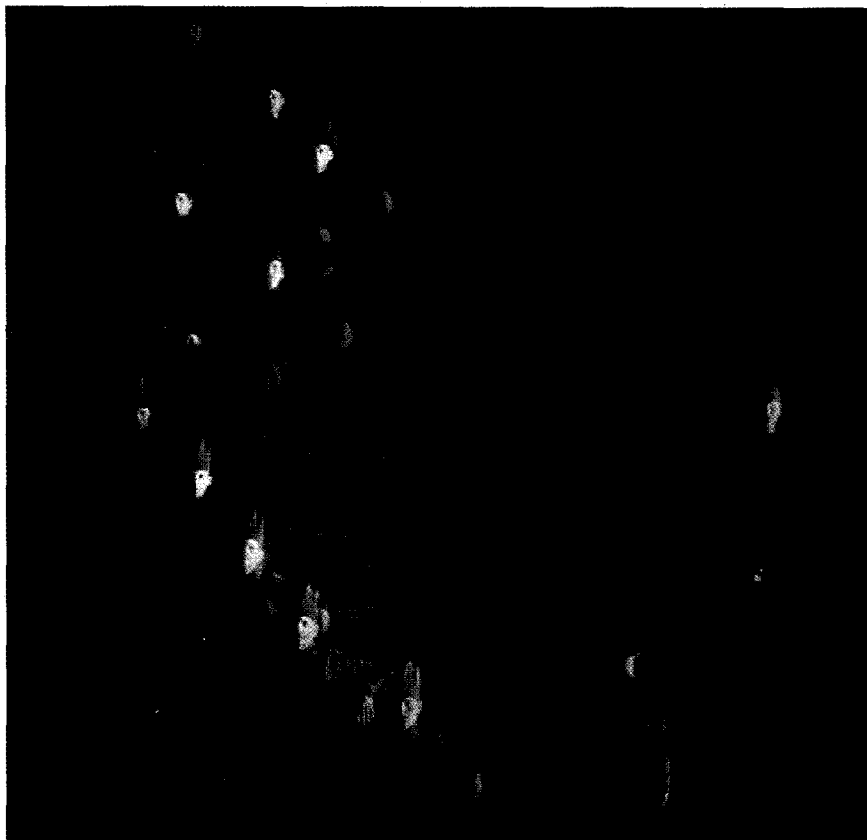


Fine and dandy:
Francisco
Clemente's
Alba, 1997.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Go to Hell

A Danish company's take on the Orpheus legend is so much smoke and shimmers; Poulenc underestimated his own irresistible piano concerto.



Step right up:
Copenhagen's
Hotel Pro Forma
performing
*Operation:
Orfeo* at BAM.

HOTEL PRO FORMA, WE ARE TOLD, IS A THEATER company from Denmark that boldly ventures into new territories: between art and nonart, theater and non-theater, physical and metaphysical expression as it moves across the genres of theater, opera, visual arts, and music. If that sounds like too big a leap for timid souls, what better way to win them over than with a new treatment of the Orpheus legend, which through the centuries has inspired so many pioneering spirits in music theater. Conceived by Hotel Pro Forma's co-founder, Kirsten Dehlholm, **Operation: Orfeo** made its statement recently at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's 1999 Next Wave Festival. The theatrical goods were more or less mixed and delivered as advertised, but the results turned out to be somewhat less than thrilling.

Lasting about 80 minutes, the piece is divided into three parts, each representing a stage in Orpheus's journey to recover his dead wife: his descent to Hades, his return to Earth, and the fatal glance that leads to the second loss of Eurydice. None of this is actually depicted, only suggested by a narrator, a dancer who

could be Orpheus or Eurydice, and twelve choristers dressed in dark robes and paper crowns. They are all grouped on a huge white staircase framed in black, giving the scenic space the flat effect of a two-dimensional canvas painting. The musical score, sung a cappella by an onstage chorus, combines bits of John Cage's *Hymns and Variations*, composed in 1979, with new music by Bo Holten in a lush neo-Renaissance style; at one point the final aria from Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* makes a brief, jarring appearance. The florid poetic text, by Ib Michael, no doubt adds an important verbal element, but only for those who understand Danish.

Apparently *Operation: Orfeo* is considered something of a modern classic back home in Copenhagen, but in Brooklyn it came off as little more than a pretentious high-school pageant. The chorus just looked silly in their gowns and crowns—no less so when they brought out party favors and began to blow up toy balloons. None of the self-consciously contrived visual images projected much dramatic power, and the final apotheosis—clouds of smoke billowing out into the auditorium and illuminated by lasers—was pure kitsch. Holton's New Age music has a cloying sweetness that cancels out the spicy tang of Cage's choruses, although the Musica Ficta vocal ensemble sang everything with awesome virtuosity. Perhaps Hotel Pro Forma brought the

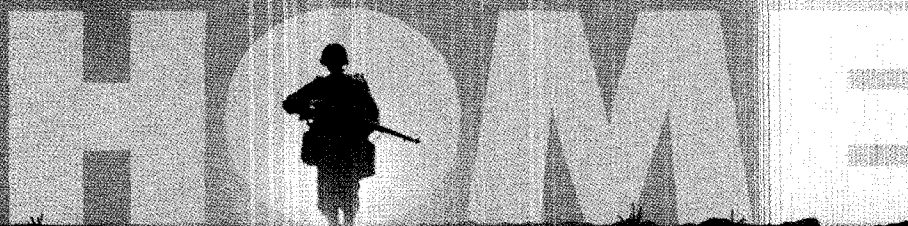
wrong piece to BAM. Also in the company's repertory is a work that sounds more promising: *Monkey Business Class*, described as a musical celebration of paper money before it disappears permanently from the world.

NOW THAT CONCERTGOERS ARE STEELING THEMSELVES FOR the first spiky sounds of twenty-first-century music, the once dreaded repertory of the departing century suddenly doesn't seem quite so threatening after all. Dozens of scores written since 1900 became classics some time ago—the Philadelphia Orchestra, in fact, is devoting its entire season to music composed during the past 100 years, and even the most conservative ears are unlikely to be alienated by programs dominated by Stravinsky, Bartók, Rachmaninoff, Sibelius, et al. One composer who was always eager to please and now seems to be everyone's favorite is **Francis Poulenc**, whose centennial is being prominently observed this year. EMI Records has just released his complete works in four boxed sets containing twenty compact discs, and birthday concerts are popping up on all fronts.

One celebration that should not pass unnoted occurred at the 92nd Street Y over a recent weekend, a

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mini festival that focused on the composer's music for piano with orchestra and his rich catalogue of songs. Why the 1949 Piano Concerto is not in every pianist's repertory escapes me. Perhaps Poulenc's own modest assessment of the score as being lightweight, "a sort of *souvenir de Paris* for pianist-composer," has been interpreted as a father's curse, although the delicate melancholy of the andante movement, the dance-hall atmosphere of the finale, and the sheer charm of the opening measures are irresistible. The Concerto for Two Pianos of 1932 is more frequently encountered, a magical mixture of the sensual and spiritual that was Poulenc's own special contribution to the music of his time. Pascal Rogé captured both qualities and held them in perfect balance, by himself in the solo concerto and in partnership with a remarkable 12-year-old musician, Vanessa Benelli, in the two-piano score. The Eos Orchestra under Jonathan Sheffer provided ideal support.

The second program was devoted to a half dozen of Poulenc's song collections and a brief taste of his surreal one-act opera about postwar repopulation, *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*. Poulenc may have spoken disparagingly at times about his writing for piano, but he was rightly proud of his song output, which covers his entire creative life. If the songs sometimes seem to put the poetic event before pure musical invention, that only adds to their stature and draws us deeper into their closely observed emotional worlds. The new box of recordings on EMI (5 66849 2) containing the complete Poulenc songs on five compact discs is indispensable, and bad news for those who purchased the original 1978 compilation. They will also need this new one, which contains an extra disc, some fabulous alternate recordings, and several unpublished rarities.

One of the guiding spirits of that project was a former colleague of Poulenc's, pianist Dalton Baldwin, who also presided over the concert at the Y. That ensured a stylish, authentic presence at the keyboard, and Baldwin clearly passed on his knowledge to the five singers and two pianists who collaborated with him. Not surprisingly, the two most experienced recitalists impressed most: Norah Amsellem, whose lusciously textured soprano reveled in the sensuous moods of the *Fiançailles Pour Rire* cycle, and tenor Michel Sénéchal, who savored every bizarre verbal twist in Cocteau's free-association verses for *Cocardes*. But the hero of this delicious concert was Poulenc himself, one of the few composers of the past century whose songs can sustain a full-length program and still have an audience clamoring for more at the end.

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TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Maybe, It's You

In 'Shake, Rattle & Roll,' Billy Porter plays Little Richard, Carole King and Bob Dylan make noise for the soundtrack, and the civil-rights movement is born.

JUST BECAUSE **Shake, Rattle & Roll** (SUNDAY AND Wednesday, November 7 and 10; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is such an agreeable start to the November sweeps doesn't make it profound. As in so many anguished movies from the old South Africa, in which the hero always seemed to be a white lawyer or journalist for whom black suffering was somehow redemptive, the pale-faced lovers in the Mike Medavoy-Spencer Proffer-Mike Robe miniseries will be reminded of the true meaning of the feisty music only after a brown-skinned friend meets a tragic fate while registering voters in the Jim Crow South. But I am churlish, and *Shake, Rattle & Roll* is not.

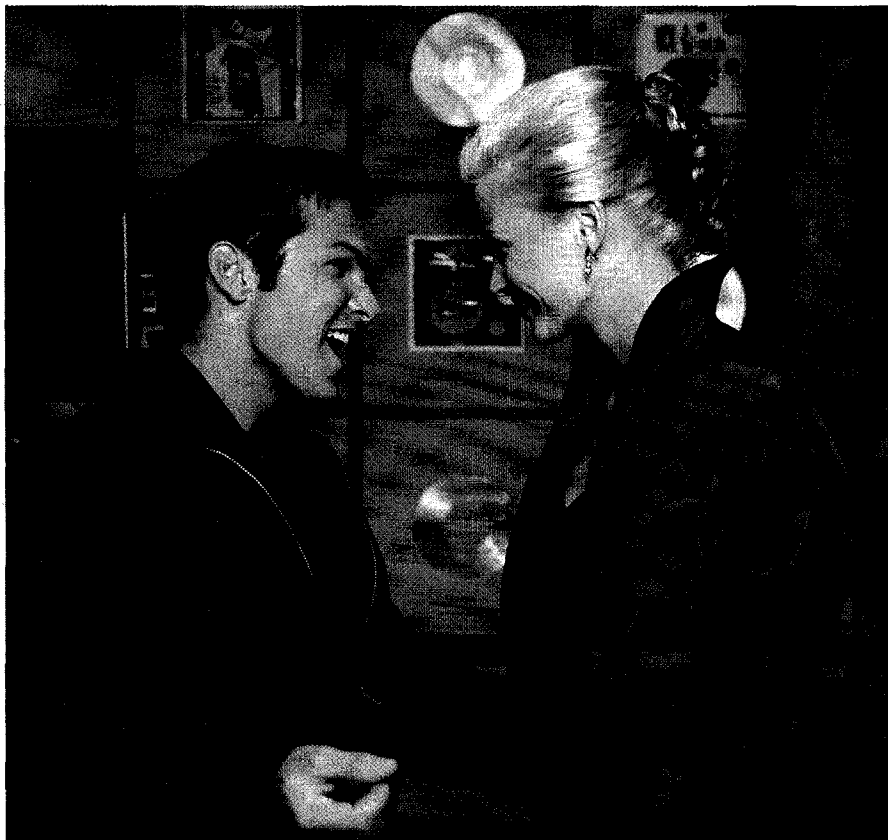
Briefly, Lyne (Bonnie Somerville) and Marsha (Samaria Graham), who grew up color-blind on an Army base on Guam, find themselves introducing the big beat at a bobby-socks high school in Swanson, Missouri, in 1955, to fellow seniors Tyler (Brad Hawkins), the hunky guitarist with the Elvis moves; Mookie (Travis Fine), the lovelorn drummer; and Dotson (Kai Lennox), a stand-up guy like his bass. One glimpse, across state lines, of Little Richard, and

everybody is ready to graduate from "Glow, little glow worm, glimmer, glimmer." While Marsha goes off to Barnard and doo-wop, Lyne, Tyler, Mookie, and Dotson hit the road for Memphis, Charlotte, New York, and Atlanta, along the way running into Fats Domino, Eddie Cochran, and the King himself, who are all friendly and encouraging, as well as James Coburn and Dana Delany, who offer them a recording contract and eat them alive.

What makes *Shake, Rattle & Roll* such surprising fun are cameo appearances by contemporary musicians as early rock legends—Billy Porter as Little Richard, Terence Trent D'Arby as Jackie Wilson, Dicky Barrett as Bill Haley, Gary Allan as Eddie Cochran, B. B. King as the Blues Master, Chanté Moore, Rahsaan Patterson, Jesse Powell, K-Ci & JoJo, and blink-182—and the fact that Carole King, Bob Dylan, Graham Nash, Lamont Dozier, and Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller have come out of retirement, or the doldrums, to write new songs that sound old. (I can't swear to it on a single hearing, but Carole King's "Wall Around My Heart" seems the best of these, Bob Dylan's "Fur Slippers" the slightest.) And we hear plenty of the genuinely old songs too, breezing along till 1963, when the frame darkens with protest marches and surfer music, after which a very blonde Lyne will have to read a "Family of Man" message to a black church in muddy, bloody Mississippi.

Sweeps simplemindedness aside, *Shake, Rattle & Roll* has most of the swift moves. At my fortieth high-school reunion several years ago, I was blamed for Elvis. This astounded. To be sure, I used to listen to Fats Domino on my crystal set, but only when I wasn't reading Jack Kerouac and James Joyce or editorializing against fraternities and atomic bombs. Nevertheless, in troubled memory, my classmates had folded every form of social deviance that ever ruffled the feathers of the fifties into one big lump of delinquency. And our parents were probably right, too. It was one thing when dirty-dancing race music confined itself to the roadhouse, blues bar, and underclass but quite another when ducktailed poor whites insinuated a hubcap-stealing/rockabilly variant of that same R&B into the ears and glands of the Wonder Bread children of a bored, skeptical, and horny suburban middle class. Looking back, it was also perhaps inevitable that we'd paddle our guitars like kayaks upstream into cultural-studies swamp gas, where Chuck Berry was transgressive; where Elvis ended the Ike snooze;

Wild things:
Brad Hawkins
and Bonnie
Somerville in
CBS's rock
drama *Shake,
Rattle & Roll*.



where Jim Morrison, running to fat and demons in the mind-blown desert, embodied not only the satanic Nietzschean flip side of "La Bamba" but also a Lizard King in leather pants; where Janis and/or Jimi died for our sins, Ice Cube doesn't like Koreans, and Springsteen is a border intellectual.

OF YET ANOTHER **Annie** (SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7; 7 to 9 P.M.; ABC), the best that can be said is that, minus commercials, it's only an hour and a half, whereas the big-screen Hollywood version of the Broadway musical ran two hours and eight minutes, after which some of us began to suspect that some kids *deserve* to be orphans. In this Rob Marshall (*Cabaret*) production, Kristin Chenoweth and Audra McDonald are better than they needed to be. And as much as I cherish Carol Burnett, she played Miss Hannigan in the movie like a Mongol horde; Kathy Bates is less cartoonish and more Dickensian. Likewise Tim Curry versus Alan Cumming, whose Rooster is a slimeball triumph here. As "Daddy" Warbucks, Victor Garber, who can sing, had to improve on Albert Finney, who can't. In homage to something or other, Andrea McArdle, the original Annie, shows up as "Star-to-Be" to belt out "NYC." At least the brat herself, Alicia Morton, appears without curls, but she still has to sing "Tomorrow." Nor will we even get into what Harold Gray, the right-wing comic-stripper, *really* felt about Franklin Roosevelt, who shows up to find homes in his welfare state for all these leaping lizards.

HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT **The Magical Legend of the Leprechauns** (Sunday, November 7, 9 to 11 P.M. and Monday, November 8, 8 to 10 P.M.; NBC) will depend entirely on the state of your whimsy. My own whimsy has suffered some from recent Senate votes on campaign-finance reform and the nuclear-test-ban treaty, so I had a hard time sitting still for a love affair between a visiting businessman (Randy Quaid, who wants to buy up rural Ireland for vacationing Americans) and a skinny-dipping Irish wench (Orla Brady, who would have stopped Julius Caesar in his tracks) in the middle of an all-out war (a sort of *West Side Story* in short pants) between the Leprechauns and the Fairies. Whoopi Goldberg has her moments as the Grand Banshee who lives in a room-service Ritz; Colm Meaney and Roger Daltrey work hard as Little People with or without wings; and the special effects can be counted on to go Poof, the Magic Dragon. On the other hand, as in a public-TV pledge week, there is altogether too much step dancing. ■

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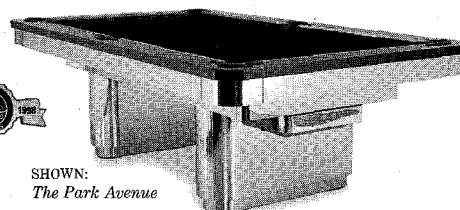
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POP MUSIC ETHAN BROWN

Chart Failure

Rock isn't dead, but it's facing commercial decline, critical dismissals, and even insults from Sting. Three fall releases offer some hope for a cure.

ROCK HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS. FROM SNEAKERS TO slang, youth culture now takes most of its cues from hip-hop. Music fans have followed suit—new albums by stars like Nine Inch Nails and former Soundgarden front man Chris Cornell recently slid down the charts only weeks after their release. Rock-influenced acts like Limp Bizkit and Kid Rock even make their guitarists share stage space with a D.J.

Adding insult to injury, Sting recently huffed in an

different: One tries to remake it, one stays true to its likeable formula, and one seems to repudiate its inventive aesthetic altogether.

Rage Against the Machine is the most ambitious of the bunch, and its versatility with a variety of musical styles points the way to an interesting—if somewhat impure—possible future for rock. On *The Battle of Los Angeles*, the band mixes scorched-earth sonics with leftist politics, combining elements of heavy metal, funk, and hip-hop with earnest, almost pamphleteering lyrics. “Testify” is an abrasive lament on war and genocide, “Mic Check” is a raw denunciation of faith in authority, and the pulsing funk of “Maria” tells the tragic story of an exploited Mexican immigrant.

Even though Rage Against the Machine looks toward the future, the group still seems to be Luddite—and rock ‘n’ roll—at heart. Tom Morello performs hip-hop-style “scratches” on his guitar, and the group’s dub-reggae-influenced echo sound effects are created with amplifier distortion rather than synthesizers. Electronic punk groups like Atari Teenage Riot have shown that it’s possible to rage *with* the machine—but Rage Against the Machine’s primitivism endears it to the mosh-pit regulars who made the group bona fide rock stars.

Still, Rage is downright avant-garde compared to the Foo Fighters, the relentlessly upbeat pop-punk band fronted by former Nirvana drummer Dave Grohl. While Grohl provided a hefty backbeat for the nihilism of Nirvana, his work with the Foo Fighters has been catchy but fairly lightweight; songs like “I’ll Stick Around” and “Monkey Wrench” have been raucous radio hits, but the group’s most memorable moment may well have been their video for “Big Me,” which parodies the surreal optimism of Mentos television commercials.

Their video for the more atmospheric pop single “Learn to Fly” mocks the high jinks of airline-disaster films, but little else has changed on the Foes’ third album, *There Is Nothing Left to Lose*. The group does tweak its sound somewhat by adding rough edges (several songs begin with a few seconds of unedited guitar squall) and a sense of grunge-inspired cynicism (“Hook me up with a new revolution, ‘cause this one is a lie,” Grohl sings on “Learn to Fly”) but otherwise stays true to its simple, three-chord sound. That’s not all bad—“Stacked Actors” is a bristling punk song, and “Breakout” is a burst of pure rock energy with touches of *Pet Sounds*-style pop—but nothing here lives up to the kind of raw emotion promised by the album’s title.

The group that really has (*continued on page 76*)



Angry young men:
Rage Against the
Machine, from
left, Brad Wilk,
Zack de la Rocha,
Y.tim.K, and
Tom Morello.

interview that rock ‘n’ roll “can die for all I care.” And when rock is dismissed as “reactionary and conservative” by the dowdy likes of Sting, the time has come to check its pulse.

Just half a decade ago, the disaffection of grunge and alternative rock resonated powerfully with a generation weathering an economic recession and a dispiriting sense of diminished expectations. So it only makes sense that three of this year’s most eagerly awaited albums are from bands that began at that time, although their approaches to alternative rock couldn’t be more

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAIL GREENE

Howl

Is there anything Mario Batali won't do with pig jowls and pasta?

At the new Lupa, named for the Roman she-wolf, carnality still rules.

TWO WEEKS INTO **Lupa**, THE newest tap dance of that Babbo duo, Pó's "Molto" Mario Batali and Joe Bastianich (of the Felidia-Becco-Frico dynasty), their rustic take on a classic Roman trattoria is already jammed, already wonderful. And Village diners don't seem to mind waiting. Witness the lineup tonight outside the sushi joint next door. (I find myself imagining a persistent Lupa queue braiding into that confusion: salami fans confronting uni-sushi and sashimi purists freaking out over lamb-brain ravioli.)

That's star chef Jonathan Waxman hunched over a cell phone on Lupa's sidewalk apron about to claim a seat at the bar for dinner. Yes, Waxman can't get a table. Bushy-tailed young couples burst through the door where the pocket-size greeting space is already dense with standees.

Joe Bastianich doesn't like it at all. "I don't want to see a line on the sidewalk. It's not Italian." Last week, Lupa started taking reservations for the back room, but it's first-come-first-seated up front. Now they've launched lunch, and cold food from the *salumeria* (delicatessen) is available all day to eat in or, till 5:30, to carry away. "The place looked bigger when we took it," Bastianich says mournfully. Well, it's going to get worse. Once diehard fans of Babbo's earthy fare discover Lupa's Roman variations at half the price and the house's ambitious wine stash, they'll be clustering outside, too. Happily for us, there are still vociferous detractors who loathe Babbo's celebration of odd animal parts. I invite a nocturnal siren, my favorite trend-flasher, to dinner. "Why Lupa?" she asks suspiciously. For the she-wolf that nursed Romulus and Remus, I say. A bit of a she-wolf herself, she'll enjoy the metaphor, I figure. "Oh, no," she protests. "I don't want that Adams Family food. Last time we went to Babbo, you ordered tongue salad, tripe, and beef cheeks."

So here we are, a covey of adventurers (and one tenderfoot), having survived twenty minutes bunched like asparagus just inside the door, cozy now at a bare wood table, being tended by a polished waiter with stylish dreadlocks and a long white butcher's coat. For all I



know, Batali and Bastianich (partnered here with Jason Denton of the sandwich shop 'ino) pumped sacks of cash into the place, but it looks untouched, vintage Village, with warm bare-brick walls and arches; a few hanging salamis; and a pair of monster slicing machines, machine-age sculpture.

The menu is short but the wine list is long, and we're impressed to find a roving expert on hand, wine steward Robert Bohr, urging us to try the Rosso di Montalcino Caparzo (\$38) and then decanting it. I watch him hunkering into a crouch to chat with a couple of grape nuts behind us. This is serious oenophilic stuff in a spot where no entrée costs more than \$15 and pastas start at \$9. When was the last time you saw desserts for \$5? It would be misleading for me to suggest that the kitchen is focused monomaniacally on tripe and muzzles and toenails. Silken prosciutto is offered with roasted figs and maybe a chunk or two of hard cheese. Calling it beet carpaccio just means the beet is raw and thinly sliced, deliciously mated with shaved celery and Pecorino. And the savory late-summer panzanella—tossed with the last of the righteous tomatoes, chunks of country bread, and, optionally, house-preserved tuna—shouldn't frighten even the timid. Citrus-cured sardines with cracked wheat and the unctuous texture of octopus jelled into a kind of headcheese pleases our crowd.

It's left to the waiter to translate the bits of Italian on the menu, scattered deliberately, I'm guessing, to create

Wolf's lair: The front room at Lupa; inset, baccalà in a crumb crust with fennel and mint.

homey interaction. Smartly drilled, pulling no punches, he informs a questioner at our table that bucatini all'Amatriciana, Rome's pasta classic, is a fat tubular spaghetti with a tomato sauce made of hog jowl. That's all she needs to know. She cringes and orders the penne with broccoli, garlic, and toasted bread crumbs. "It's just bacon by another name," I mutter, ordering the bucatini myself—loving it this time but finding it muddy and bland a few nights later. Still, most of the pastas are fine, even fabulous: Linguine in a lightly tomatoed clam sauce. Lush ricotta gnocchi in a sensational sludge of sausage and fennel. Nero's black tagliarini with spicy calamari stew. And one night's special duck-stuffed agnolotti formed from first-rate pasta dough (not wonton skins). "Good grub," my mate the Road Food Warrior pronounces. And that's a compliment, definitely earned by a large chunk of moist baccalà in a luscious stubbly crumb crust on caramelized fennel and the remarkable fiorintina rib eye on piquant ribbons of sweet peppers with fried fingerlings on the side. "Don't tell me what oxtails are," begs one of my guests, rhapsodizing over the rich melting beef in a marvelous sauce with the faint sweetness of root vegetables.

Our group wants at least a taste of two or three cheeses to finish the wine, but we must have lemon-curd gelato too, as well as the fabulous house-made tartufo in a puddle of intense chocolate-hazelnut sauce and a delicate honey panna cotta (though the chopped figs in black pepper have an unpleasant aftertaste).

So far, lunch is not as frantic. Come for a Roman vegetable sampler, ricotta crostini with olive salad, half a dozen pastas, the piatto di giorno, and all sorts of panini—the hot oxtail sandwich with sweet onions seems irresistible to me. Once the kitchen is clicking under his chef de cuisine, Babbo veteran Mark Ladner, Batali tells me he will add a few signature favorites. Like the lamb-brain ravioli. "Brains, yes!" I can't help encouraging him. I love brains. Almost nobody does them.

"That's the kind of food that separates the men from the little girls," he says.

"Wouldn't it be more diplomatic to say 'the adults from the spoiled brats'?" I suggest, not likely to be named to the Court of St. James's myself.

"Okay, sure," he says. "In the kitchen we call them the diners versus the spuds."

Lupa, 170 Thompson Street (212-982-5089). Lunch Tuesday through Sunday, noon to 3 P.M.; salumeria service noon to 12:30 A.M.; dinner Tuesday through Sunday, 5:30 P.M. till 11:30 P.M. Closed Monday. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

Gael Greene's 1997–99 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Stevens continued from page 69 and perfumed, vulgar and metaphysical—just the way it has always appealed to the Western imagination. This is typical of the spiritual browsing of our era, when Westerners seeking inspiration embrace the religious traditions of the East. But it would be unfair to call Clemente's art just a pastiche. After all, the best dandies are sophisticated children. Their guilty pleasures seem somehow innocent. They represent a charming kind of freedom. They say what they want, dress as they wish, go where they will.

Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration at the New York Public Library should appeal to two different audiences. On the one hand, the exhibit, which was organized by Jennifer B. Lee and Miriam Mandelbaum, will fascinate people interested in the origins of modern science. They can study the way early scientists—from Copernicus to Darwin—created images to convey revolutionary insights. Beginning with books that illustrate the scientific view of the medieval period, the show continues into the modern era, with illustrations from early astronomy, physics, chemistry, natural history, and medicine. Very educational.

On the other hand, the show will attract those who—like me—prefer mystery and peculiarities to a textbook education, especially when eccentric imagery can be called "science." In particular, this exhibit has an extraordinary collection of pictures of the interior of the human body. For centuries, the man within—physically speaking—remained a great unknown. This was a region glimpsed and uncovered only in moments of horror. During the Renaissance, great explorer-scientists began to flay, cut open, and peel back the body. They hardly knew what they would find. They were not even certain they should be

raising the veil of flesh. Did human beings have the right, for example, to look into the mysteries of childbirth? In the documentation of their research, art and medicine—and pedantry and poetry—come together in a remarkable way. In a work by Andreas Vesalius called *De Humani Corporis Fabrica*, published in 1543, the artist presents images of dissected figures posing in a landscape, as if they were on an outing to the Coliseum. A hand-colored lithograph from Jean Marc Bourger's *Traité Complet de l'Anatomie de l'Homme*, published from 1831 to 1854, shows a sensitive-looking young man who appears to be sound asleep—although he is sliced open for scholarly inspection. He has an impressive inner life: the organs, veins, and muscles look like the engine room of dreams.

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Brown continued from page 74 nothing left to lose is the Stone Temple Pilots, who have never enjoyed Rage's punk credibility or the Foo Fighters' iconic musical lineage. Releasing their first album at the height of grunge's commercial success, they were dismissed first as Pearl Jam imitators and then as cookie-cutter hard-rockers. There's certainly something to that—the aptly titled *No. 4* isn't much different from Nos. 1 through 3—but they've also managed to remain consistent and outlast most of their original contemporaries.

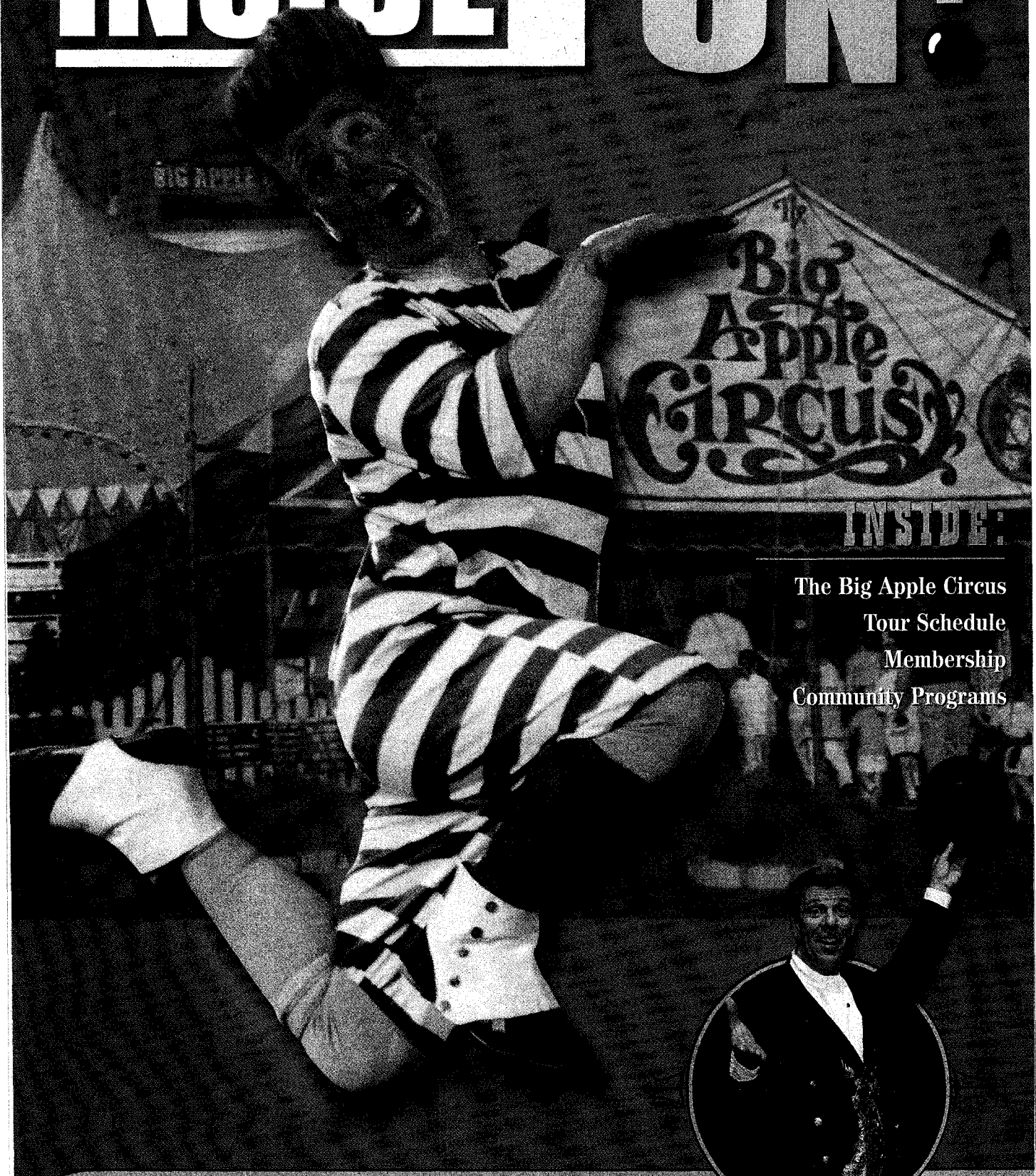
Lead singer Scott Weiland's relaxed, textured solo album *12 Bar Blues* was a glammed-up departure from form, so this album was the perfect opportunity for STP to give alt-rock pretensions a celebratory kick in the pants. Instead, they've actually taken a step backward from grunge into eighties-retread territory, mixing the down-and-out sonic sludge of grunge with the theatricality of stadium rock: "Down" is full of Led Zeppelin-style guitar scree and overdramatic starts and stops, and "Pruno" recalls the hippie pomp of Jane's Addiction. But they've somehow managed to capture the spectacle of hard rock without much of the fun that usually goes with it—*No. 4* is, as overwrought as their previous albums. Weiland sings the ludicrously titled "Heaven & Hotrods" without a hint of irony, and lyrical howlers like "Pleased to meet you / Nice to know me / What's the message / Will you show me?" sound like they could have been lifted from Dana Carvey's pompous-rock-star character on *Saturday Night Live*. Even "MC5," which initially sounds like a tribute to the proto-punk band of the same name, includes lines like "She don't like the way she smiles / He don't like the way she smiles." Huh?

Rock is far from dead, but it needs an infusion of ideas from other genres, a return to the kind of inventiveness that led the Clash to experiment with ska and the Talking Heads to dabble in funk. Rage Against the Machine's angry embrace of reggae and hip-hop shows that rock can open up to outside influences without losing its identity, and Kid Rock and Korn's rap moves sound remarkably fresh, even though they're also clownish. Indeed, if rock should learn anything from hip-hop, it's not about street marketing or larger-than-life characters but the importance of looking all over the musical map for inspiration. Otherwise, rock is going to face further insults from Sting—as well as a good chance that it won't sound much more interesting than he does.

Ethan Brown's 1999 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

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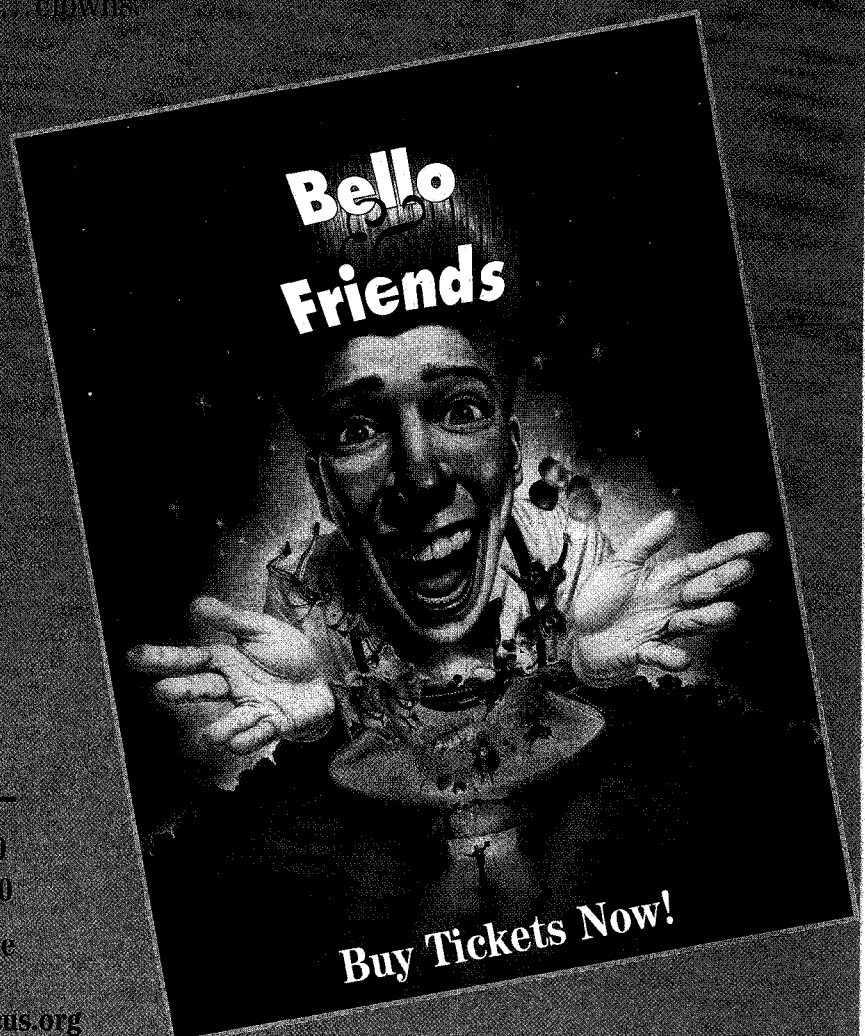
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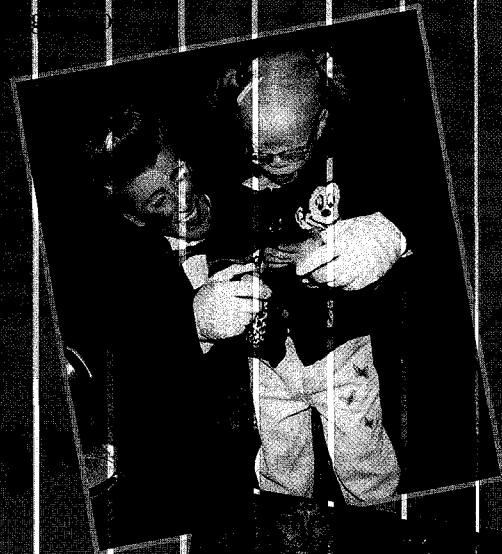
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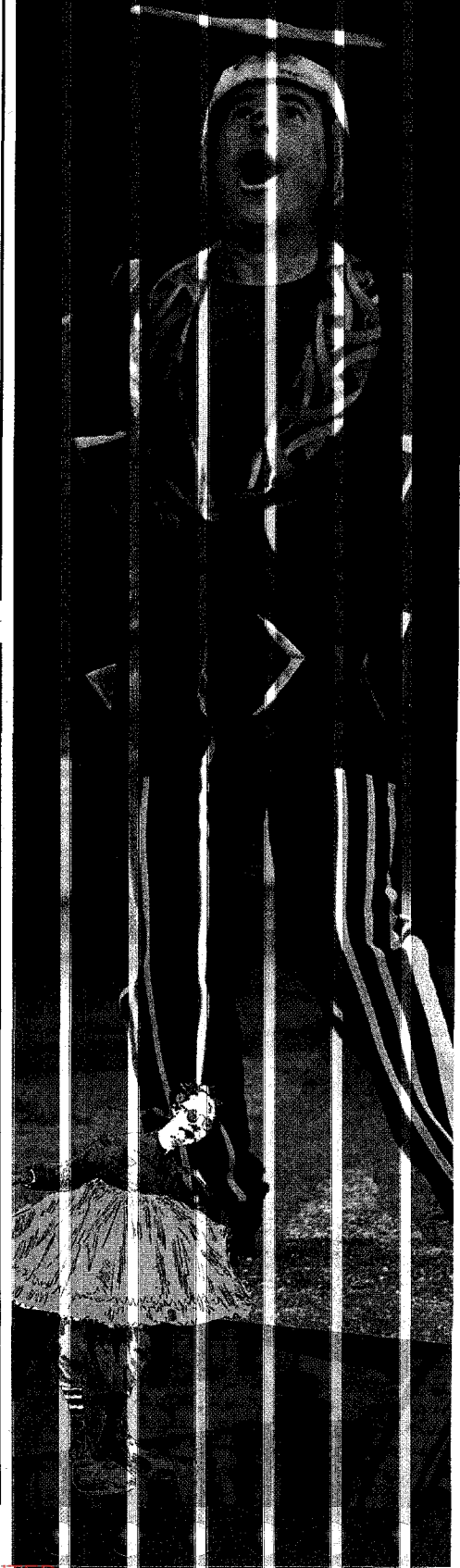
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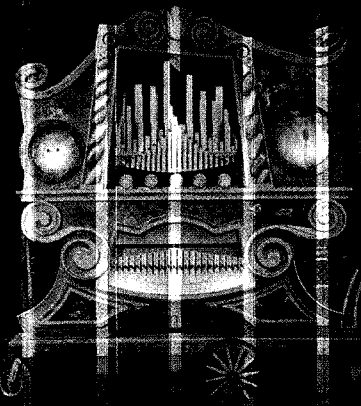
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A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



You Go, Curl

***Annie* returns, just in time for Y2K and the coming economic collapse. Coincidence? We don't think so (page 120).**

art 106 concerts 119 dance 119 kids 123 the mix 120 movies 94 nightlife 116
online 121 restaurants 110 sports 121 television 120 theater 102 the written word 120

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movies

Rosetta... Herzog's Best Fiend... The Insider

New Films

The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland—Elmo ventures after his lost blankie and in turn gains courage and learns about sharing. With Mandy Patinkin. (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) CC Village East; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. The film's attempts to turn its characters into more than the sitcom cutouts they essentially are doesn't work. Sam Mendes, celebrated for his direction of *Cabaret* and *The Blue Room* on stage, makes his movie debut; the script is by Alan Ball. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.

American Movie—Two years in the life of Mark Borschadt, a driven and slightly deranged independent filmmaker in Wisconsin. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) Film Forum.

The Bachelor—Chris O'Donnell is in the doghouse with girlfriend Rence Zellweger, but if he can't commit and get married in 24 hours, he'll lose his \$100 million inheritance. Rich people really know how to put on the pressure. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) Opens 11/5.

Bats—Sheriff Kimsey (Lou Diamond Phillips) has some trouble on his hands: Swarms of genetically altered bats have taken to tormenting the win-some inhabitants of his sleepy Texas town. Enter the pretty zoologist (Dina Meyer) and her able assistant (Leon). (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Being John Malkovich**—See Rainer, page 63. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews New York Twin; Sony Lincoln Square.

The Best Man—A warm-hearted comedy about a young writer (Taye Diggs) who comes to New York for a college reunion built around the wedding of two close friends (Morris Chestnut and Monica Calhoun). But when his friends start passing around an advance copy of his new novel, a flimsily disguised autobiography, and start recog-

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.



Revival Oompah-Loompah Hoopla

One part Dickens, one part Jefferson Airplane, and two parts childrens'-story sugar, *Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory* is one of the greatest "kids' movies" ever made. Starting November 7, the Screening Room will show the psychedelic 1971 classic every Sunday afternoon—reminding New Yorkers of the virtues of patience, imagination, and Everlasting Gobstoppers.

nizing themselves in the characters—he finds himself in a bit of a fix. (1 hr 58 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Black Cat, White Cat—A romantic comedy wherein, to square a debt, a small-time shyster arranges for his son to marry the daughter of a wealthier gangster. In Serbo-Croatian with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) Cinema Village.

Blue Streak—Martin Lawrence is a jewel thief posing as a cop in order to recover a diamond he's hidden in a precinct house. With Dave Chappelle and Luke Wilson. (About 1 hr. 40 mins.; R) UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria.

Body Shots—Gender cliché and foreplay does not a movie make. A cable-TV movie, perhaps. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Bone Collector—Denzel Washington and Angelina Jolie star in this not-so-thrilling thriller about a quadriplegic forensics inspector who accesses the eyes and ears of a sexy, savvy flatfoot in order to track down a serial killer. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) Opens 11/5.

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly

Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. The talented Hilary Swank plays Brandon, and her fine-cut androgyny seems supremely out of place in the trailer-trash milieu. Worth seeing, but Peirce reduces the real-life drama's complexity by framing it as a transgender *Rebel Without a Cause*. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; Cinemart.

Bringing Out the Dead—Director Martin Scorsese and screenwriter Paul Schrader have reteamed for this adaptation of Joe Connelly's novel about New York City ambulance drivers. It's set in the early nineties, mostly in Hell's Kitchen, and the filmmakers mean for us to take that locale literally. Nicolas Cage plays—rather too groggily—a paramedic who is wracked with guilt for the lives he's failed to save. The filmmaking is razor sharp, but we've been down these streets before with Scorsese, and the religio-symbolic haze he gives everything undercuts the power of the material. (Rainer; 11/1/99) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Buena Vista Social Club**—Wim Wenders's documen-

'Cue' cover photograph courtesy of Disney.



"THE BEST FILM OF THE YEAR."

-Bonnie Churchill -NATIONAL NEWS SYNDICATE

"TWO THUMBS UP."

-Roger Ebert & Harry Knowles -ROGER EBERT & THE MOVIES

"‘THE INSIDER’ WILL PIN YOU TO YOUR SEAT... RIVETING SUSPENSE... DYNAMITE PERFORMANCES, STRAFING WIT AND DRAMATIC PROVOCATION..."

-Peter Travers -ROLLING STONE

"IT'S AN ‘ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN’ IN WHICH DEEP THROAT TAKES CENTER STAGE, AN INSIDER PRODDED TO SPILL THE TRUTH."

-Richard Corliss -TIME MAGAZINE

WARNING: EXPOSING THE TRUTH MAY BE HAZARDOUS.	AL PACINO RUSSELL CROWE A Michael Mann Film THE INSIDER
	Touchstone Pictures presents A Mann/Roth Production A Forward Pass Picture Al Pacino Russell Crowe "The Insider" Christopher Plummer Diane Venora Philip Baker Hall Lindsay Crouse Debi Mazar Lisa Gerrard & Pieter Bourke Michael Mann Pieter Jan Brugge Eric Roth & Michael Mann Michael Mann
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MOVIES

Running Time With Friends Like These . . .

tary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 by Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest singers and musicians, whom he rescued from oblivion. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.

La Ciudad (The City)—Four black-and-white vignettes that explore the new immigrant experience in nineties New York. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) Quad Cinema.

Crazy in Alabama—Antonio Banderas's directorial debut stars wife Melanie Griffith as eccentric Aunt Lucille, who follows her dreams to Hollywood while her back home, her nephew, Peejoe (Lucas Black) is forced to come of age. With Cathy Moriarty, David Morse, Meat Loaf Aday, and Rod Steiger. (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Cremaster 2—Very loosely based on Norman Mailer's *The Executioner's Song*, this fourth installment in Matthew Barney's disparate and visually extraordinary series is set in Utah and stars Barney as murderer Gary Gilmore and Mailer as Harry Houdini. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) Film Forum.

The Dinner Game—From the creator of *La Cage aux Folles* comes a comedy about a dinner-party contest in which the winner must invite the most boring person imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) Cinema Village; Clearview's 59th Street East; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's Metro Cinema.

Double Jeopardy—The lovely Ashley Judd crashes her way across the country in an attempt to win back her son and finish off her evil husband. Thanks to a loophole and an exhausted Tommy Lee Jones, it's all fairly legal. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Dreaming of Joseph Lees**—Samantha Morton plays Eva, a withdrawn clerk in the rural English county of Somerset. Living at home in 1958 with her doting, doddering father (Frank Finlay) and precocious younger sister (Lauren Richardson), she takes the brash step of moving in with Harry (Lee Ross), her working-class admirer, who tends pigs and looks at her with devoted eyes. Her real passion, though, is for her second cousin Joseph Lees (Rupert Graves), who disappeared into Italy years before after losing a leg in a quarry accident and suddenly reenters her life. Morton has a luminous fragility, like the young Lillian Gish. She would have been wonderful in silent films. (Rainer; 11/1/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) UA Union Square.

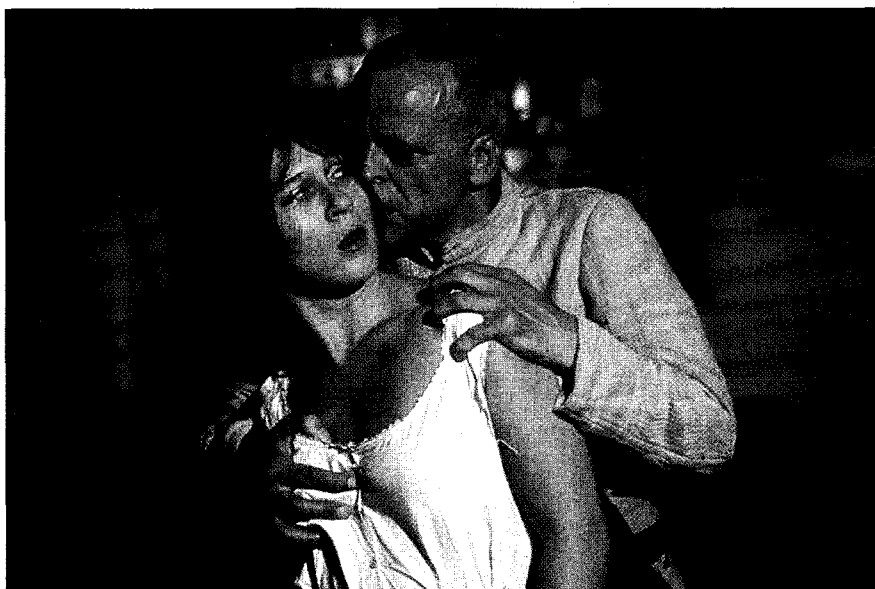
Earth—Deepti Mehta (*Fire*) returns to India to explore a love triangle amid the turbulence of partition. In Hindi with English subtitles. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Fight Club—Edward Norton plays a poor sap who hooks up with a malevolent jester, played by Brad Pitt, in this heavy-duty rant about the soullessness of men's lives in an era when consumerism and corporate culture have snatched their *cojones*. Director David Fincher unloads all his TV-commercial-derived whammies on us: It's a hard-sell movie about no-sell. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (2 hrs. 19 mins.; R) UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Grandfather—The story of a curmudgeonly count who—after learning of his widowed daughter-in-law's infidelities—tries to deduce which of his granddaughters is his rightful heir, until he's enlightened as to just how stupid that is.

Twenty years ago, while director Werner Herzog was shooting *Fitzcarraldo* in the Peruvian jungle, natives fed up with actor Klaus Kinski's egomaniacal fits of rage offered to kill him for Herzog. "No," Herzog said, "leave him to me. I still need him for shooting." That wasn't the only time the director thought about killing Kinski (pictured, with Eva Mattes in *Woyzeck*), who also threatened Herzog's life on a few occasions. Such was the passionate, frantic entanglement between them; it might be called "co-dependent" today if anyone could tolerate it at all. But it was this contentiousness—exacerbated by their artistic bravado and European machismo—that produced them to do some of their best work together. Though Kinski's autobiography is rife with disgust for the director, Herzog reveals in his new documentary *My Best Fiend* that he actually sat down with the actor and helped Kinski think of many of the poisonous expletives he used: "He desperately needed money, and he knew he really had to write the bad stuff or nobody would read it." In 1991, when Herzog was staging *The Magic Flute* in Sicily, "one of the singers gave his condolences to me in the morning, and I asked, 'What happened?'" Herzog says. "'You haven't heard yet?' he replied. 'Klaus Kinski died—it was just on the news.' I only understood it acoustically—it didn't really enter my heart. I couldn't understand it until months later, when I was invited to throw his ashes into the Pacific and I held two great handfuls of his ashes in my hands." Last year, Herzog began work on the documentary, which went far more smoothly than any of his other films involving Kinski. "Strangely enough, it was fast and easy, almost effortless," says Herzog. "All the pain was gone, and all the struggles were over."

BRETT KELLY



In Spanish with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG) CC Sutton.

Guinevere—Stephen Rea is Connie Fitzpatrick, a drunken and aging photographer who has a tendency to take in shy and pretty young women with potential, like Harper (Sarah Polley), and teach them about art, literature, love, and co-dependency. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) Art Greenwich Twin.

Happy, Texas—A pair of escaped convicts, played by Jeremy Northam and Steve Zahn, end up impersonating a gay couple staging junior-miss beauty pageants in this high-/low-concept balderdash graced by an immensely touching performance by William H. Macy as a police sheriff smitten by one of the escapees. (Rainer; 10/11/99) (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) UA Union Square.

The House on Haunted Hill—A remake of the Vincent Price classic about an eccentric millionaire who offers five strangers the opportunity to win \$1 million if they survive the night in a haunted house. Starring Geoffrey Rush, Taye Diggs, and Peter Gallagher. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Or-

pheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Insider—Al Pacino and Russell Crowe star as 60 Minutes producer Lowell Bergman and top tobacco scientist Dr. Jeffrey Wigand, whose lives were shattered when they tried to blow the lid off the tobacco industry in a controversial interview. With Christopher Plummer as Mike Wallace. Directed by Michael Mann. (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R).

Julien Donkey-Boy—Harmony Korine's at it again—this time with a murderous, gold-toothed schizophrenic named Julien, who works with the blind. With Werner Herzog. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) CC Village East.

L'Ennui—The story of a middle-aged philosophy professor who is nearly driven to insanity by his desire for one of his students. In French with Eng-

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

lish subtitles. (2 hrs.; R) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Last Night—With six hours left here on earth before mass destruction, Sandra Oh, Sarah Polley, David Cronenberg, and Don McKellar (who also directed) find love and examine their fate. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Opens 11/5.*

Legend of 1900—Tim Roth stars in this gooey drama about a pianist who spends his life—his entire life—aboard an ocean liner. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Paris Theatre.*

★**The Limey**—Terence Stamp has a remarkable look here—whittled, with a shock of bright white hair and laser eyes. As Wilson, a career criminal from England in L.A. to avenge his daughter's murder, he's as implacably invincible as Lee Marvin was in *Point Blank*. The film itself isn't to that level: Director Steven Soderbergh and screenwriter Lem Dobbs are trying to cross deep-dish pulp noir with an art-house canapé. The film is too fancy for its own good. Peter Fonda co-stars as the record executive Wilson squares off with. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

★**Lucie Aubrac**—Set in 1943, Claude Berri's film is based on the true account of a woman in the French Resistance (Carole Bouquet) who engineered the liberation of her husband (Daniel Auteuil) during the German occupation. It's not a particularly artful piece of work, but the best parts have the dash of first-rate melodrama. (Rainer; 9/27/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Man of the Century—A funny, low-budget farce starring Gibson Frazier as a hard-boiled newsman straight out of the twenties—living in the nineties. (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Mickey Blue Eyes—Hugh Grant plays a New York art auctioneer who discovers that his fiancée (Jeanne Tripplehorn) is a Mafia princess in this wispy, occasionally funny mob spoof. (Rainer; 8/30/99) (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Music of the Heart—See Rainer, page 64. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea West; CC Crown Gotham; UA Criterion; Loews 84th Street; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

My Best Friend—Werner Herzog's compelling documentary about his turbulent relationship with his great friend and mortal enemy, actor Klaus Kinski. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Portraits Chinois—Helena Bonham Carter stars in this film about a group of artistic Parisians who fall in and out of love while trying to sort out the muddled details of their lives. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Opens 11/5.*

★**Princess Mononoke**—See Rainer, page 64. (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Punitive Damage—A documentary about the unusual lawsuit one New Zealand woman filed against the Indonesian government after her son was massacred in East Timor. (1 hr. 17 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Random Hearts—Harrison Ford plays an internal-affairs cop in Washington, D.C., and Kristin Scott Thomas is a Republican congresswoman in this thick shroud of a movie in which both learn that their respective spouses, who went down in a plane crash, were having an affair. Sydney Pollack, who directed, goes for the lugubrious at every turn, and there's a dismal subplot about corrupt police that wouldn't pass muster on most TV cop shows. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Romance—Catherine Breillat's latest is an explicit look at a schoolteacher who, rejected by her boyfriend, looks for love in all the wrong places, including her school principal's S&M lair. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; CC Sutton; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Rosetta—Winner of the Palme d'Or at Cannes, this

DENZEL WASHINGTON ANGELINA JOLIE

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of a brutal killer.
They must see as one,
they must act as one,
they must think as one,
before the next victim falls.



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Previews The Smoking Gun

For *'The Insider,'* director Michael Mann takes his highly stylized lens off cops and robbers and refocuses on a more corporate conflict. Based on Marie Brenner's 1996 *'Vanity Fair'* article "The Man Who Knew Too Much," the film stars Al Pacino (above right) and Russell Crowe (above left) as '60 Minutes' producer Lowell Bergman and former Brown & Williamson scientist Dr. Jeffrey Wigand, who both fought CBS and the tobacco industry in order to air a controversial interview in its full integrity. Opens November 5.

devastating and stark film stars newcomer Emilie Dequenne, who won the Best Actress award at the festival earlier this year for her portrayal of a desperate young Belgian girl who will stop at nothing to get, and keep, a job. In Belgian with English subtitles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) Opens 11/5 at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and the Quad.

***Run Lola Run**—Thirty-four-year-old German director Tom Tykwer has made a movie that really zips along. It recaps the same basic plot in three alternate ways. Lola's boyfriend, Manni (Moritz Bleibtreu), a low-level courier for a crime boss, accidentally loses his cash delivery and has twenty minutes to replace it or he's kaput. Lola, whose moped has just been stolen, whooshes into action like an Olympian, running around town in quest of cash. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center.

Same Old Song—A happy musical about a woman looking for an apartment. In French with English subtitles. (2 hrs.; NR) Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Show Me Love—Lukas Moodysson's funny coming-of-ager was originally titled *Fucking Amal*, referring to the small Swedish town where this story of two young lesbians unfolds. In Swedish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) Quad Cinema.

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) CC Village East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Sony Lincoln Square; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Astoria.

The Story of Us—Michelle Pfeiffer and Bruce Willis play a couple on the verge of a breakup after fifteen years of marriage. Director Rob Reiner fractures their relationship into flashbacks and flash-forwards; he has them speak into the camera and cuddle and holler and smile through tears. For a film which proudly proclaims that "there are no answers," it's awfully smug about knowing all the questions. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's

Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Bay-side; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Straight Story—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit an ailing, estranged brother is perhaps the greatest Hallmark Hall of Fame movie that Hallmark never made. It's sweet, and Farnsworth, and Sissy Spacek, playing his daughter, are very fine. But the film is also a bit thin: Lynch isn't really a resident of this calendar-art world of home truths and homilies—he's more like a tourist paying his respects. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas.

The Suburbans—The story of an eighties one-hit-wonder band attempting a comeback. Features Jennifer Love Hewitt in several strappy dresses. Only momentarily redeemed by a comedic cameo from Ben and Jerry Stiller. (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Sony Lincoln Square.

Superstar—SNL's Molly Shannon brings her awkward, finger-sniffing, Catholic-schoolgirl caricature Mary Katherine Gallagher to the big screen. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.

That's the Way I Like It—Set in Singapore during the disco invasion of 1977, a grocery-store stock boy exchanges his Bruce Lee idolatry for John Travolta. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) UA Union Square.

The Stand In—A young man gives up law school and comes to New York to pursue acting. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) The Screening Room.

Thicker Than Water—A violent street-crime story with Ice Cube. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) New Coliseum; Nova; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay.

***Three Kings**—Four soldiers—played by George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg, Spike Jonze and Ice Cube—go AWOL in search of stolen Kuwaiti gold bullion after the Gulf War and end up unlikely heroes. (Rainer; 10/4/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea West; UA Criterion; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Three to Tango—Neve Campbell, Matthew Perry, and Dylan McDermott in yet another fun young love triangle. Matthew Perry's character is not gay, but everyone thinks that he is. Not that there's anything wrong with that. With Oliver Platt. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CO Coronet; UA Criterion; UA East; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA MovieWorld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Train of Life—Yet another happy Holocaust movie. This one involves a village that buys a fake deportation train and fools the Nazis into thinking they are already on their way to a death camp. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) Opens 11/5.

West Beirut—Two 12-year-old boys play amid the despair, flirting with girls and shooting Super-8 films in the streets of Beirut at the outbreak of the civil war in 1975. In Lebanese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) The Screening Room.

The Winslow Boy—David Mamet adapts and directs the 1946 Terrence Rattigan warhorse about a boy who is unjustly expelled from the Admiralty's Naval College and how his well-to-do Victorian family sues the Crown and rallies to his defense. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) Art Greenwich Twin; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Women (Elles)—Five women face their turbulent forties. In French and Portuguese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) CC Eastside Playhouse.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97-101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) Guinevere; The Winslow Boy.

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *The Limey*; *Man of the Century*; *Princess Mononoke*; *Run Lola Run*; *The Straight Story*.

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland*; *Body Shots*; *Buena Vista Social Club*; *Crazy in Alabama*; *Julien Donkey-Boy*; *The Sixth Sense*; *Three to Tango*.

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Black Cat*; *White Cat*; *The Dinner Game*; *L'Ennui*; *Punitive Damage*.

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *The Story of Us*; *Superstar*.

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *American Movie*; *Cremaster 2*; *My Best Fiend*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *American Beauty*; *Being John Malkovich*; *Bringing Out the Dead*; *Double Jeopardy*; *Music of the Heart*; *Three Kings*.

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *La Ciudad*; *Lucie Aubrac*; *Romance*; *Show Me Love*.

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *The Beyond*; *Eyes Wide Shut*; *The Stand In*; *West Beirut*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Bats*; *The Best Man*; *Boys Don't Cry*; *Dreaming of Joseph Lees*; *Fight Club*; *Happy, Texas*; *The House on Haunted Hill*; *Legend of 1900*; *Random Hearts*; *The Story of Us*; *The Suburbans*; *That's the Way I Like it*.

14th-41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Crazy in Alabama; Fight Club; Three to Tango.*
Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Bats; Being John Malkovich; The Best Man; The House on Haunted Hill; The Story of Us; Three to Tango.*
Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Music of the Heart; Three Kings.*
Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty; Body Shots; Bringing Out the Dead; Crazy in Alabama; Double Jeopardy.*
Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *American Beauty; Bats; Being John Malkovich; The Best Man; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; The Story of Us; Three Kings.*

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Body Shots; The Sixth Sense; The Straight Story.*
CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Music of the Heart.*
CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Women.*
CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *The Grandfather; Romance.*
Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *The Dinner Game.*
Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *The Story of Us.*
CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Double Jeopardy; Three to Tango.*
CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Astronaut's Wife; Deep Blue Sea; Mickey Blue Eyes; The Muse; Stigmata; The 13th Warrior; The Thomas Crown Affair.*
Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Bringing Out the Dead.*
Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Superstar.*
Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Legend of 1900.*
UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *Bats; The Best Man; Blue Streak; Fight Club; Music of the Heart; The Sixth Sense; Three Kings; Three to Tango.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Body Shots; Fight Club; Music of the Heart; The Story of Us.*
Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *American Beauty.*
Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Bats; The Best Man; Fight Club; The Story of Us; Superstar.*
Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Bats; The Dinner Game.*
Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Bringing Out the Dead.*
Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Being John Malkovich; Three Kings.*
Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *American Beauty; The Best Man; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Random Hearts; Three Kings.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Three to Tango.*
UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Crazy in Alabama; The House on Haunted Hill; Random Hearts.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Fight Club.*
Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *American*



CHRIS O'DONNELL
RENÉE ZELLWEGER

THE BACHELOR

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Previews Working Girl

Playing the muddled, destitute, and sporadically employed teenage girl in the title role of Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne's *Rosetta* was physically and emotionally exhausting for 17-year-old newcomer Emilie Dequenne (pictured above). But her many hours of huffing through the muddy woods and overcast streets of Belgium in wool tights and galoshes paid off at Cannes, where the film won the Palme d'Or and Dequenne shared the prize for Best Actress. Starts November 5.

Beauty; The Dinner Game.

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Boys Don't Cry; Buena Vista Social Club; Earth; L'Ennui; Lucie Aubrac; Same Old Song.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *The Best Man; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart; The Story of Us; Three to Tango.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Thicker Than Water.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Thicker Than Water.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *American Beauty; Bats; Being John Malkovich; Bringing Out the Dead; Crazy in Alabama; The Limey; Princess Mononoke; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; The Straight Story; The Suburbans; Three Kings.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Bats; The Best Man; Blue Streak; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; Random Hearts; The Story of Us; Superstar; Three Kings; Three to Tango.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Bats; The Best Man; Blue Streak; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Sixth Sense; Thicker Than Water.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Bats; The Best Man; Blue Streak; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The*

House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart; The Sixth Sense; Superstar; Thicker Than Water; Three Kings.

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *American Beauty; Buena Vista Social Club; Romance; The Straight Story.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *The Best Man; The House on Haunted Hill; Thicker Than Water.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *Boys Don't Cry; The Limey; Music of the Heart; The Story of Us; Three Kings.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Bats; Bringing Out the Dead; The House on Haunted Hill.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Bats; The Best Man; Blue Streak; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart; Random Hearts; Superstar; Thicker Than Water; Three Kings.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *American Beauty; The Best Man; Boys Don't Cry; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart; Superstar; Three to Tango.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Bats; The Best Man; Bringing Out the Dead; The House on Haunted Hill; Thicker Than Water.*

UA Marlboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Bringing Out the Dead; Fight Club; Su-*

perstar; Three to Tango.

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *American Beauty; Bats; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; The Story of Us; Three Kings.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Bats; Bringing Out the Dead; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart; The Story of Us.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Body Shots; Boys Don't Cry; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; Music of the Heart.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Bats; The Best Man; Blue Streak; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; The Sixth Sense; The Story of Us; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Bats; The House on Haunted Hill; Thicker Than Water.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Bats; Body Shots; Bringing Out the Dead; Crazy in Alabama; Fight Club; Music of the Heart; Random Hearts; The Story of Us; Superstar; Thicker Than Water; Three to Tango.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *Crazy in Alabama; Lucie Aubrac; The Sixth Sense; Superstar; The Winslow Boy.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; The Story of Us; Three to Tango.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Double Jeopardy.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Bats; The House on Haunted Hill.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (718-777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *The Best Man; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; The Sixth Sense; Three Kings.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Bats; Random Hearts.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *The Best Man; Fight Club; Thicker Than Water.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Bats; Bringing Out the Dead; Double Jeopardy; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart; Superstar; Three to Tango.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *American Beauty; The Best Man; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; The Limey; The Story of Us; The Straight Story; Three Kings; Three to Tango.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; Music of the Heart; The Story of Us.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Bats; Crazy in Alabama; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The House on Haunted Hill; Music of the Heart; The Story of Us; Three to Tango.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *The Adventures of Elmo*

in *GrouchoLand*; *American Beauty*; *Bats*; *Bringing Out the Dead*; *Double Jeopardy*; *Fight Club*; *The House on Haunted Hill*; *Music of the Heart*; *The Story of Us*; *Superstar*; *Three to Tango*.

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Bats*; *Double Jeopardy*; *The House on Haunted Hill*; *Music of the Heart*; *The Story of Us*.

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *The Adventures of Elmo in GrouchoLand*; *American Beauty*; *Bats*; *The Best Man*; *Body Shots*; *Bringing Out the Dead*; *Crazy in Alabama*; *Double Jeopardy*; *Fight Club*; *The House on Haunted Hill*; *Music of the Heart*; *Random Hearts*; *The Story of Us*; *Superstar*; *Three Kings*; *Three to Tango*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Evening Screenings" every Wednesday through Sunday: *La Ciudad* (The City). 11/6: *A Bill of Divorcement* (1932); *Alice Adams* (1935); *Sylvia Scarlett* (1935). 11/7: *Stage Door* (1937); *Bringing Up Baby* (1938). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, \$4.50-\$8.50. Members and children under 4 free. 11/8: A special advance screening of *Mansfield Park* followed by a discussion with director Patricia Rozema and composer Lesley Barber at the Directors' Guild of America Theater, 110 W. 57th St., Manhattan. Tickets for this event will be \$12 for the general public, \$8 for members.

Anthology Film Archives—11/3: "New Filmmakers" shorts: *The Call*; *Bruce*; *Silent*; *Because Menz Is Menz*. Feature: *The Life Jacket Is Under Your Seat*. Also on 11/2: "New Selections From the Filmmakers' Cooperative." 11/4-11/7: *Stalker* (1979). 11/5: *The Sacrifice* (1986). 11/6: *Andrei Rublev* (1966).

11/4-11/7: "Selections From the Montreal International Film Festival of Films on Art." 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); \$8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—Mondays through 1/10: "Frank Capra: A Vision of the 30s." 11/1: *Dirigible* (1931). 11/8: *Platinum Blonde* (1931). 11/2-11/12: "Bo Widerberg Retrospective." 11/2: *The Pram* (1963). 11/3: *Raven's End* (1963). 11/4: *Love 65* (1965). 11/5: *The Adalen Riots* (1969). 11/6: *Elvira Madigan* (1967). 11/7: *All Things Fair* (1995). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn; 718-623-2770.

Cinema Classics—11/2: *The Women* (1939). 11/3-11/5: *Betty Blue, the Director's Cut* (1986). \$5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 212-675-6692 for info.

Film Forum—Through 11/2: *North by Northwest* (1959). 11/3-11/11: *The Lady Vanishes* (1938) and *The 39 Steps* (1935). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); \$9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—11/4: *Passion* (1982). 11/5-11/6: "Golden Silents From NYU." 11/6-11/7: "Movies for Kids" *Pippi Longstocking*. 11/8: *Viva Villa!* (1934); *Scarface* (1932). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); regular screenings \$8.50-\$15; "Movies for Kids" \$3.

Ocularis—11/7: *Accatone* (1961). 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg (718-388-8713). \$7.

IMAX—*Siegfried & Roy: The Magic Box*; *L5—First City in Space*; *Across the Sea of Time*; *T-Rex: Back to the Crustaceo*; *Encounters in 3-D*. 1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638).

The Screening Room—Fridays and Saturdays at midnight: *Disco Dolls in Hot Skin* (XXX in 3-D). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Sunday afternoons beginning 11/7: *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*. Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); \$9 (\$6 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—11/6-11/7: *Tout Va Bien* (1972). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); \$6 members, \$7 nonmembers.

Burns continued from page 56

chronic problem for feminism.

K.B.: Absolutely. The word itself went out, because it wasn't sexy. But what could be more sexy than "claiming your birthright to self-sovereignty," as Stanton would say? There could be nothing more desirable, it would seem to me, than a free and independent woman.

No matter how much women prefer to lean, to be protected and supported, nor how much men prefer to have them do so, they must make the voyage of life alone, and for safety in an emergency, they must know something of the laws of navigation. . . . The talk of sheltering women from the fierce storms of life is sheerest mockery, for they beat on her from every point of the compass, just as they do on man, to resist, to conquer. . . . Whatever the theories may be of woman's dependence on man, in the supreme moments of her life he cannot bear her burdens. . . . [In] the tragedies and triumphs of human experience each mortal stands alone.

—Elizabeth Cady Stanton, "The Solitude of Self," 1892

A.L.: Really, we could say that it was actually a woman who cast the final vote for the Nineteenth Amendment and brought Stanton and Anthony's work on suffrage to fruition—I mean Harry Burn's mother.

K.B.: There is no more dramatic story in American history than this: the passage of an amendment which requires a certain vote in the House and the Senate, then has to go to the states for ratification by two thirds of the votes. It comes down to the last state, it comes down to the last day and the last vote, and it is tied to a guy—Harry Burn—who's heretofore given the impression he's not going to vote for suffrage, which will send this issue back into the ages. But he votes for it because his mother tells him to.

Dear son . . . Vote for suffrage and don't keep them in doubt. I notice some of the speeches against. They were very bitter. I have been watching to see how you stood, but have not seen anything yet. Don't forget to be a good boy. . . . With lots of love, Mama.

—Phoebe "Febb" Burn

K.B.: You couldn't make this up. If you sent it to a Hollywood producer you'd have to change it because it's too improbable. There but for Mrs. Burn . . .

A.L.: Who knows?

K.B.: Who knows.

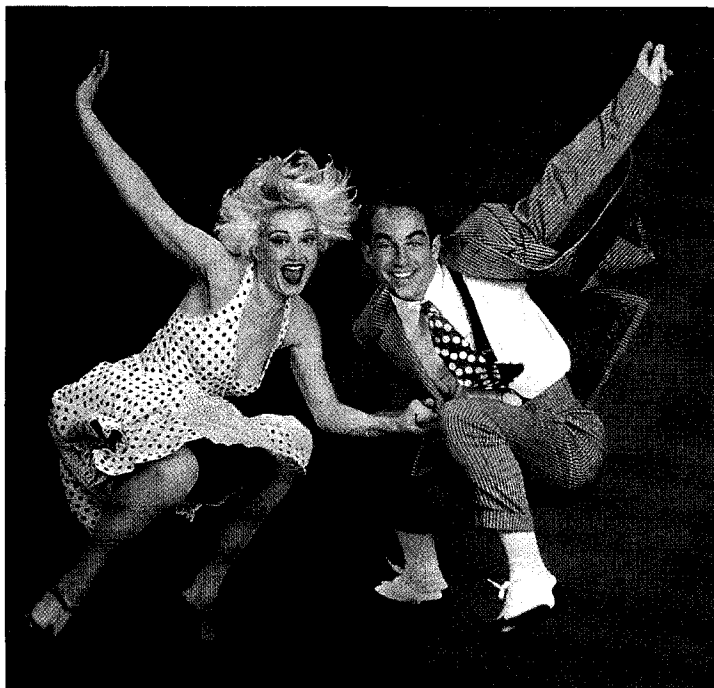


Festival May the Shorts Be With You

Among the 76 entries in the third annual "Shorts International Film Festival" is 'George Lucas in Love' (pictured), a nine-minute spoof about how the director cured his writer's block with the help of a pretty bun-haired girl; a diminutive, enigmatic professor; and an evil, asthmatic neighbor. The three-day festival starts November 8 at Sony Lincoln Square. (Call 212-343-9598 for information and show times.)

theater

Swing! ... Fuddy Meers ... Sail Away



Previews Jump, Jive, and Wail

The swing-dancing craze didn't end with the Squirrel Nut Zippers and Gap commercials. Caitlin Carter (above, left) and Scott Fowler leap back into the mix on Broadway, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in 'Swing!' previewing November 2. (See "Broadway.")

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie will interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play *Taming of the Shrew's* Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical—for a generation obsessed with the backstage canoodling of celluloid Shakespeareans like Paltrow and DiCaprio. \$25-\$80. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 11/18 opening. *Martin Beck Theatre*, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Marie Christine—In Michael John LaChiusa's anticipated new musical, Audra McDonald plays a woman who falls in love with a sea captain (Anthony Crivello) against the twin backdrops of late-nineteenth-century New Orleans and Chicago. \$40-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/2 opening. *Vivian Beaumont*

Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. \$25-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/15 opening. *Royale Theatre*, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Putting It Together—The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hurn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford will replace Burnett on Tuesdays starting Dec. 7. Directed by Eric D. Schaeffer, with musical staging by Bob Avian and costumes by Bob Mackie. \$40-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/21 opening. *Barrymore Theatre*, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Rainmaker—Once the dopey farm boy of *Cheers*, Woody Harrelson returns to a parched farm in this revival of N. Richard Nash's family drama. Also starring Jayne Atkinson. Directed by Scott Ellis. \$40-\$65. Tues.-Sun. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 11/11 opening. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre*, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).

Swing!—The swinging spectacle, directed by

Lynne Taylor-Corbett and starring Caitlin Carter and Scott Fowler. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 11/2 for a 12/9 opening. *St. James Theatre*, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Now Playing

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. \$35-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre*, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the

writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan. Vance Avery plays the M.C. until Michael Hall returns on 11/30. \$25-\$85. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54*, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. \$40-\$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theatre*, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Sandy Duncan and the ravishing Ruthie Henshall. \$20-\$80. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert*, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. He is a great improviser who plays with his audience as if it were a beach ball. We have here a master/mistress of movement and facial expression whose silences are as funny as the words. Edna also sings and dances, backed up by a pianist doubling as Polaroid photographer and the Ednaettes, two attractive dancers. (Simon: 11/1/99.) \$45-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre*, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naive optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. He is a bull slowly wrestled down in some terrible tautomachy. (Simon: 2/22/99.) \$45-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 11/7. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre*, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Epic Proportions—The boop-a-doop cutie, Kristin Chenoweth, gets her own vehicle in this comedy about old-time Hollywood filmmaking. \$45-\$65. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Helen Hayes Theatre*, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maximalist adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. \$20-\$75. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre*, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. \$65-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre*, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. \$35-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador Theatre*, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. \$45-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre*, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Kat and the Kings—The Olivier Award-winning musical about an all-black doo-wop group's struggle for recognition in South Africa during the fifties. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre*, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsisizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$20-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater*, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) \$20-\$80. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater*, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Miss Saigon—The long-running reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. \$20-\$80. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. \$20-\$80. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater*, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one WASP—and an assortment of historical characters. \$60-\$85. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts*, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. \$35-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater*, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! Hits by the Bee Gees! \$30-\$80. Tues.-Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre*, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).

The Scarlet Pimpernel—Frank Wildhorn's celebration of romance, fabric, and the guillotine returns, after a wee summer hiatus. \$45-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre*, 250 W. 52nd St. (212-307-4100).

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$65-\$75. Through 1/16/00. *At the Virginia Theatre*, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-

6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence, Conor McPherson. \$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre*, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dinner With Friends—Donald Margulies's new drama of divorce and fine dining. In previews for a 11/4 opening. \$25-\$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre*, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

Eclipsed—Based on true stories, penitent women are exploited by a convent that forces them to do the laundry for redemption. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre*, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

Fuddy Meers—A new comedy by a rising star, playwright David Lindsay-Abaire, in which a woman struggles with her failing memory. Featuring a stable of talented actors, including J. Smith Cameron and Mark McKinney (of *Kids in the Hall* fame). \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30. Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/2 opening. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center*, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Ghosts—Henrik Ibsen's family tragedy, featuring Kathleen Garrett. Directed by J. C. Compton. \$25. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 8. Previews 11/3 for an 11/7 opening. *Century Center Ballroom Theatre*, 111 E. 15 St. (212-279-4200).

A Huey P. Newton Story—Roger Guenveur Smith's one-man show about the life of the Black Panther leader, presented by 651 Arts. \$20-\$25. 11/5 and 11/6 at 8. *BAM Harvey Theater*, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).

Maybe Baby, It's You—After their successful run at the Currican Theatre earlier this summer, playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. \$35-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 6. In previews for an 11/9 opening. *SoHo Playhouse*, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

Morning, Noon and Night—Spalding Gray (*Swimming to Cambodia* and *Monster in a Box*) explores a day with his beloved family. \$25-\$45. Sun. and Mon. at 8. In previews for an 11/8 opening. *Vivian Beaumont Theater*, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Sail Away—Noël Coward's musical, starring Broadway veteran Elaine Stritch. \$61. Runs 11/3-11/13. Call for schedule. *Carnegie Hall*, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800).

Sky Woman Festival—A festival of Native American women's theater, featuring *Moonlodge*, a one-woman show by Margo Kane, poetry, and readings. \$12. Call for schedule. Runs 11/3-11/21. *Henry Street Settlement*, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).

Squonk—Props, puppetry, and percussion for the premiere of the East Village's newest theater. \$20-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opens 11/9. *Bleecker East Theatre*, 49 Bleecker St. (212-239-6200).

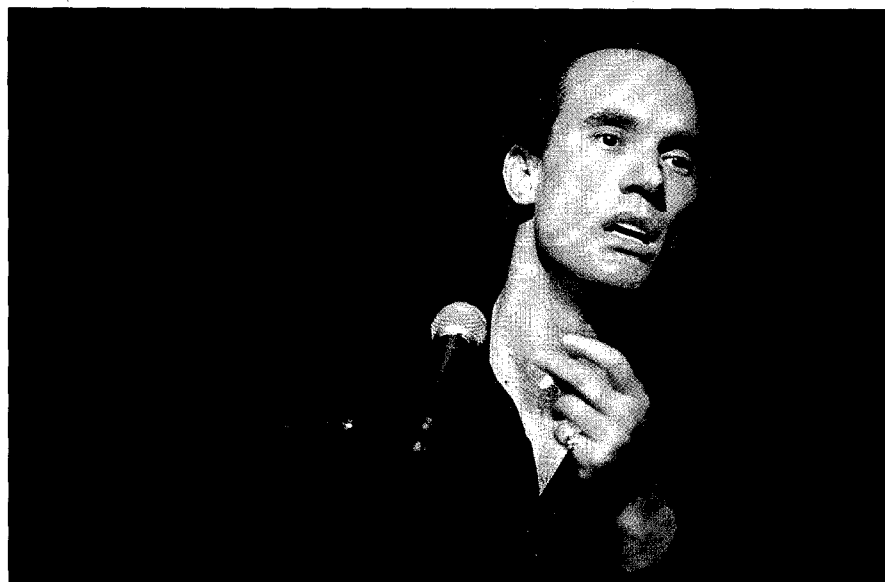
Uncle Jack—Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* with a West Virginia drawl. Gerald Anthony stars in this Worth Street adaptation. \$25-\$35. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/8 opening. *Tribeca Playhouse*, 111 Reade St. (212-604-4195).

Now Playing

Amperсанд—Riverside Stage Company presents a bizarre comedy named after a squiggly symbol. \$32.50. Through 11/7. Thurs.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Chelsea Playhouse*, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-279-4200).

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family returns to Lincoln Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. This is a reading only, so most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. \$45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater*, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Avenue A—A revival of David Steen's noirish drama about despair in the big city. \$30.



Opening Seize the Days

The Black Panthers provoked nearly as much debate after their demise as they did during their violence-marred roller-coaster ride through the late sixties. Nevertheless, when Roger Guenveur Smith's one-man show, "A Huey P. Newton Story," opened at the Public Theater in 1997, it won nearly unanimous raves for its portrait of the leader in all his political brilliance, peculiar habits, and revolutionary bluster. Smith (pictured) will channel Newton again, for two shows at BAM, November 5 and 6. (See "Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

Opening Pure Gibberish

"This is the worst play I've ever seen!" an older lady with tears streaming down her cheeks cried at the intermission of a recent preview performance of David Lindsay-Abaire's *Fuddy Meers*. "It's so awful—I love it!" Lindsay-Abaire, who describes himself as an author of "over-the-top, surreal, absurd, insane stuff" admits that he's already "surprised a few of the subscribers" at the Manhattan Theater Club. His new play features an amnesiac mother (J. Smith-Cameron, pictured left); a claustrophobic ex-con at the mercy of his foul-mouthed puppet (Mark McKinney, of *The Kids in the Hall*); and a deranged fugitive with a mangled ear, a limp, and a lisp (Patrick Breen). Lindsay-Abaire hopes that these freaks will allow the audience to look at the world through



fun-house mirrors, or, as the play's stroke victim (Marylouise Burke, pictured right), says, "fuddy meers." Lindsay-Abaire says that he identifies with his characters: "To me, this world is this insane, crazy place filled with these insane, crazy people, so to me it's funny and a little unsettling, but not necessarily unrealistic—just reality amped up a

bit." Recently, Janeane Garofalo tapped the 29-year-old to write a play for her Off Broadway debut next year, but the young playwright seems most amazed by the simple spectacle of his first big production at the MTC. "The idea that there are 35 people running around working on this thing that you made up is just stunning," he revels. "I mean, this is the first show I've had where people weren't wearing their own clothes on stage, you know? It's exciting." As his stroke-stricken woman says, *Dashen dunder-mince-tate*. (That's an understatement.) (See "Off Broadway.")

LOGAN HILL

Thurs.—Mon. at 8. 29th Street Rep Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. (212-465-0575).

Barefoot Boy With Shoes On—A new play by Edwin Sanchez about a Hispanic man, his family, and their attempts to make it out of the SRO where they live. \$35. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. \$45–\$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Boys—Two Chelsea roommates meet a new man. \$30. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/13. Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (212-532-8887).

Chesapeake—Lee Blessing's new comedy about the quest of an NEA-funded performance artist to fell his right-wing enemies. \$47.50. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).

The Clearing—Six years after its London premiere, Helen Edmundson's play arrives here in a modest but chiseled Blue Light Theater production well worth the wait. This is a traditionalist historical play in the manner of Miller and Sartre, smartly conceived, carefully crafted, and speaking a universal language. Covering three years (1652–1655) in County Kildare, Ireland, it tells of the English settler Robert Preston and his Irish wife, Madeleine; of their darling little boy (unseen throughout); and of their friends and neighbors Solomon and Susaneh Winter, an older English couple. (Simon: 10/25/99.) \$30. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 5. Through 10/31. McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little

there is of play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. A somewhat spotty evening, then, whose highlights, however, are high indeed. (Simon: 10/25/99.) \$60. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. \$35–\$45. Tues.—Fri. at 8; Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

The Country Club—This play about Wasps in their late twenties who hang out in the Cub Room of a provincial Pennsylvania country club is both funny and moving, devilishly well observed, and niftily constructed. (Simon: 10/4/99.) Jessica Stone has replaced Amy Sedaris. \$30. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Through 12/18. Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their coming-of-age story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. \$45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-799-4599).

Cranes—The New Group's founding director Scott Elliott directs this play about estranged Russian couples living in Baton Rouge. \$20–\$35. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened on 10/20. Theatre @ St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-

4200).

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. \$37.50–\$45. Tues.—Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Dead—A musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book; Jack Hofsis directs. \$50. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

The Exact Center of the Universe—If you're in the mood for a delightful, old-fashioned, well-made play, look no further than this one by Joan Vail Thorne. It concerns one of those prim yet feisty southern matrons, Vada Love Powell, and her middle-aged son Apple, whom she just about turned into a sissy, until he meets two extraordinary young women. As Vada, Frances Sternhagen is good enough to eat. (Simon: 4/19/99.) \$17.50–\$47.50. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

An Experiment With an Air Pump—Shelagh Stephenson's drama (unrelated to Reebok's next prototype shoe), presents two scientific families on the cusps of new centuries. Presented by the Manhattan Theatre Club. \$50. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. \$45–\$47.50. Mon. and Wed.—Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).

The Gathering—Theodore Bikel stars in this new play, set during the Reagan era in both the United States and Germany, about a family in conflict over its national duties. Written by Arje Shaw; presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. \$40–\$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 3. Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-239-6200).

Give Me Your Answer, Do!—The Roundabout presents the New York premiere of Brian Friel's most recent play, about the rivalries between two writers—one with success and no self-respect, the other with self-respect and no success. Eight names shine over the marquee, including players Kate Burton, Michael Emerson, John Glover, and Joel Grey. \$55. Tues.—Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).

Gum—Daphne Rubin-Vega, Tony-nominated for originating the steamy role of Mimi in *Rent*, is cast as a young, veiled Indian woman who discovers gum and other earthly delights that are shunned in her community. \$10–\$35. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat and Sun. at 3. Women's Project & Productions Theatre, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical. Ally Sheedy now plays the title character. \$19.99–\$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).

Henry V—Brad Raider stars in this Band of Brothers production, directed by Laura Wessely. \$20. Mon., Wed.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 8. Mazer Theatre, 197 E. Broadway (212-479-8443).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. \$49.50–\$52.50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

The Jazz Singer—Did you say "My Mammy"? A new musical version of the story Al Jolson made famous, presented by the Jewish Rep. \$35.

Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Playhouse 91*, 316 E. 91st St. (212-831-2000).

Keep Bangin'—Soft-shoe-shufflin' Savion Glover directs the talented bucket drummers of *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk*. \$20-\$40. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre*, 115 Macdougall St. (212-239-6200).

Look Back in Anger—Jo Bonney's production of John Osborne's definitive "angry young man" drama from 1954. \$25-\$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 11/14. *Classic Stage Company*, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. \$45-\$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse*, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).

Now Hear This!—Kathy Buckley, who describes herself as "America's first hearing impaired comedienne," presents her one-woman show. \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*, about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. \$47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre*, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

The Passion of Frida Kahlo—Priscilla López (*A Day in Hollywood, A Night in the Ukraine*) plays the artist Kahlo in Dolores Sandler's much-praised play. \$45. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Arclight Theatre*, 152 W. 71st St. (212-307-4100).

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. (Simon: 12/15/97.) \$20-\$55; optional dinner ninety minutes before curtain. Mon. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs.-Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre*, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Splendor—A musical revival, in which a Southern-belle-impersonator joins a pastor and a strange man in a town with a splendid name. \$30. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2. *Show World*, 303 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Stars in Your Eyes—With an assist from the Man in the Moon, six lost souls find love and clarity in this Kennedy-era musical by Chip Meyrelles. A cast of Broadway vets stars. \$49.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre*, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

Steam—Two new femme-friendly plays that take place in steam rooms: *Some Bodies* by Gail Noppe-Brandon and *The Door* by Susan Kim. \$12. Wed.-Sun. at 8. *Blue Heron Arts Center*, 121 E. 24th St. (212-841-0370).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show. \$24.50-\$49.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum*, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (212-477-2477).

Thwak—"We are bringing mime into the new millennium," proclaims one of the hilarious, kinetic Australian Umbilical Brothers, "And how are we doing it? With sound." \$15-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre*, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).

The Trial of One Short-Sighted Black Woman vs. Mammy Louise and Saffreeta Mae—Barbara Montgomery stars in this comedic drama about black professional women who engage outlandish, outdated stereotypes of mammies. \$25. Wed.-Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Henry Street Settlement*, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. \$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

The Water Engine/Mr. Happiness—The Atlantic Theatre Company kicks off its Mamet retrospective with these two one-acts. Bob Balaban, always a pleasure, plays the title role of the latter. Karen Kohlhas directs. \$35-\$40. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2



Opening Back in Port

To celebrate Noël Coward's one-hundredth birthday, 'Sail Away' will be staged for the first time in New York since its 1961 Broadway debut. Veteran showstopper Elaine Stritch (pictured above with Sir Noël in '61) will reprise her role as the frazzled cruise director Mimi Paragon. (See "Off Broadway.")

and 8, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theatre*, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Judith Light. \$35-\$49.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre*, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Off-Off Broadway

Actor Found Dead—Charles Messina's new play based on the life of James Hayden, the actor who overdosed and died after playing a junkie onstage in *American Buffalo*. \$12. Through 11/14. *John Houseman Studio Theatre Too*, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-252-6910).

The Citadel—Two hospital patients—one straight, one gay—bond in Phil Geoffrey Bond's new play. \$12. Wed.-Sat. at 7. *Expanded Arts*, 85 Ludlow St. (212-253-1813).

Daniel Pelican—A tale based on the life of disturbed yachtsman Donald Crowhurst and his failed round-the-world P.R. stunt. Actors dramatize Crowhurst's aquatic devolution on an actual ship. \$12. Thurs.-Sat. at 8. Runs 11/4-11/20. *Frying Pan*, docked at Pier 63, at 23rd St. and Twelfth Ave. (718-388-7834).

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation

of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. \$25. Thurs.-Sat. at 8 and 10:30. Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo*, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Goner—Brian Parks, the author of *Americana Absurdum*, one of last year's most praised productions, mixes conspiracy theories, medicine, and documentary filmmaking. \$12. Wed.-Sat. at 8. Through 11/6. *Present Company Theatorium*, 198 Stanton St. (212-420-8877).

I Love Dick—Chris Kraus stalked cultural studies guru Dick Hebdige for longer than he would have liked and spun off a mildly successful geeked-out novel. Now the book has spawned a play, and the media-savvy scholar is still baffled. \$20. Thurs.-Sun. at 8. Opens 11/3. Through 11/28. *Mabou Mines at P.S. 122*, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (212-477-5288).

Lola Montez in Bavaria—Satyrs and the Ludwig II are seduced by Montez, creator of the "spider dance," in this semi-historical exploit. Directed by John Jahnke. \$12. Fri.-Sun. at 7. Through 11/21. *HERE*, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202).

Morning Milking Evening Milking—Jim Farmer's new play presents a family crisis on a 1950's Louisiana plantation. Wed.-Sat. at 8. Sun. at 3 and 7. Runs 11/3-11/21. *Irish Arts Center*, 553 W. 51st St. (212-349-6619).

North Atlantic—Willem Dafoe, Kate Valk, and other Wooster Group conspirators rework this multimedia piece about the U.S. in the Reagan eighties. Elizabeth LeCompte directs. \$25. Call for schedule. Through 11/21. *Performing Garage*, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).

Plagues for Our Time—A sixteen-person a cappella ensemble sings ten operatic tunes of Old Testament destruction, warped through a bizarre lens to include pet food, subways, and shopping malls. \$15-\$20. Thurs.-Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *La MaMa E.T.C.*, 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

Showy Lady Slipper—The perfect happiness of three gabbling girls is ruined by the arrival of (gasp) a boyfriend, in director Richard Maxwell's newest play. \$15. Thurs.-Sun. at 7:30. Through 11/14. *P.S. 122*, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (212-477-5288).

Simply Barbra—Steven Brinberg channels Streisand. \$22.50. Previews begin 11/5 for an 11/8 opening. Call for schedule. *Blue Heron Arts Center*, 121 E. 24th St. (212-841-0370).

Them—An alcoholic, homicidal Lisa Kudrow-worshiper meets a gaggle of freaks and a god who impersonates Lauren Bacall. By Jess Cagle. \$15. Wed.-Thurs. at 7. *HERE*, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202).

Travesties—Tom Stoppard revised his 1974 Tony Award-winning play in 1993 to tie it to the breakup of the Soviet Union, but he kept in the perfect line, "To lose one revolution is unfortunate. To lose two would look like carelessness!" Directed by Steven Keim. \$12-\$15. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Sanford Meisner Theatre*, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. (212-924-8699).

Vick's Boy—Ben Bettenbender's new comedy about the various nefarious goings-on at a young, cut-throat law firm. Directed by Bob Balaban; presented by Rattlestick Productions. \$25. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 11/31. *Theatre Off Park*, 224 Waverly Pl. (212-627-2556).

Wound of Love/Sunflower—Evan Pappas stars in Kathryn Grant's play about a musician who must take care of her sick roommate. Elizabeth Perry's one-woman show about the life of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. \$12. Wed.-Sat. at 8. *John Houseman Studio Theatre*, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-479-8513).

art

Artists' Books...Hamill on Rivera...Richard Patterson

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Wallace Berman/Robert Watts—Work from the sixties and early seventies by two artists who explored the dark side of Pop; through 12/10. Roth Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. (212-717-9067).

Erwin Blumenfeld—Collages made in Amsterdam between 1916 and 1934 by the photographer, who later become known for his fashion work for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*; through 12/23. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

Varujan Boghosian—Recent construction pieces that draw on the artist's interest in nineteenth-century American art, life, and literature; through 11/20. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

Lee Bontecou—Wall reliefs made between 1958 and 1972; through 11/24. Castelli, 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Arthur Wesley Dow—More than 60 color wood-block prints and the blocks from which they printed, as well as photographs and related paintings by the Massachusetts-born artist and teacher (1857-1922); through 11/20. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810).

Marcel Duchamp—An exhibition curated by Francis Naumann of examples of the artist's replicated work, from regular and deluxe editions of *The Green Box* to various versions of *Boîte à valise*, his famous portable museum; through 1/15/00. Moeller, 167 E. 73rd St. (212-988-4500).

Istvan Farkas—A survey of paintings and works on paper by the Hungarian artist (1887-1944), who was a member of the Ecole de Paris and whose work has not been exhibited in the U.S. since 1930; through 3/31/00. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (212-327-0441).

Damien Hirst—Thirteen screen prints on paper from his series "The Last Supper"; through 11/30. Magidson, 41 E. 78th St. (212-288-0666).

John Marin—Watercolors of Mt. Desert Island, Maine, painted in 1922; through 11/20. York, 21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155).

Diego Rivera—Works on paper by the Mexican artist that were gathered from private collections, among them his studies for murals; through 11/13. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-2213).

Giulio Romano—The first American solo exhibition of works by the sixteenth-century Italian artist, including prints and 45 original drawings; through 12/27. Leubsdorf, Hunter College West Building, SW corner of 68th St. and Lexington Ave. (212-772-4991).

Saul Steinberg—Drawings and mixed-media constructions spanning the early fifties through the eighties; through 12/18. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338).

John Wonnacott/Arthur Wesley Dow—Paintings of landscapes and interiors characterized by distortion and a wide-angle perspective, by the British artist/Color woodcuts and photographs made by the artist (1857-1922) after he returned from Paris to his native Massachusetts. Through 11/20. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Talent Toy Story

Is it a David Levinthal photograph? A never-before-revealed collaboration between Francis Bacon and Audrey Flack? No—but British artist Richard Patterson does mix figurines, angst, and photorealism in paintings based on his own photographs of toy soldiers distorted with paint. At James Cohan Gallery, 41 West 57th Street; through November 27.

57th Street Area

Balthus—The first U.S. survey of the Polish-descended artist's paintings and works on paper in more than fifteen years, including landscapes, portraits, still-lifes, interiors, and urban scenes; through 11/13. Beadleston, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-581-7544).

Stephen De Staebler—A survey of the artist's bronze and clay sculptures from the eighties, many of which depict an elongated figure; through 11/20. Franklin Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (212-246-5380).

Edgar Degas—Bronze sculptures of horses, dancers, and bathers, and works on paper; through 12/4. Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-5135).

Zebedee Jones—Large monochromatic paintings whose layered surfaces of paint extend beyond the perimeter of the canvas; through 11/27. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227).

Ellsworth Kelly—Lithographs of plant forms made between 1973 and 1997; through 12/4. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

Morris Louis—Classic paintings from the artist's "Stripe," "Veil," "Floral," and "Unfurled" series; through 12/4. Ameringer/Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (212-935-1110).

Richard Patterson—New paintings based on the artist's photographs of three-dimensional toy soldiers he has painted to conceal or distort their original forms; through 11/27. Cohan, 41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171).

Michele Zalopany—Large-scale pastel paintings based on vintage photographs; through 11/27. American Associated Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (212-399-5510).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Richard Artschwager—New paintings of imaginary landscapes and portraits set in the artist's signature frames; through 12/18. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Chuck Connelly—Recent paintings that feature words and phrases related to their narratives; through 12/4. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Gordon Matta-Clark—Works from the early seventies that involve recycling of materials and objects; through 12/24. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (212-966-4952).

Lucas Reiner/John Clement—Abstract paintings with words such as *sunset* or *Hollywood motels* embedded in their surfaces/Wall-mounted sculptures of steel and aluminum piping. Through 11/20. Collins, 83 Grand St. (212-226-1861).

Julie Roberts—A site-specific installation of a room whose walls are painted in tapestry

patterns of exotic birds and flowers, and paintings based on various characters from European and art history; through 12/4. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

Kiki Smith—A series of installations based on historic female figures from mythology and literature; through 11/27. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (212-431-9224).

Marcel Wanders—A fairy-tale environment that incorporates the Dutch designer's objects made from common materials, among them his "knotted chair" made of rope; through 12/1. Taylor/TZ'Art, 470 Broome St. (212-966-9059).

Chelsea

René Pierre Allain/Gerry Bergstein—Wall-mounted steel plates whose surfaces are worked with metal-blackening solution and graphite to create painterly effects that shift according to the light and the viewer's vantage point/Paintings that juxtapose myriad styles, techniques, and images. Through 11/27. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-1600).

Karel Appel—Large abstract paintings loosely based on forms of trees; through 12/4. Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662).

Photograph courtesy James Cohan Gallery.

Tracy Baran—Photographs depicting raw, sexually charged situations; through 11/27. Liebman Magman, 552 W. 24th St. (212-255-3225).

Uta Barth—Photographs from the artist's "Nowhere Near" series, whose central subject is a window in the artist's house; through 11/27. Bonakdar Janco, 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

Lynda Benglis/Wols—New sculptures cast in aluminum, bronze, and glass whose forms suggest tangled masses of thick, irregular cords or filaments/Photographs of food and household objects taken in the thirties. Through 11/13. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727).

Oliver Boberg—Color photographs of urban architecture; through 11/27. Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

Marco Brambilla—A video installation in which four TV monitors present footage of passengers making their way through U.S. customs into the arrival hall at John F. Kennedy Airport; through 11/27. Urbach Architecture, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-627-0974).

John Currin/Vibeke Tandberg—Paintings of nudes, wanderers, and domestic scenes/Digital photographic montages. Through 11/27. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Carroll Dunham—Paintings incorporating artist's signature psycho-animated narratives and the characters; through 11/26. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Rodney Graham—Works made between 1983 and 1998; through 11/30. Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. (212-462-2662).

Mona Hatoum—New sculptures that take the form of furniture and cages; through 12/4. Alexander and Bonini, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Nicky Hoberman/Chantal Joffe—Works by two British figurative painters; through 11/27. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0065).

Jacqueline Humphries—Paintings conveying abstract and minimalist ideas; through 11/27. Greene Nafali, 526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770).

Alex Katz—Early ink sketches, landscape watercolors, and collages that prefigure the artist's later work; through 11/24. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

Sherrie Levine and Joost van Oss—Collaborative sculptures consisting of steel units arranged in grids; through 12/4. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Timothy Litzmann—Abstract acrylic paintings on cast acrylic; through 11/27. Thatcher Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (212-675-0222).

Fabian Marcaccio—An interior-exterior painting installation; through 12/23. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8372).

Antonio Murado—Recent abstract paintings; through 11/20. Schoormans, 508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

David Reed—Recent large-scale paintings; through 11/27. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6999).

David Row—New abstract paintings; through 11/27. Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Jan Schoonhoven—Drawings, monochrome reliefs, and other media incorporating geometric patterns and grid motifs; through 11/27. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Sandi Stone—New abstract paintings and a floor painting installation; through 12/23. Cristinorese, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-0297).

John Wesley—New paintings of male and female figures; through 12/4. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6655).

Rachel Whiteread—New sculptures, including a bronze sculpture cast from a porcelain mortuary slab and two cast-plaster bookshelves; through 12/18. Lühring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Other

Günter Brus and Hermann Nitsch—Works by two artists who were involved in Vienna's Actionism movement of the sixties, including Actionist drawings and image-poems by the former and poured paintings, films, and photographs by the latter; through 12/18. White Box, 601 W. 26th St. (212-727-0767).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Talavera Poblana: Four Centuries of a Mexican Ceramic Tradition," an exhibition of historic earthenware and 23 contemporary works; through 12/12.

C&M Arts—45 E. 78th St. (212-861-0020). "Figurative Art From the Twentieth Century"; through 12/4.

57th Street Area

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888). Important Pop works by Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, and Warhol; through 12/4.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470). Paintings by Magill, Shepherd, Thurst, and Zeniuk, painters of different generations whose work explores color and minimal abstraction; through 11/16.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2885). Fifty-two works from the collections of the Brooklyn Museum of Art, including works by Bacon, Diebenkorn, Rodin, others; through 12/23.

SoHo and TriBeCa

123 Watts—123 Watts St. (212-219-1482). "Microwave, One," works by Andrews, Brehmer, Frost, Guest, Jack, Róbertsdóttir, others; through 11/28.

Marcus—578 Broadway (212-226-3200). "Apropos: Making Art After Duchamp in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," organized by Duchamp scholar Francis M. Naumann and including works by Bidlo, Levine, Pettibone, and Sturtevant; through 11/30.

Chelsea

Klagsbrun—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335). Works by Berman, Koons, McCollum, Ruppersburg, Warhol; through 12/18.

Marks—522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200). Previously unseen work by de Kooning, Horn, Fritsch, others, plus a large triptych by Ellsworth Kelly and Brice Marden's refined *Study for the Muses*; through 11/27.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). "Architorture," works by emerging artists examining architecture and urban planning; through 12/5.

Photography

Michael Ackerman—Photographs taken in Poland; Paris; Marseille; New York; Cabbagetown, Atlanta; and Benares, India; through 11/30. Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. (212-477-1820).

Walker Evans—Vintage photographs taken during his twenty years as staff photographer for *Fortune* magazine; through 12/4. Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

Masahisa Fukase—Romantic photographs of the ubiquitous raven around the Japanese countryside; through 12/11. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Andrew Garn—Photographs of Bethlehem Steel's flagship plant that appear in the photographer's new book, *Bethlehem Steel* (Princeton Architectural Press); through 11/30. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. (212-935-3960).

Gering—467 Broome St. (212-226-8195). "Who's That Girl?," photographs by Cahun, Lee, Mori, Simmons, others, from 1920 to the present; through 11/20.

Luigi Ghirri—Color images by the Italian photographer (1943-1992) known for chronicling the landscape and architecture of central Italy; through 11/24. Saul, 560 Broadway (212-431-0747).

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—More than 700 portraits of artists, dealers, critics, collectors, and people who have shaped the art world; through 12/18. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Paul Himmel/Erwin Blumenfeld—A retrospective of photographs by a key member of Alexey Brodovich's circle who worked for *Harper's Bazaar*

and *Vogue*, including personal images of his family and experimental work with color and movement/Photographs of nudes by the photographer, who is best known for his fashion work; through 11/27. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (212-734-5300).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8 (voluntary contribution 5-8), Sat. and Sun. 10-6; \$6, \$4 students and seniors. "Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and U.S." A comparison of Farm Security Administration photography created in the U.S. and Socialist Realist pictures produced in the USSR; through 2/13/00.

Connie Imboden—Images of the human body as seen through reflections in water and mirrors; through 12/4. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-0143).

Sarah Jones—Photographs whose images of three girls in various domestic and rural surroundings bring to mind sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish genre paintings; through 12/4. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Nicholas Nixon—"25 Years of the Brown Sisters and New York," a collection of the artist's annual group portraits of his wife and her three sisters; through 11/20. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Bill Owens—Pictures from the artist's three photographic essays of America's mainstream, including his republished seventies classic book *Suburbia*; through 12/4. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010).

Ernesto Pujol—Still lifes of all-white objects; through 12/11. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-627-3930).

Man Ray/Frederick Sommer—Photographs made between 1921, when the artist moved from New York to Paris through the early thirties, by which time he was a leading member of the Surrealist movement/A selection of the photographer's drawings and paintings from 1945 that were found after his death in 1999. Through 11/27. Pace/Macgill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

Jose Maria Sert—Thirty-two gelatin-silver prints the artist used to create murals, drawings, and paintings; through 12/4. Barefoot, 580 Broadway (212-625-8899).

Mike Smith/Mark Steinmetz—Color photographs that continue the artist's ongoing exploration of the rural environs of eastern Tennessee/Black-and-white photographs depicting everyday life in the suburban South. Through 11/20. Richardson, 560 Broadway (212-343-1255).

Kunie Suglura—Works incorporating such qualities of minimal and conceptual art as process, order, repetition, and geometry; through 11/27. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (212-255-8450).

Christopher Sykes—Romantic images of British country houses; through 11/27. Ursus, 981 Madison Ave. (212-772-8787).

Museums

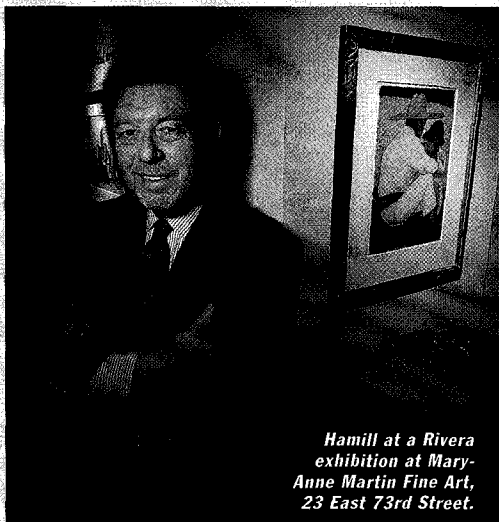
American Craft Museum—"The Beaded Universe: Strands of Culture." The largest and most comprehensive survey of the art of beads, including beaded talismans; religious artifacts from the Buddhist, Christian, and Islamic faiths; and purses and costumes; through 1/30/00. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28/00. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children (admission to "The Butterfly Conservatory" is by timed entry; tickets, which can be reserved in advance and include museum admission, are \$14 adults, \$8.50 children).

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection." The much-discussed exhibition, which originated at the

In Print A Painting Life

Even New Yorkers who don't know Pete Hamill know his credentials: political journalist, tabloid editor (the *New York Post* and the *Daily News*), memoirist (*A Drinking Life*, 1994), novelist (*Snow in August*, 1997), Sinatra-ophile (*Why Sinatra Matters*, 1998). But art historian? "You live as a generalist—in a world full of food, art, kids—and I think every writer should write about



Hamill at a Rivera exhibition at Mary-Anne Martin Fine Art, 23 East 73rd Street.

the things he or she has genuine curiosity about," says Hamill, whose latest book, *Diego Rivera* (Abrams; \$49.50), a biography of the Mexican master best known for his politically inspired murals (among them his 1933-34 mural for Rockefeller Center, taken down by the Rockefellers after Rivera, a Communist, flatly refused to remove a portrait of Lenin from it), is an impressive first foray into hitherto alien turf. Hamill, it turns out, first encountered Rivera's work at an early and impressionable age. In 1956, when he was an aspiring 21-year-old painter, Hamill spent a year studying art at Mexico City Col-

lege, where he familiarized himself with the Mexican muralists. At the time, Hamill considered Rivera's work the least interesting of the group—it wasn't until 1986, in fact, that Hamill says he developed an appreciation for Rivera after seeing a retrospective of his work at the Bellas Artes in Mexico City. "You can look at Frida Kahlo's work and say this is the greatest expression of self in the twentieth century," Hamill says of Rivera's wife's surreal, intensely personal visions. "But I think Diego did something much more difficult—he created an image of an entire country." Still, Hamill was not entirely won over by Rivera. "He did some surrealist paintings that are pretty awful," Hamill sighs. "They look like anguished radishes."

EDITH NEWHALL

Royal Academy in London, of paintings, sculpture, photographs, and installations by 42 artists, among them Jake and Dinos Chapman, Tracey Emin, Damien Hirst, Sarah Lucas, and Rachel Whiteread; through 1/9/00. . . . "Eastman Johnston: Painting America." The first major exhibition of the nineteenth-century American artist's work in 25 years, including paintings and drawings of rural subjects, Civil War scenes, interior scenes, and portraits; 10/29-2/6/00. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors (admission to "Sensation" is \$9.75 adults, \$7.75 students and seniors and includes general admission).

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Two Views of Venice: Canaletto and Menpes." Fifty rare prints depicting scenes of Venice by Giovanni Antonio Canal (1697-1768), the celebrated Venetian painter, and Mortimer Menpes (1855-1938), an Australian-born British artist; through 12/19. . . . "The Work of Charles and Ray Eames: A Legacy of Invention." A major retrospective of works by the husband-and-wife team considered among the greatest designers of the twentieth century, featuring their furniture, buildings, toys, films, and photographs dating from the forties to the seventies; through 1/9/00. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5, Tues. 10-9 (5-9, free admission); \$8, \$3 seniors and students.

Dia—"Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 2/28/00. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 12/30. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*";

through 3/30/00. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$6, \$3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Another City for Another Life: Constant's *New Babylon*." Drawings, models, paintings, and other media produced by the visionary artist Constant for his futuristic *New Babylon* project; through 12/20. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.-Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6. 12-6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"Watteau and His World: French Drawing From 1700 to 1750." Works on paper by Watteau and by his forebears and followers, among them François Boucher, Nicolas Lancret, and François Lemoyne; through 1/9/00. . . . "Constable's Salisbury Cathedral: Two Versions Reunited." An exhibition pairing two paintings by John Constable (1776-1837); through 12/31. 1-E, 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$7, \$5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Clemente." A retrospective spanning the Italian-born, New York-based artist's career from the early seventies to the present, including paintings, watercolors, pastel drawings, sculpture, and book illustrations; through 1/9/00. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$12, \$7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Andy Warhol: The Last Supper." Paintings from the artist's final series, created during the last year of his life for the gallery rooms of a Milan bank located directly opposite the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* is located; through

12/30. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (212-423-3500), Thurs.-Mon. 11-6; free.

Japan Society—"Daido Moriyama: Stray Dog." The first retrospective exhibition of the work of the celebrated Japanese photographer Daido Moriyama, including some 130 vintage prints from the sixties through the nineties, concurrent with an exhibition of prints from Moriyama's 1972 *Hunter* series at the Metropolitan Museum; through 1/2/00. 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.-Sun. 11-6; \$5 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." A group of portraits of the London art dealer Ager Wertheimer and his family painted by the American artist between 1898 and 1908; through 2/6/00. . . . "The Changing Face of Family: Photographs From the Collection of the Jewish Museum." Photographs illustrating the importance of family in shaping identities, by Avedon, Goldin, Hine, Steichen, Sultan, others; through 2/6/00. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5 free); \$8, \$5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch." An international loan exhibition of portraits by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780-1867), whose paintings of France's ruling elite inspired such artists as Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso; through 1/2/00. . . . "Carleton Watkins: The Art of Perception." An exhibition of works by the American landscape photographer (1829-1916) best known for his large albumen-silver prints of Yosemite Valley taken in the 1860s; through 1/9/00. . . . "Rodin's Monument to Victor Hugo." Sculptures relating to Rodin's *Monument to Victor Hugo*, among them a terra-cotta sketch, a life-size portrait in marble, and bronze castings; through 1/2/00. . . . "Daido Moriyama: *Hunter*." Forty photographs by the Japanese photographer that were shot from the shadows and from the windows of a moving car and published as *Hunter* (1972), a book dedicated to Jack Kerouac; through 1/2/00. . . . "Egyptian Art in the Age of Pyramids." The first major museum presentation of the art of the Old Kingdom (ca. 2650-2150 B.C.), featuring approximately 230 masterpieces from the golden age of ancient Egyptian culture; through 1/9/00. . . . "Northern Drawings of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries in the Robert Lehman Collection"; through 1/9/00. . . . "Costume and Character in the Age of Ingres." Examples of clothing designed during the French painter's six-decade career, selected from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 11/21. . . . "Farouk Hosny/Adam Henein: Contemporary Egyptian Artists and Heirs to an Ancient Tradition"; through 1/23/00. . . . "The Artist as Collector: Masterpieces From the C. C. Wang Collection." Old-master Chinese paintings given to the museum by the Wang family over the past twenty years; through 1/9/00. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$10 contribution, \$5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$10, \$5 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Pepon Osorio: *Transboricua*." A multimedia installation on the theme of cultural identity in transition and transformation; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pressing the Point: Parallel Expressions in the Graphic Arts of the Chicano and Puerto Rican Movements." An overview of prints and posters created by artists who were active in the artistic and social struggles of the sixties and seventies; through 1/9/00. . . . "*Vivan los Muertos!* Artwork Inspired by the Day of the Dead Celebration." Paintings, drawings, and prints by California's Bay Area-based Chicano artists; through 12/2/99. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.-Sun. 11-5; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Liberated Voices: Contemporary Art From South Africa." Paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and videos made since the end of apartheid in 1994; through 1/2/00. 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6;

\$5, \$2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: People." A survey of figural representation in early modernism, with works by Marcel Duchamp, Fernand Léger, Pablo Picasso, Odilon Redon, and others; through 3/14/00. . . . "Modern Starts: Places." Images of or referring to landscape and urban life in paintings, photographs, furniture, and other media by Cézanne, Gauguin, Mondrian, Twombly, others; 10/28-11/14/00. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 10:30-6, Thurs. 10:30-6, Fri. 10:30-8:30 (4:30-8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$10, \$6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Forgotten Gateway: The Abandoned Buildings of Ellis Island." A journey through Ellis Island's past and present through the photographs of Larry Racioppo and Shirley Burden; through 2/13/00. . . . "Americanos: Latino Life in the United States." An exhibition of photographs of Latinos by 30 prizewinning photographers from around the country; through 1/2/00. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910-1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27/00. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5 suggested contribution, \$4 students and seniors.

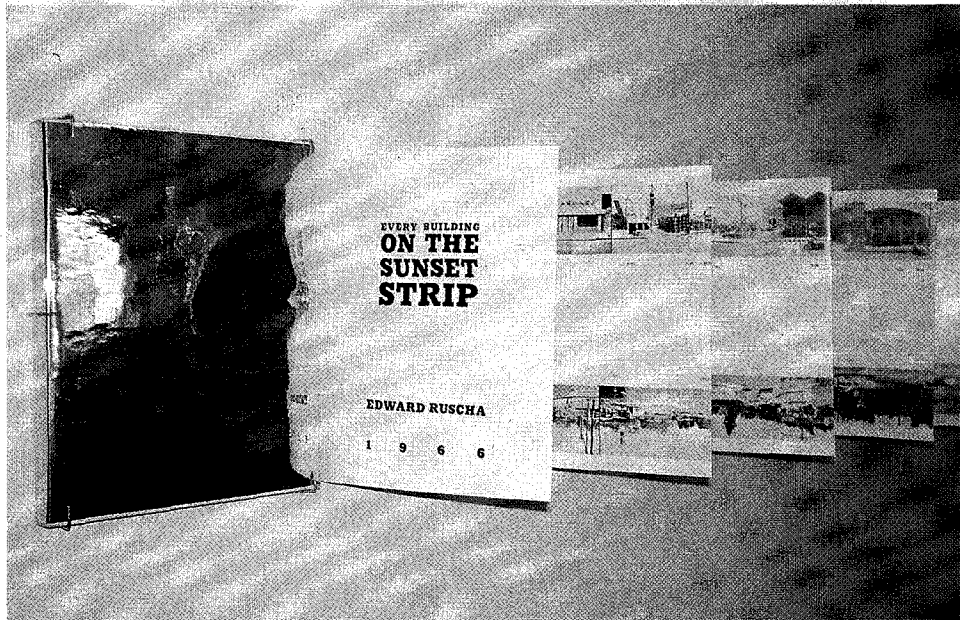
Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Dazzling by Design: Fashion Jewelry by Kenneth Jay Lane." A 40-year retrospective of more than 300 pieces created by the designer of costume jewelry; through 12/31. . . . "Unmistakably Mackie." A retrospective of Bob Mackie's fashion and costume designs; through 12/31. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.-Fri. 12-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

New-York Historical Society—"The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20/00. . . . "\$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9/00. "Glimmers of the Past: Presentation Silver From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 12/5. . . . "Putting It on Paper: Two Centuries of American Drawings and Watercolors From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society." Works by Audubon, Catlin, Cole, Mount, and other American artists; through 1/2/00. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration." Works drawn from all of the library's research centers, augmented by items on loan from the New York Academy of Medicine and other collections, ranging from medieval renderings of the universe to the first photograph of the moon; through 2/19/00. . . . "Sight/Insight: Visual Commentaries on the Physical World." Prints, portfolios, and illustrated books by contemporary artists who have drawn inspiration from the natural and physical sciences; through 1/8/00. . . . "Berenice Abbott: Science Photographs." Science-themed prints by the photographer; through 1/8/00. . . . "Adventures in Science and Exploration." Humorous drawings by Charles Addams of perilous and bizarre discoveries by scientists and explorers; through 1/29/00. . . . "In Company: Robert Creeley's Collaborations." Books and projects by the poet made in collaboration with artists Georg Baselitz, Francesco Clemente, Alex Katz, Susan Rothenberg, and others; through 1/15/00. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues. and Wed. 11-7:30, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Minimalia: An Italian Vision in 20th-Century Art." An exhibition exploring simplification and reduction in twentieth-century Italian art as seen in the works of Giacomo Balla, Francesco Clemente, Lucio Fontana, Michelangelo Pistoletto, and others; through 1/2/00. . . . "Sol LeWitt: Concrete Block." An exhibit mapping the artist's art-making process

Happening Collectors of artists' books, prints, multiples, and ephemera have two fairs on the same block to browse this weekend. "Artists' Books '99" (at Printed Matter, 77 Wooster Street) will feature twentieth-century artists' books (below, Edward Ruscha's *Every Building on the Sunset Strip*, 1966), periodicals, exhibition catalogues, and monographs; and "Editions '99" (at Brooke Alexander Editions, 59 Wooster Street) will show contemporary prints and multiples. The previews for both take place November 4 from 5 to 9 (\$25 admission benefits Printed Matter); hours are November 5 and 6 from 10 to 7, November 7 from 10 to 4; free.



from preliminary drawings to wooden models to completed outdoor cinder-block sculptures; through 1/2/00. . . . "On Your Own Time." Works by artists who explore the passing of time, among them Teresita Fernández, Ceal Floyer, Sabrina Mezzaqui, Roman Opalka, and Lawrence Weiner; through 1/2/00. . . . "The Special Projects Program." Works by Cristian Alexa, Toshihiro Komatsu, and Isidro Blasco; through 11/30. . . . The Promise of Photography: Selected Works From the DG Bank Collection." 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Great Experiment: George Washington and the American Republic." A selection of Washington's books, manuscripts, maps, broadsides, works of art, and personal effects, drawn primarily from the collections of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California; the Morgan Library; and the Gilder Lehrman Collection; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 1/16/00. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30-5, Fri. 10-8, Sat. 10:30-6; Sun. 12-6; \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Modern Odysseys: Greek American Artists of the Twentieth Century." The first museum exhibition to survey the contributions of Greek-Americans to modern and contemporary art, including works by Stephen Antonakis, William Baziotis, Linda Benglis, Lucas Samaras, Theodoros Stamos, and others; through 1/30/00. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900-2000." Part two of a survey of American art and culture as seen through more than 500 works of painting, sculpture, photography, installation, film, video, and related historical and cultural materials covering the

years 1950 to 2000 drawn from the museum's permanent collection and from private collections and public institutions around the world; through 2/13/00. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8 (pay what you wish 6-8 on the first Thurs. of every month); \$12.50, \$10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a \$2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Fred Tomaselli: Gravity's Rainbow." A site-specific wall piece that incorporates the artist's trademark pills, hemp leaves, and photographic cutouts; through 1/7/00. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17/00. 120 Park Ave. (212-878-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. 11-7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). 11/3 at 10 and 2: "Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Prints." On view from 10/30. 11/8 at 7 and 11/9 at 10: "Impressionist and Nineteenth-Century Art." On view from 11/6.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 11/3 at 10: "Books, Autographs, and Photographs; Old Master, Modern, and Contemporary Prints." On view from 10/30.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (212-570-4830). 11/8 at 2: "Impressionist and Modern Paintings." On view from 11/2.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 11/8 at 6 and 11/9 at 10:15 and 2: "The John and Rebecca Moore Collection of Highly Important United States Coins." On view from 11/4.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 11/3 at 10:30: "The Schneiderman Collection of American and European Prints." On view from 11/1.

restaurants

Bush Pilots...Tea Time...This Little Piggy

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St. (212-727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. 80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) (\$).

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. 127 Greene St. (212-228-1212). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. 211 W. Broadway (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zepole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. 105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cave-like bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman



Opening Significant Other

The three co-owners of Other Foods, a new organic café, met at the Natural Gourmet Cookery School and went on to chichi internships at places like Mesa Grill and the Golden Door spa. Now they apply their training—plus primo ingredients, like bread from Sullivan Street and Bouley bakeries, fresh fish from Wild Edibles, and seasonal produce from local organic farmers—to rid health food of its image of inedibility. And they triumph, with a scrumptious cumin chicken and tabbouleh wrap, vegetable curry with pear-apple chutney, Moroccan eggs Benedict, and grilled fish of the day in an Asian marinade. (47 East 12th Street; 212-358-0103.)

dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. 317 Greenwich St. (212-226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Shanghai Tang in SoHo—After opening to critical and popular acclaim in Flushing, this Shanghai-Japanese hybrid is braving the fickle SoHo dining public. When you tire of yellow eel, blue crab, or the renowned soup dumplings, there's always the sushi bar. 77 W. Houston St. (212-614-9550). (I-M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse is known for its huge portions of barbecued and smoked chicken and ribs, and has added a steak menu with prices starting at \$14.95. Bring

(M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an intentionally shattered windowpane. 100 Second Ave. (212-982-0533). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a \$14.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday and Tuesday night. Kids' menu available. 143 Spring St. (212-431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street,
East

Asti—This 75-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune, even while they maneuver all three courses in the prix fixe, which starts at \$24. Late-night dining, too. 13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. 33 University Pl. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. 112 First Ave. (212-254-2353). (I-M) AE, MC, V

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. 268 Sixth Ave. (212-982-3300). (I-M) (\$)

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. 314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. 17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. As long as the weather permits, a backyard garden is available for private parties. 69 Macdougall St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. 36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudi by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We love the white-peach sangria. 23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, de-



ASK GAEL



I'm stuck on hold at the Russian Tea Room. Should I bother?

Sometimes, the only way to get a restaurant open is to open it. A \$20 million rehab doesn't mean the phones will work or the freshman serving crew will have a clue. But a hundred samovars glow. The walls are paved with Chagalls and Kandinskys no one's ever seen before (especially Chagall and Kandinsky). Boldly vibrating red and green, the Russian Tea Room looks like it always did, only better. Alas, most of the old entryway is lost to the new elevator. Still, though I don't agree with the famous chef who found lunch "a three-star experience," the kitchen is ambitious and already scoring. I love my deep bowl of cold borscht with a flaky hot little pirozhki. A ridiculous old classic, chicken-and-veal pozharsky—meat minced, shaped into a cutlet, and sautéed—is delicious, and the salmon-roe-crowned blini royale (layered with salmon-flecked scrambled eggs) is my idea of brunch. Listless noodles clump together beside fairly decent beef stroganoff. The Tsar's Caesar needs help from Rasputin. The open-face sandwich plate seems skimpy for \$14.75. And I don't want three little pelmeni in my chicken broth; I want a dozen, as served on Wednesday in the olden days. No way now to predict if the kitchen will soar or ultimately stagger. The big question is, Will the powers of Broadway and Carnegie Hall be happy here, or will the glass-bear aquarium piourette only for the tourists? (150 West 57th Street; 212-974-2111.)

pendable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. 122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411

Park Ave. So., near 28th St. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Meli Melo—A forerunner on the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—\$28.50 for four courses, all night. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. 110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Novità—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this

Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650).* (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. 54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. 110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (212-727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco-ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. 209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I-M) (S).

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. 40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (212-840-6500). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparrata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. 7 W. 20th St. (212-691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some New York advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15–\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

(212-989-0303). (E) AE only.

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese shrimp spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. 16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate chef John Tesar's New American menu, served in shareable portions. 17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. 168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. 120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Astra—This café and party space on the fourteenth floor of the D&D Building was conceived as a stylish room with a stellar view where Aureole could cater special events, and where designers who shopped the building could get a good lunch. The public is also welcome (lunch only) for tasty morsels like grilled salmon niçoise, creamless purée of wild mushrooms, and the Astra Blast—a dressed-up BLT. 979 Third Ave., nr. 58th St. (212-644-9394). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. 538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (212-980-5908). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

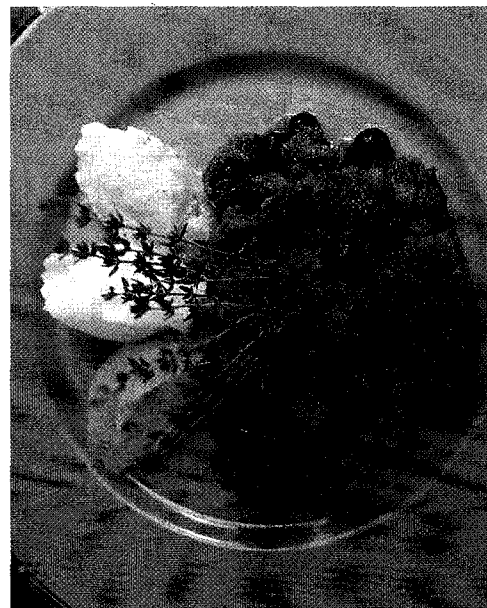
The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

The Leopard—French-Continental food in a formal townhouse setting, which means they'd like it if you wore a jacket. The enclosed garden and the traditional menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a regular clientele of (appropriately dressed) businessmen and diplomats. 253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at



Object of Desire What a Boar!

In the mountains outside Florence, wild boar are as prevalent as Westchester deer. "They eat the grapes, ruin the crops," says Tuscan Square chef Patrick Nuti, who takes an authentically Tuscan approach to preparing the not-quite-endangered species. His cinghiale in dolce forte is a slow-cooked, rib-sticking stew of tender meat seasoned with cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, juniper, red wine, and cocoa powder, strewn with pine nuts and raisins or fresh blueberries, and served with sauce-sopping scoops of polenta and both sweet and mashed potatoes. (16 West 51st Street; 212-977-7777.)

the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel has reopened with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot “chop” with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by the family who founded it in 1906. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The pretheater prix fixe menu runs \$43, and the garden is a summertime oasis. 321 W. 46th St. (212-246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (212-246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Caffe Cielo—This comfortable theater district restaurant is named for the sky, visible not through a skylight in the ceiling but as a mural of one. The menu covers the familiar northern Italian territory of antipasto, salads, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. 881 Eighth Ave., nr. 53rd St. (212-246-9555). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Gallagher's—This theater district steakhouse exudes Old Time New York, from the massive raw-meat window displays to the convivial bar and the wood-paneled dining rooms. Dry-aged prime steak is the way to go here, but you can't go wrong with prime rib, lobster, or the sublime chopped steak either. 228 W. 52nd St. (212-245-5336). (M–E) AE, MC, V.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, \$15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. 163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

e. Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pas-

tas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. 24 W. 55th St. (212-767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Nakagawa—By virtue of its very location—about two avenues east of the heart of the theater district—this casual Japanese restaurant is a sensible spot for supper before the curtain. Sushi, shabu-shabu, salmon steak, and beef Negimaki are examples of the pretheater offerings. 7 W. 44th St. (212-869-8077). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. 321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrasceria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. 127 W. 43rd St. (212-575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—is served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. 148 W. 51st St. (212-245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shashlik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. 58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. 950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Steaks have been added, starting at \$14.95. 121 W. 45th St. (212-869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. 601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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Preview Aussome

"Australia has done a good job of giving itself a hokey reputation," says chef Ken Addington, who's teamed up with South Australian brothers Will and Frank Ford (pictured, left to right) at their new NoLita restaurant, Eight Mile Creek, to remedy the cumulative damage done by 'Crocodile Dundee,' 'Mad Max,' and those irksome Foster's ads. Next week, the Fords unveil their transformation of the landmark D&G bakery into a tasteful, ocher-hued tribute to the land Down Under, with a menu that reads like a travelogue: chicken and beef pies, seared-kangaroo salad, emu carpaccio, pink-peppercorn pavlova, and a serious selection of Aussie wines. (240 Mulberry Street; 212-431-4635.)

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." 1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Cal-

abrese. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. 160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or

onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. 1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Zuccherio e Pomodoro—What used to be two separate Italian restaurants have merged into one larger room serving fresh pastas, risotti, and seafood. Sidewalk dining available. 1431 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (212-585-2100). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace in a landmark townhouse with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like lamb shank, couscous with chickpeas, and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited-champagne brunch reels 'em in. 106 W. 73rd St. (212-501-7014). (I-M) AE.

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. 685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. 2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (212-874-2780). (I) (\$).

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—slow-cooked to order. 2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Juicebox is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) (\$).

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. 35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the \$29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. 222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. 1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. 423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. 328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) (\$).

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. 2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (212-234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.

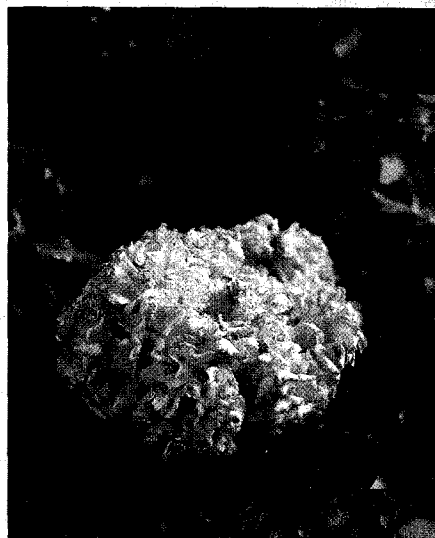
Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Gafield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) (\$).

Tastings Call of the Wild (and Farmed)

When it comes to fungi press coverage, truffles hog the spotlight. Every year, it's Alba this, Périgord that. White, black, summer, winter—it's enough to give our native 'shrooms a complex. It's a good thing Peter Hoffman of Savoy invited porcini-packing Portland chef Greg Higgins to present (and pontificate on) a five-course mushroom dinner, on November 8 and 9, showcasing the wild and cultivated specimens that flourish in the dank, rainy Pacific Northwest. (The \$85 menu, which features wood-grilled matsutakes in leek broth and spit-roasted capon with porcini, will also be available upstairs in the chef's dining room through November 16, along with an array of elegant Oregon Pinot Noirs by the glass.) Higgins rhapsodizes on the "remarkable, chewy, succulent texture and sweet spicy nutmeg and cinnamon flavors" of the cauliflower mushroom (at left), an un-



gainly domestic version that grows up to 35 pounds. If you're inspired by the chef's transformation of the monster mushroom into bean-flour beignets, you can stock up at Gourmet Garage, where West Coast cauliflower mushrooms run \$16 a pound.

Not that we don't appreciate tourists, but local chefs are also making the most of mushroom season. At Wild Blue, Michael Lomonaco tosses a salad of chanterelles, morels, and hens-of-the-woods with toasted hazelnuts, microgreens, and white-truffle oil. Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson offers wild-mushroom dumplings in truffle broth and accompanies two fish dishes with chanterelle brandade and honshimeji corn risotto. And if it's truffles you must have, it's truffles you get at San Domenico's annual celebration on November 12. You can even indulge your inner forager by joining an authentic Piedmontese *trifolau* and his dog in a pre-lunch patrol of Central Park. But although 1,500 mushroom varieties grow within a 50-mile radius of Manhattan, according to the New York Mycological Society, the truffles we know and love aren't among them. Whatever buried treasure the canine hunter excavates will have been very recently, and meticulously, buried. (Savoy, 70 Prince Street, 212-219-8570; San Domenico, 240 Central Park South, 212-265-5959.)

ROBIN RAISFELD

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. 255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) (\$).

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. 24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) (\$).

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. 1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

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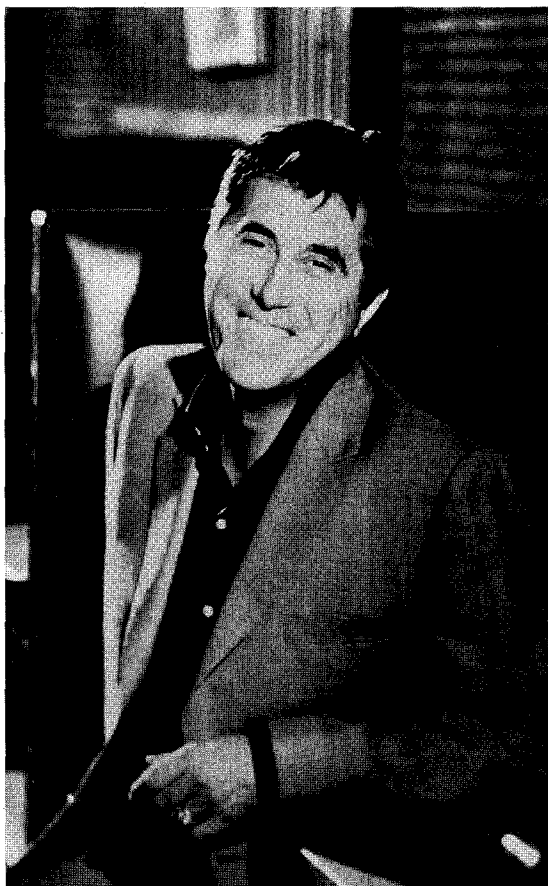
Ben Harper... Bryan Ferry... John Lurie

Concerts

Ben Harper—With G. Love and Special Sauce; Rahzel. 11/4 at 8. *Roseland*, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). \$22, 50.
Bryan Ferry—11/5 at 8. *Beacon Theater*, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (212-307-7171). \$75, \$50, \$35.
Counting Crows—11/7 & 11/9 at 7:30. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center*, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). \$32, 50.
Kid Rock—With Powerman 5000 and DDT. 11/2 at 7:30. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center*, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). \$23.
The Moody Blues—11/6 at 4 and 8:30. 11/7 at 8:30. *Beacon Theater*, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (212-307-7171). \$75, \$50.

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—11/2: Mark Geary; Pup. 11/3: Diva Machina; Pan. 11/4: Atom Smasher; Penny. 11/5: Steve and John Conte of Crown Jewels. 11/6: Nancy Boy; Calling All Monsters. 11/7: Dewey Decibel; Jana Peri. 11/8: Metal Karaoke; Mark Geary. 95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). \$.
Bottom Line—11/2: Matthew Sweet. 11/4: Peter Hammill. 11/5–11/6: The Dave Weckl Band. 11/7: Patty Larkin. 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).
Bowery Ballroom—11/2–11/3: Brendan Perry; Kristen Hersh. 11/4: Deadly Snakes; Sloan. 11/5: Super Diamond. 11/6: Dan Bern. 11/7: Get Up Kids; At the Drive In. 11/8: Save Ferris. 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).
CBGB & OMFUG—11/3: Channeling Owen. 11/4: Punk Rock Karaoke. 11/5: Coyote Shivers. 315 Bowery (212-982-4052). \$.
Club El Flamingo—“The Donkey Show.” Doors at 8:30; shows at 9. *Club El Flamingo*, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-7171). \$25.
Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. 416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). \$.
Fez—Sundays: Kiki and Herb: “Have Another.” Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 11/3: Syd Straw. 11/5–11/6: Loser’s Lounge Tribute to Fleetwood Mac. *Time Cafe*, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).
Hogs & Heifers Honky Tonk North—All shows begin at 10 and admission is free. 11/2: Orville Davis. 11/3: The Cherokees. 11/4: Sheriff Uncle Bob & the Goodtimers. 11/5: Matthew Guadalupe & the Regulars. 11/6: The Niagras. 843 First Ave., bet. 95th & 96th Sts. (212-722-8635).
Irving Plaza—11/3: The Creatures. 11/4–11/5: Iggy Pop. 11/6: Bjorn Again. 11/8: Mr. Bungle. 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).
Knitting Factory—11/2: Quasi; Mary Timony. 11/3: T-Model Ford; Paul Jones. 11/4–11/6: John Lurie and the Lounge Lizards 20th Anniversary Celebration. 11/7: The Supersuckers. 11/8: James Blood Ulmer’s Dr. Jeckyl & Mr. Hyde Meltdown. 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). \$.
Maxwell’s—11/2: Robyn Hitchcock. 11/3: Calvin Johnson; the Microphones. 11/5: The Gfakens. 11/6: The Queers. 11/7: Sloan. 11/8: Stereolab (sold out). 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-653-1703).
Mercury Lounge—11/2: Marcy Playground. 11/3: Radford; Evan Olsen. 11/3: Hugh Cornwall. 11/4: Connells. 11/5: Cyclefly. 11/7: Doug Wimbish. 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).



Performance A Kiss: Still Just a Kiss

Bryan Ferry (pictured) looks backward on his new album, 'As Time Goes By,' but he isn't swinging like Brian Setzer—he's crooning like Sinatra. Or trying to, anyway. At his November 5 Beacon Theater performance, a fourteen-piece orchestra will help him re-create his lush versions of Cole Porter and Rodgers and Hart standards. Isn't that romantic? (See "Concerts.")

Phoenix Room—11/4: Sharon Discorano; Ben Waller. 11/5: Jerry Dugger; Black Pearls. 570 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (212-580-7755).
Rodeo Bar—11/2: The Camaros. 11/3: Steve Johnson. 11/4: Eudora. 11/5: Ruthie and the Wranglers. 11/6: Rockabilly Riot. 11/7: Leanne Westover and Strange Cargo. No cover. 375 Third Ave. (212-683-6500).
S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 11/3: Masters of Groove, featuring Bernard Purdie, Melvin Sparks, and Reuben Wilson. 11/4: Base-

ment Bhangra. 11/5: Tabou Combo. 11/6: Katende. 11/7: Giant Step presents Susana Baca. 11/8: Grupo Niche. 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).
Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 11/2: Merl Saunders & Melvin Seals. 11/5: Jupiter Coyote. 11/6: The Slip; Percy Hill. 161 Hudson St. (212-966-5244). \$.

Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—Saturdays: A great new house-music party called “School,” with resident D.J.’s Melvin Moore, Neil Aline (of “Rendez-Vous”) and producer Matthias Heilbroon. No cover. 104 Ave. C (212-780-0202).
Baby Jupiter—11/2: Shivaree with Craig Rose; Clark Gayton. 11/3: Medicine Stick; Living Things; Dawtahz, featuring Vejide; Apani B-Fly MC; Lady Blue. 11/4: Transmitting; Scott Jacoby; Ben Eyler Trio; Colossus. 11/5: 10th Planet; Mommy; the Sixes; Dame Darcy; Colieve. 11/6: Mighty Vitamin; Psycho the Clown; Somnaut. 11/7: Peter Galloway CD-release party. 170 Orchard St. (212-780-0287). \$.
Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that’s host to some of the city’s most relaxed, unpretentious club nights. Fridays (bi-weekly): ecstatic house-music party “N’Ice” with D.J.’s Holmar and A. Gram, long-running house-music party “Bang the Party,” a nifty trip-hop night called “Nice & Easy,” and “Direct Drive,” a strictly drum-’n-bass night with D.J.’s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. 418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).
Black Betty—A wondrously eclectic nightclub in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: “D.J.-O-Rama,” D.J.’s spinning everything from hip-hop, dance-hall reggae, and funk. Sundays: “Jazz on Sundays.” Mondays: “Rhythm on Mondays,” anything with a groove from Afro-Cuban jazz to sixties soul. 366 Metropolitan Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-0243).
Culture Club—As its name suggests, this downtown club is all about the eighties. Thursdays: “FlashhhBack” with D.J. Grandmaster Flash. Fridays: “Here They Are Now,” eighties music and occasional performances from the decade’s icons. Saturdays: “Me! Me! Me!,” total immersion in the “Me” decade made terrifyingly real by an actual Delorean that juts out from a *Back to the Future* movie poster. 179 Varick St. (212-243-1999).
Don Hill’s—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.’s in the city. Saturdays: British-rock-themed “Tiswas.” Sundays: D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock,

R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." 511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850). \$.

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-Vous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: Big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays: Things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." 166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). \$.

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleeker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesdays: "On!" offers a mod-influenced, Austin Powers-esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful house party with music from resident D.J. Adam Scott. Thursdays: "Get a Life!" with D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. Fridays: "Flash Fridays" with legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97-ready hip-hop. Sundays: "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. 158 Bleeker St. (212-420-1999).

Mother—This meatpacking-district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesdays: "Jackie 60," the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate Moss-inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped-Out Party Girls." Thursdays: the very gothic "Long Black Veil." Fridays: the ladies-only "Clit Club." 11/3: Khan. 432 W. 14th St. (212-366-5680).

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekend-straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). \$.

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez presents "Juniorverse." Arrive very, very late. 530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise—and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which, at about seven in the morning, becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Clausell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. 11/4: Giant Step's "Miles Ahead" series presents Jazzanova; David Alvarado. 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

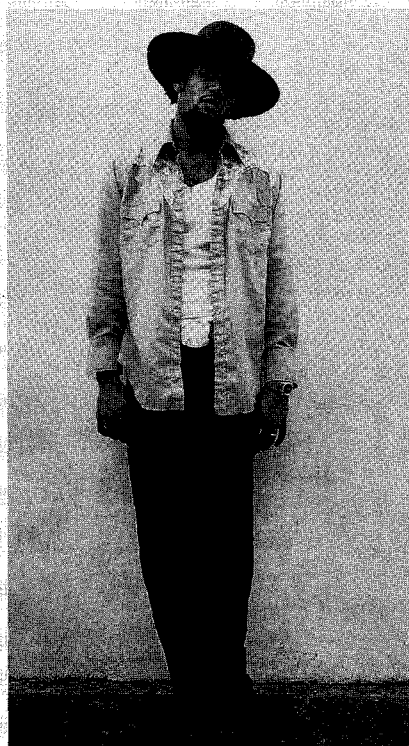
The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow, thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? 141 W. 140th St. (718-992-5974).

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine south-

Performance Harping on Hendrix

Speaking by phone from a hotel during his current U.S. tour, Ben Harper (pictured) would rather talk about Jimi Hendrix than plug his new album, *Burn to Shine*. "I am a huge Jimi Hendrix fan," he proclaims without being prompted. "I have all the bootlegs, and I'm listening to his



records constantly." Indeed, Harper is such a Hendrix devotee that he shudders at the suggestion that his intricately layered guitar work recalls that of his idol. "Artists talk about the people who influenced them and you can tell in their voice that they feel comfortable being compared with their icons," Harper says. "But I can only hope to be influenced by Hendrix." In most ways, though, Harper is ambitious—enough to explore the major themes of his other musical heroes, Bob Dylan and Neil Young ("I want to write about love, lust, and greed," he says). He's also bold enough to bridge the gaps between hip-hop and Delta blues, folk music, and hard rock. So far, he's been able to do so with the support of Virgin Records, a rare opportunity at a time when hard-to-categorize material is mostly ignored and uncommercial acts are generally dropped. In the spirit of crossing genres in a way Hendrix himself might appreciate, Harper will be joined on November 4 at the Roseland by jam-happy funksters G. Love and Special Sauce and Rahzel, the Roots' extraordinary human beatbox. (See "Concerts.") **ETHAN BROWN**

ern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. \$15-\$20 cover; \$10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11:00. 11/2: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 11/3: Harry Allen Quartet. 11/4-11/6: Roy Haynes. 11/8: Mike Longo's New York State of the Art Ensemble. 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Cornelia Street Cafe—Sets at 9. 11/3: Justin Mullens Quintet. 11/4: Wolfgang Schalk Quartet. 11/5: Steve Slagle Quartet. 11/6: George Garzone & the Fringe. 11/7: Scott McLemore Quartet. 29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319).

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. 107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. 174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton Sts. (212-780-0313).

Guggenheim Museum—Fridays and Saturdays, from 5 to 8, some genuinely happening players hit the lobby for jazz in the round. Through October, flautist Jamie Baum fills the rotunda with trilling tones. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500). Free, with museum admission.

Iridium—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 11/2-11/7: Spirituals to Swing, featuring Eric Reed, Craig Handy, Donald Harrison, Rodney Whitaker, Idris Muhammad. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30. Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. 11/5: Dr. Billy Taylor. Noon-2:30 P.M. \$5 cover. San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (212-832-0888).

"Jazz Insights: The Legacy of Charlie Parker"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 11/2: Bobby Watson. Tuesdays, 7:45-9:30. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). \$25.

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 and 9. David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.-Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. \$15-\$25 cover; \$10 minimum. 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Duke's. Tuesdays: Stan Ullano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (212-242-1785).

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).

Tonic—11/3: Paul Shapiro; Susie Ibarra and Assif Tshar. 11/4: Elliott Sharp's Terraplane; Chris Haskett at Midnight. 11/5: Haino Keiji, John Zorn, and Ikue Mori; Steven Bernstein's Millennial Territory Orchestra at Midnight. 11/6: Haino Keiji Solo plus Fushitsusha; Christina Wheeler's Blowout. 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7501).

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 11/2–11/7: Regina Carter. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). \$.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). \$12.50–\$24.50, two-drink minimum.

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Wednesdays: Rick Shapiro. 11/1–11/7: Colin Quinn; Greer Barnes; Tom Papa; Greg Giraldo; Jim Norton. 117 Macdougall St. (212-254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45.

Cover is \$15 Fri.; Sat. \$15 cover for 8 and 12:30 shows, \$20 cover for 10:30 show; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun. New Talent Showcase. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is \$12 Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St., (212-501-6016). Free.

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is \$7–\$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. & Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Through 11/13: Mary Cleere Haran. Also through 11/13: Rita Moreno. 159 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. 11/3–11/27: Karen Mason. 450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. 13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings

through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. \$60. Bobby Short plays two shows nightly (Tuesday–Saturday) at 8:45 and 10:45. \$60. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs works by Gershwin, Van Heusen, Arlen, and Rogers in "Where of When?" Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. \$19 minimum; jacket and tie required. Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).

Danny's Skylight Room—\$20, plus \$15 minimum. 11/3–11/28: Gloria Stevens and John Wallowitch in "Back on the Town With Berlin and Wallowitch." 346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Wednesdays at 8:30: "The Next Big Broadway Musical," an improvised comedy. Saturdays in October and November: Steven Brinberg in "Simply Barbra." \$10 cover, two-drink minimum. 11/4 and 11/6: "Poole Party." 11/5: Joanne Mosca in "Well-Healed." 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). \$.

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's brand-new cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Michael Feinstein appears twice nightly (8:30 and 11 P.M.) Tickets are \$60, and there is a \$50 food and drink minimum. 540 Park Ave., at E. 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano-bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 11/2: Anthony Santelmo Jr. 11/3: Annie Hughes. 11/4: Karen Levine. 11/5: Lainie Cook. 11/6: Judy Kreston and David Lahm in "Portrait of the Artist." 11/7: Karen Levine. 169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).

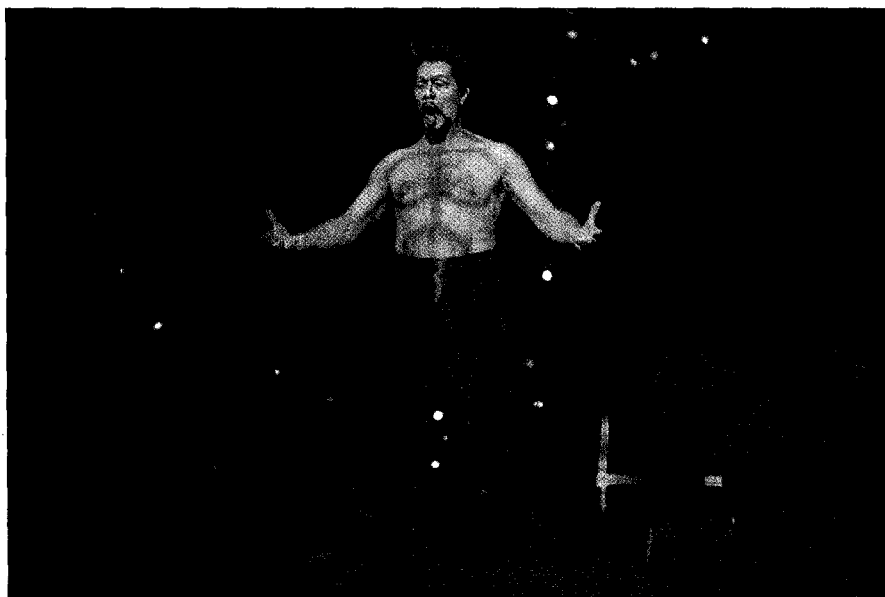


Performance The New Lizard King

Saxophonist, small-record-label owner, and host of the Independent Film Channel's 'Fishing With John,' John Lurie (pictured) reunites his seminal "No Wave" act the Lounge Lizards for a fourteen-performance series of twentieth-anniversary shows at the Knitting Factory starting on November 4. Expect arty rock, avant-garde experimentalism, and maybe even a surprise guest appearance or two—Lurie chums include Tom Waits and Dennis Hopper. (See "Small Stages.")

in concert

Meredith Monk's Magic at the Joyce



Previews

Satan Place

The folks back in Kansas probably never dreamed that Samuel Ramey would find fame in fiendishness. But the lithe—and shirtless—six-footer has done just that. Ramey has appeared as Boito's Mefistofele more than 70 times, along with performances as various dark spirits conjured by Gounod, Berlioz, Offenbach, and Stravinsky. In Friday's premiere of 'Mefistofele' at the Met, Ramey (pictured) once again puts his cloven-hoofed expertise to good use. It takes a certain amount of foxy swagger to convincingly belt out lines like "Make way for your king! Ye putrid race," while decked out in tight scarlet pants and flaming red hair. If anyone can make infanticide, matricide, the barter of souls, and dumb, illusory love seductive, Ramey's the devil to do it. (See "Opera.")

Classical Music

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—Soprano Lorraine Hunt Lieberson joins the conductor-less ensemble for works by Handel, Telemann and Bach. 11/2 at 8. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-896-1704); \$18-\$75.

Translucence—Composer-soprano Donna McKevitt performs poetry by Derek Jarman. St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, (212-854-7799); \$15.

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Sir Charles Mackerras conducts Mozart and Beethoven, with violinist Hilary Hahn. 11/3 at 8. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$17-\$61.

Itzhak Perlman—Works by Handel, Schumann, Brahms, Sarasate, and others, with pianist Rohan De Silva. 11/3 at 8. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); \$35-\$60.

Emmanuel Pahud, Flute—All-French programs. 11/4 at 8. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); \$20. 11/7 at 5 and 11/9 at 7:30. Alice Tul-

ly Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5050); \$25-\$35.

The Mannes Orchestra—Samuel Wong conducts works by Bright Sheng, Bartok, Busoni, and Stravinsky, with flutist Eugenia Zuckerman. 11/6 at 8. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5050); free.

Robert Taub, Piano—Beethoven sonatas. 11/3 at 8. Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); \$20.

New York Philharmonic—Sir Colin Davis conducts Mozart and Tippet. 11/4 at 8, 11/5 at 2, and 11/6 at 8. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); \$18-\$77.

The New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducts New York, New York with guests Bobby Short and His Orchestra. 11/5 at 8. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$18-\$66.

Richard Kastle—Conducts his *Titanic Symphony* and works by Chopin and Mercury. 11/6 at 8. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); \$15-\$25.

Alan Gampel, piano—All-Chopin program. 11/7 at 8. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); \$25-\$40.

Lahti Symphony Orchestra—Osmo Vänskä conducts works by Sibelius and Tchaikovsky. 11/7 at 3 and 11/8 at 8. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); \$25-\$45.

Les Violons du Roy—Italian Baroque music with soprano Karina Gauvin. 11/7 at 3. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); \$30.

The Met Orchestra—James Levine conducts Wagner, Schuller, Milhaud, Cage, and Rachmaninoff, with pianist Evgeny Kissin. 11/7 at 3. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$26-\$126.

New York Bach Ensemble—Bach's Second Orchestral Suite in B Minor and Cantata No. 82A. 11/7 at 2:30. St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (212-753-2261, ext. 274); free.

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Works by Copland, Hindemith, and Beethoven. 11/7 at 3. Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); \$18.

The Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Chailly conducts works by Varèse and Mahler. 11/8 at 8. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$19-\$71.

Opera

Amato Opera—Bizet's *Carmen*, 11/6 at 7 and 11/7 at 2:30. 319 Bowery (212-228-8200); \$25.

Metropolitan Opera—*Tosca*, 11/2 at 8 and 11/6 at 8:30; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, 11/3 at 8 and 11/6 at 1:30; *Aida*, 11/4 and 11/8 at 8; *Mefistofele*, 11/5 at 8. Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); \$25-\$275.

New York City Opera—*Falstaff*, 11/2 at 7:30 and 11/7 at 1:30; *La Bohème*, 11/3 at 7:30 and 11/6 at 8; *The Abduction From the Seraglio*, 11/4 at 7:30 and 11/6 at 1:30; *Carmen*, 11/5 at 8. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); \$22-\$90.

Dance

Meredith Monk—Outer space meets folk art in *Magic Frequencies: A Science Fiction Chamber Opera*. 11/2-11/5 at 8, 11/6 at 2 and 8, and 11/7 at 2 and 7:30. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); \$35.

Lance Gries—Dear Guardian, Farewell Grace says good-bye to purity. 11/3-11/6 at 8. The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793); \$15.

American Bolero Dance Company—Olé! Olé! *Fin de Siglo*. 11/4-11/6 at 8 and 11/7 at 3. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. between Park and Lexington Aves. (212-772-4448); \$15-\$35.

Andrea Kleine—Anne Frank meets Veronica Lake in a voyeuristic documentary, *Memoir Never Was (Secret Tales From the Annex)*. 11/4-11/7 at 8:30. P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288); \$15.

Gina Gibney Dance—*Objects No Longer Present* contemplates childhood and change. 11/4-11/7 at 8:30. Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-8194); \$12.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

the mix

Italian Style...David Hare...Hart Crane

John Leonard's TV Notes

At the Mercy of a Stranger (11/3; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) asks us whether, if we were Joanna Kerns, we'd trust Tim Matheson, the hit man with second thoughts whom her husband (Stephen Lang) has hired to kill her, especially since he loses his temper a lot and even though he rationalizes what he does for a living by reminding her that it's SOP for "civilized people" like the CIA and "corporate America" to hire people like Tim to do their dirty work. All this is apparently based on a true story, after which the husband served nine whole months in prison.

Medal of Honor (11/7; 8 to 9 P.M.; TNT) re-creates the heroic stories of six winners—"ordinary people who do extraordinary things," by definition "beyond the call of duty"—from World War II to Korea to Vietnam to Somalia. A little more attention is paid to Navy vice-admiral James Stockdale than to the other five, but after 2,700 days and nights in North Vietnamese captivity, he doubtless deserves it.

The Scarlet Pimpernel and the Kidnapped King (11/7; 8 to 10 P.M.; A&E) will require Richard E. Grant to save the very future of monarchy from French Revolutionary terror, only a week after he had to save Elizabeth McGovern from Mademoiselle Guillotine. Claptrap with flair.

Intimate Portrait: Natalie Merchant (11/8; 7 to 8 P.M.; Lifetime) follows the remarkable singer and songwriter from her childhood in upstate New York to her thirteen years with 10,000 Maniacs to her emancipation, after beating spinal meningitis, as a solo act. Generous portions of the music are served, from the protest songs about child abuse and human rights, to later, eerie ballads like "Ophelia." In passing, we also learn she studied Martha Graham's modern dance.

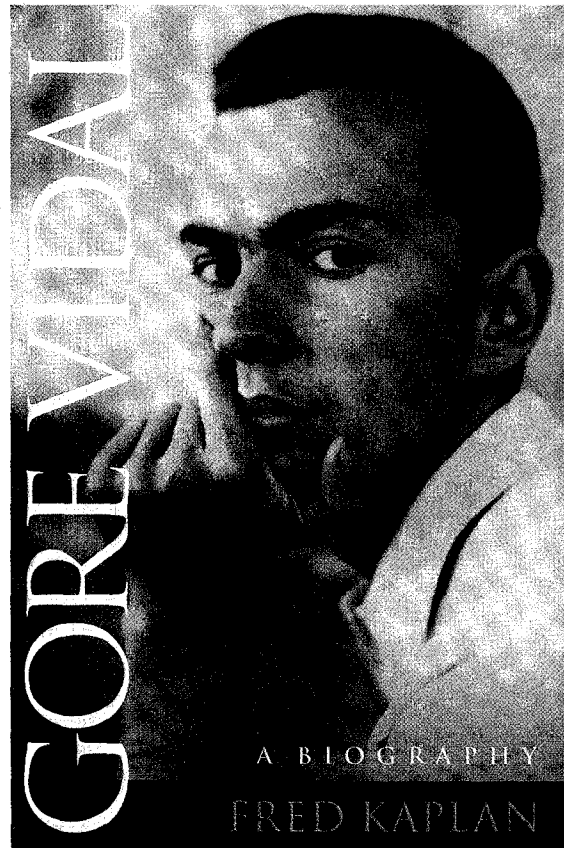
Lectures and Panels

"Italian Style"—11/2 at 6:30 P.M.: As interpreted by Grace Mirabella, Lella and Massimo Vignelli, Mario Buatta, and Pamela Fiori. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); free with \$5 recommended admission, reservations required.

"For Love of the Bard"—11/3 at 7 P.M.: Celebrate the new Pelican Shakespeare series with actor Liev Schreiber, who will be playing Hamlet at the Public Theatre, A. R. Braunnmuller of UCLA, Gerald Prinn of Hunter College, Maurice Charney of Rutgers University, Nancy Becker of the New York Shakespeare Society, and Brian Kulick of the Public Theatre's New York Shakespeare Festival. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

"Reel Pieces: At the Movies"—11/3, 11/17, 12/2, and 12/6 at 7:15 P.M.: Following screenings of their films, five renowned artists—including Anjelica Huston and Stanley Tucci—discuss their work with Annette Insdorf, director of Columbia University's film-studies program. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); \$20.

"Downtowns in America in the 21st Century"—11/4 at 8 P.M.: John O. Norquist, mayor of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and author of the *Wealth of Cities: Revitalizing the Centers of American Life*. The Great Hall at Cooper Union, 7th St. at Third Ave. (212-353-4195); free.



In Print For Argument's Sake

Biographer Fred Kaplan has said that he prefers his subjects dead, but the advantage in writing 'Gore Vidal: A Biography' is that he can sit down with his famously impertinent subject at the 92nd Street Y on November 9 for a discussion over breakfast. See "The Written Word" for details.

"New York: A Documentary Film"—11/4 at 7 P.M.: Documentarian Ric Burns talks about his work with the Reverend Calvin Butts, Margo Jefferson, and other guests. The New School's Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5488); \$10.

William Wegman—11/5 at 6 P.M.: Talks about photographing his beloved, departed weimaraner Fay. The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9700); free.

James Carville—11/7 at 7:30 P.M.: Talking with CNN's Jeff Greenfield about the 2000 election. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); \$20.

Mickey Hart—11/9 at 6:30 P.M.: A chat with the world-renowned drummer of the Grateful Dead. Call the

Seminar Center at 212-655-0077 for location and reservations; \$39.

"New York 1880"—11/9 at 6 P.M.: Robert A. M. Stern, Thomas Mellins, and David Fishman read from and discuss their book *New York 1880: Architecture and Urbanism in the Gilded Age*. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); free with admission contribution.

The Written Word

Nightlife Benefit Reading—11/3 at 6 P.M.: Drinks and readings by Luc Sante, Jonathan Lethem, and Ben Katchor to benefit the series. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166); \$15.

Fran Gordon—11/4 at 7:30: Reading from her first novel, *Paisley Girl*. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (212-420-1322); free.

Holly Brubach—11/4 at 12 P.M.: Discussing *A Dedicated Follower of Fashion*. Municipal Art Society's Urban Center Books, 457 Madison Ave., bet. 50th and 51st Sts. (212-935-3595); free.

Judith Thurman—11/4 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Secrets of the Flesh: A Life of Colette*. The Lenox Hill Bookstore, 1018 Lexington Ave., at 73rd St. (212-472-7170); free.

Leslie Epstein—11/5 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Ice Fire Water: A Leib Goldkorn Cocktail*. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Edwin Torres—11/6 at 2 P.M.: Reading from his work in conjunction with the Poets House "Poetry in the Branches" series. Sunset Park Branch Library, 5108 Fourth Ave., at 51st St., Brooklyn (718-567-2806); free.

David Hare—11/8 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Acting Up*. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Nuar Alsadir, Ross Martin, and Raphael Rubinstein—11/8 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from recent work. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

"A Centennial Tribute to Hart Crane"—11/8 at 8 P.M.: With Henri Cole, Al

fred Corn, Thom Gunn, Langdon Hammer, Susar Howe, and Stanley Kunitz. At the Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); \$15.

"Gore Vidal and Fred Kaplan"—11/9 at 7:30 A.M.: Discuss *Gore Vidal: A Biography*. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); \$30.

Tours

"Dandies, Dudes, and Shady Ladies"—11/6 at 2 P.M.: Explore the wild old days of SoHo and the Bowery, former bastions of New York saloo

culture. Leave the kids at home. Meet at Astor Place in front of the No. 6 subway kiosk. (212-969-8262); \$10.

"Hell's Kitchen Hike"—11/6 at 10:15 A.M.: A visit to the west side of midtown, with stops at St. Malachy's Church, Worldwide Plaza, the Actor's Studio, and a haunted house. Meet at the northeast corner of 48th St. and Eighth Ave. (212-265-2663); \$5.

Events

"The Museum of Television & Radio's Annual Festival of Radio"—Through 11/5: Matt Drudge, Jonathan Schwartz, David Bowie, and Dr. Laura Schlesinger will be on hand for this series of seminars, live broadcasts, performances, and panel discussions about this neglected medium. The Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); \$10.

The International Fine Print Dealers Ninth Annual Print Fair—11/4-11/7: Illustrated books, antiquarian maps, and prints waiting to be framed from 88 international dealers, and a lecture with Wendy

GAME WEEK

	HOME ● AWAY						
	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							
JETS							AZ FOX 1 P.M.
ISLANDERS			NYR MSG 7:30 P.M.	MON MSG 7:30 P.M.		BUF MSG 7 P.M.	
RANGERS			NYI MSG 7:30 P.M.		COL MSG 9 P.M.		CHI MSG 8 P.M.
KNICKS		CLE MSG 7:30 P.M.	CHI MSG 8 P.M.		DET 8 P.M.	CLE 7:30 P.M.	
NETS		IND FSNY 7:30 P.M.	CLE 7:30 P.M.		TOR FSNY 7:30 P.M.		WAS FSNY 8 P.M.
	11/1	11/2	11/3	11/4	11/5	11/6	11/7

Weitman, associate curator in the department of prints and illustrated books at the Museum of Modern Art on Saturday at 1 P.M. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. and 67th St. (212-759-4469); \$12.

The Tube Finishing the Brat

Everyone but Sandy came from Broadway, and maybe even the mutt did, too. Not long ago Alicia Morton, the new "Tomorrow" girl herself, was singing treacle opposite Ricky Martin in *Les Misérables*. Then there's the inspired trio (pictured) of Kathy Bates (center) as Miss Hannigan, Alan Cumming as the pleasingly sleazy Rooster, and Kristin Chenoweth as his sleazily pleasing moll Lily St. Regis, raucously slithering down "Easy Street" as if to the manner born. Throw in Victor Garber as Oliver Warbucks and Audra McDonald as Grace, and you may as well call it the Federal Theater Project. As John Leonard wonders elsewhere in these pages: Do we really need to revisit *Annie*? With this talent, why not? "We're trying to develop a company," producer Craig Zadan admits, and that would probably include *Cabaret*'s co-director, Rob Marshall, here making his TV debut. Perhaps in the interest of tough love, Zadan and partner Neil Meron decided to keep much of the score but jettison the 1973 book. Zadan, who once plowed the fields for Joseph Papp and keeps rewriting his definitive history, *Sondheim & Co.*, adhered to Sondheim's view: Sentiment is good, sentimentality is bad. The producers had surprise hits with *Gypsy*, starring Bette Midler, and *Rodgers & Hammerstein's Cinderella*, with Whitney Houston and Brandy; if the big screen has no use for traditional Broadway musicals these days, well, bring 'em home to prime time. With *Annie*, Zadan & Co. feel they've moved to the next plateau. "We stripped down everything to the bare minimum," Zadan says. "Great story, great bunch of characters. People's first reaction is, Why are you doing *Annie* again? Then they say, 'If you had told me I would be moved or cry, I would have said you're crazy.' If you just tell it as a real story it's very emotional. And very funny." (Sunday, November 7, 7 to 9 P.M.; ABC.)

JEREMY GERARD



Benefits

"Not for Ourselves Alone: The National Breast Cancer Coalition and the American Film Institute Salute Ken Burns"—11/3 at 7 P.M.: Jessica Lange, Hillary Clinton, Meryl Streep, Anna Quindlen, and other famous mothers and their daughters will join documentarian Ken Burns for the world premiere of his film *Not for Ourselves Alone: The Story of Elizabeth Cady Stanton & Susan B. Anthony* on the eightieth anniversary of women's suffrage. The Hammerstein Ballroom, 34th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves. (212-245-6570); \$1,000-\$20,000.

"1999 Dishes on Ice"—11/8 at 6:30 P.M.: A skating party with lots of supermodels to benefit research on pediatric aids. Wollman Rink, (212-840-0770); \$25-\$300.

Exhibitions

"Artist & Alphabet: 20th-Century Calligraphy & Letter Art in America"—Through 11/19: The Society of Scribes celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with an exhibition of books, posters, advertisements, and other media that display letter art. American Institute of Graphic Art's Strathmore Gallery, 164 Fifth Ave. (212-452-0139); free.

"The Italians of New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement"—Through 2/20/00: Revisit the public lives of prominent Italians in the city. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); \$5.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Come visit our re-launched site at www.newyorkmag.com, where you'll discover a more easily navigated design (it's awfully nice to look at, too), along with new, interactive features like full-site searching, message boards, and a daily poll question. Also this week in "The Surf Report," Jod Kaffan looks at quoteland.com, Learn2.com, GiftTrend.com, FoodLine.com, and a George W. parody site. Plus, get daily event picks from Luisa Colón, daily New York trivia, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and selected articles from the current issue along with an improved archive section.

Sports

New York City Marathon—11/7: If you haven't been training all year and those 26.2 miles across the five boroughs seem like an unrealistic undertaking, you have two options. The New York Road Runners Club just moved a decimal point and is hosting a 2.62-mile run in Central Park the day of the marathon. The run begins at 8 A.M. on the 72nd Street Transverse, near the Bethesda Fountain, and ends by Tavern on the Green at the marathon finish line. There is a \$20 entry fee, and you can register through November 6 at NYRR (9 E. 89th St.) Monday through Friday from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M., Saturday 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Or perhaps you prefer spec-

CUE

What are the new films and where are they playing?
 Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway?
 Music under the stars or on the stage?
 How about a comedy club for a few laughs?
 Want to be moved by classical art or avant garde art?
 How about dinner after the show?
 Let's take the kids out - where should we go?

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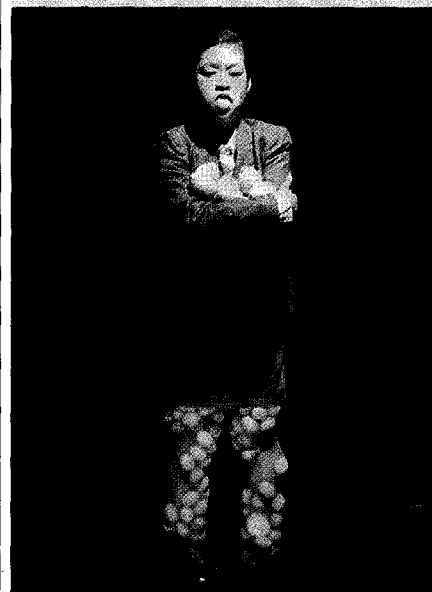
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Solutions to last week's puzzles

A	A	I	I	T	L	F	I
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Happening The Rema Hort Mann Foundation not only antes up the usual subsidies for artists short of paint and elephant dung but also offers "living grants" to people with cancer. Support the group and check out all manner of local creativity, like Patty Chang's *TKE: Better to Give* (pictured), at the 3rd Annual Chelsea Art Crawl on November 6. Ticket prices range from \$50 to \$125; call 212-431-1622 for details.



tator sports? Then get finish-line seating and view all 30,000 runners as they cross the mark. Banquet seats, which include brunch and VIP seating at Tavern on the Green, are \$150, while bleacher seats alone are \$65. Order tickets by calling 212-423-2284, or log on to www.nyrrc.org through November 2. After that, tickets may be purchased at the Marathon Expo (Pier 92, at Twelfth Avenue and 55th Street).

Biking Adventures—Before the New York City Marathon, on Saturday, 11/6, the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge will be auto-free and available for a night rally from Staten Island to Brooklyn under the starry skies. Passage is subject to weather and wind conditions, and helmets as well as rear and front lights are a must. Meets at 12:15 A.M. at the South Ferry terminal. Then on Sunday, while the city is under a running spell, you can pedal 35 miles to the Hudson River Museum—ride through central Manhattan into the Bronx and follow Broadway through Yonkers into the dirt-packed Old Croton Aqueduct. Bring a lock, money, and a Metro-North pass. Meets at 9:30 A.M. in front of the Plaza Hotel (Fifth Avenue and 59th Street). For more information on these and other free rides, call 5BBC at 212-932-2300, ext. 115, or visit www.5bbc.org.

Critical Mass—Just as its name implies, this is a huge ride through the streets of Manhattan on Thursday, 11/4, supported by Time's Up! and aimed at raising awareness that cyclists, just like drivers and pedestrians, are road users with rights. Meets at 7 P.M. sharp near the Astor Place cube. For more details, call 212-802-8222 or visit www.times-up.org.

The National Horse Show—This equestrian competition gallops into Madison Square Garden for four days from 11/4 to 11/7. Ticket prices range from \$15 to \$65; kids under 13 get half off when accompanied by an adult. Call 888-MSGARDEN to purchase tickets, or buy them at the door.

Photograph courtesy of Jack Tilton Gallery.

Kids

Gingerbread... Wolf

Opening Flight of Hand

Best known for his bizarre six-footed "walking machine," uncontrollable hair, and impressive wingspan, Tomáš Kubínek (pictured), will land his new show, "Tomáš Kubínek: The Maestro Returns," at the New Victory Theater, November 5 to November 14. He gladly admits that most of his "bad magic tricks, contortions, and acrobatics" will be the same crowd favorites he employed in his 1997 midtown visit, because "they're really just an excuse to play with the audience."



He brings children onstage, teaches them tricks, ad-libs, and plays with kids out in the audience. "I started out as a child magician myself," he says, so he likes to encourage kids to run off to the circus, albeit with parental approval. "My family really helped me to become a magician and performer," he explains. Though they were forced to flee Czechoslovakia when he was 3 because of a Soviet invasion, Kubínek says, "My dad taught me to look up magic stuff in the library, helped me to join a

magic club, and took me to see comedy movies whenever they were in town—Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, and so on." Now, Kubínek bases his onstage persona, a "turn-of-the-century inventor-professor-magician," on his grandfather, a musician and math and physics professor who loved to watch his act. One of Kubínek's favorite childhood tricks, which he agreed to reveal, was a simple one. The young magician would hand a partner two candles, blindfold himself, and then ask someone to light one. "I could tell them which one was lit," he explains, "because I'd soaked one wick in water, so I could hear it sizzle."

LOGAN HILL

Children's Events

Two Left Feet—Class clown Tomáš Kubínek (see photo) plays the ukulele while balancing a wineglass on his forehead, yoked to a multi-footed "walking machine." And that's before he turns a back flip. **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. 11/5–11/14; Call for showtimes. (212-239-6200); \$10, \$20, and \$25.

Jello & Friends—In a tent that seats everyone close up, witness a daring teeterboard act from Bulgaria, astonishing hand-to-hand acrobatics by Julian Stachowski and Regina Dobrovitskaya, and, most impossible of all, performing house cats. The **BIG APPLE CIRCUS** tent is pitched in Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center Plaza, 62nd St. between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues. Performances run through 1/9/00. Tickets, \$15 to \$60 on week-

nights and \$28 to \$60 on weekends, can be purchased by calling 212-307-4100. For further information, call 800-922-3772, or log on to www.bigapplecircus.org.

Later, Alligator—Caviar-eating Lyle the Crocodile searches for a place to call home in the musical *Lyle, Lyle Crocodile*. 11/6 and 11/7 at 12:30. **PROMENADE THEATRE**, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-627-7373); \$19. ●

Sweet Home—Kids play architect, and chef, when they design and decorate edible abodes at the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM's** gingerbread workshop. With any luck, they'll bring them home before eating them. 11/6 and 11/7 at 1, 2, and 3, 1000 Richmond Terr., Staten Island (718-273-2060); \$2 (plus \$4 admission). ●

Parenting 101—If the fingernail biting has started up again, consider *Mothers & Stress* (for parents of

preschoolers), 11/3 from 9:10–10:20 A.M. (\$15); or register for *Raising an Only Child* (targets parents of children newborn to 4) on 11/4 from 8–9:30 P.M. (\$20 per family). **92ND STREET Y**, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100). ●

Laughing Matter—Mark Stolzenberg, formerly of Ringling Brothers Circus, presents a *Super Silly Circus* along with ballerina Heather Hanson. 11/6 and 11/7 at 2. **CAROLINES ON BROADWAY**, 1626 Broadway, near 49th St. (212-757-4100); \$14. ●

Paper to Paper—Recycle used paper and other objects into decorative sheets that can be used to make future arts-and-crafts projects. 11/6 and 11/7 from 1–4. **WAVE HILL**, W. 249th St. and Independence Ave. in the Bronx. (718-549-3200); \$4 adults; \$2 seniors; children under 6 free. ●

Saturday Day Live—Renowned local tale tellers Faith Ringgold and Diane Wolkstein both read from new books at "Books Alive! Family Festival" (from noon to 1, \$6). Next up, kids can join artists from the Jim Henson Foundation for "Muppets Make Puppets," or to "Make a Pop-up Book" with the author of the book of the same name, Rochelle Schicoff. Both workshops run from 12:30–2:30; \$2. Finally, the Mermaid Theatre of Nova Scotia presents a black-light production of Eric Carle's *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* and *The Very Quiet Cricket*. (3–4, \$6). **ARTSCONNECTION**, 120 W. 46th St. (212-302-7433); 11/6; 12–4. ●

Micro-Marathon—Former New York Marathon runners teach proper warm-up and running techniques before a kid-size marathon around the perimeter of **CENTRAL PARK's** Great Hill, at Central Park West and 106th St. 11/3 from 10–12 (212-860-1370); free. Ages 5 and up. ●●

See Tibet—Kids make their own prayer flags as well as mani stones, masks, and charm boxes at the *Weekend Festival: Tibetan Stories and Arts*. 11/6, noon–3, Lama Lobsang Samden will create a sand mandala; 11/7 from 2–3, listen to a performance by musicians from the Tibetan Institute of Performing Arts. **THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF THE ARTS**, 182 Lafayette St. Festival runs both weekend days from noon to 5 (212-941-9198); \$5, seniors free. ●

Flight Patterns—Members of the Academy of Model Aeronautics will fly electric model aircraft around the grounds of **THE MORRIS MUSEUM**. Kids get a chance to build their own remote gliders and pilot them. The excuse is an exhibit that might be worth a visit all by itself: *On Miniature Wings: Model Aircraft from the National Air and Space Museum*, 11/7 from 2–4. 6 Normandy Heights Rd., Morristown, N.J. (973-538-0454); \$5 adults, \$3 children and seniors. ●

Crying Wolf—*Little Red Riding Hood—The Real Story!* told from the wolf's point of view—and set to music to make it more sympathetic—is presented by the Bronx Arts Ensemble and Belmont Italian-American Playhouse at the **RIVERDALE YM-YWHA**, 5625 Arlington Ave., at W 256th St. 11/7 at 2. (718-601-7399); \$7. ●

Classical Jazz—"Chamber Ellington," led by Wynton Marsalis, focuses on the contrasts and parallels between jazz and chamber music, riffing on the music of the Duke. Co-sponsored by Jazz at Lincoln Center and The Chamber Music Society. Alice Tully Hall at **LINCOLN CENTER**, 140 W. 65th St. (212-721-6500). 11/6 at 11 and 1; \$15 adults, \$10 young adults (18 and under); 11/7 at 2; \$12. ●

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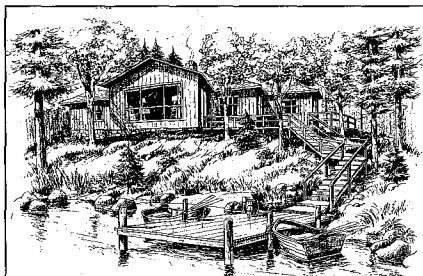
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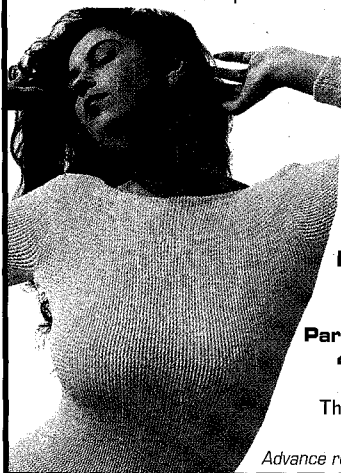
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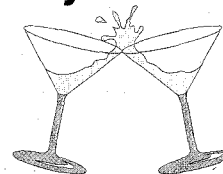
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Deep Blue Eyes—Is it possible to be attractive, successful, educated, happy, and still be single? Well...then you haven't met me. Seeking same (blue eyes optional). White Jewish female seeking white Jewish male, 40-50, for friendship and to live happily ever after. 2182 ☎

Flight Attendant Wanted—For first-class relationship. Award-winning comic/actor, 37, very fit, easy on the eyes, highly overpaid to tour 35 weeks per year, seeks enticing female traveler with a love of laughter. Photo. 2074 ☎

Do You Have The Guts—To respond to a good-looking, athletic, intelligent woman who is ready to try most anything? You are a very attractive, successful, secure man in his 50s, with a good sense of humor, willing to try... Photo, note and phone, please. 2077 ☎

Classy Model-Type Blond—Intelligent, slender and sexy lady, 40s, seeks one exceptional man for monogamous relationship and possible marriage/family. I enjoy the finer experiences life can offer, as well as its simpler pleasures: partner dancing (ballroom, swing, Latin), health/fitness, travel, movies/theater, children, Caribbean, gourmet shops, shooting sports, conversations by the fire, fine chocolate, antique/classic automobile shows, museums, history, hiking and more, and especially, romance, laughing, cuddling and sharing anything "for two". I hope to meet an exceptional man who is very smart (book and street), accomplished, emotionally/financially/physically fit with a sharp wit and a great sense of humor. I have special appreciation for men who are sensitive, communicative, responsible, and who desire emotional intimacy and monogamy in a relationship. I prefer to share my time with sharers and givers rather than takers. If you agree that it is better to share what life offers with your best friend (someone special), please send a detailed note and recent photo (essential). E-mail: RaraAva@aol.com. 2251 ☎

Indecent Proposal—Worldly, wicked city woman of independent means wants naughty but nice, younger man for May-December romance (Wednesdays, weekends and holidays, including the Jewish ones). The rest of the time, you're on your own. Here's the deal: you get a big, blond bombshell who vows to love, honor and obey with no strings, the use of the Porsche, but only when I'm in the passenger's seat. Deluxe travel is mandatory, but I pay my own way. I have the option to pick up the dinner tab when the spirit moves me (usually after two martinis). Bonus is the use of one whole closet in the house in the Hamptons and commercial kitchen privileges for Sunday morning brunch. Gourmet cooking is important, but optional. Being well-heeled and able to dance is a mitzvah. All the above is negotiable over cocktails. Please send recent, decent photo, along with written proposal. Deal??? 2174 ☎

Beautiful, Sweet, Sexy Blond—29. If you are extremely successful MD/JD/MBA type, intelligent, kind, Jewish, 31-39, and want a forever romance, then get in touch. Note/photo/phone. 2130 ☎

Beauty, Brilliant, Brunette—37-year-old, beautiful, radiant dermatologist, (5'8"), (Jewish), altruistic, warm, sensitive, intuitive, mature, sincere personality, would like to meet 32-45-year-old, emotionally mature, successful, confident personally and a true heterosexual man (MD, JD, MBA and DMD), for a serious relationship. Photo appreciated. 2235 ☎

Don't Answer This Ad Unless—You can handle a beautiful, classy, sophisticated Jewish lady, 5'6", slim, with a gorgeous smile and heartwarming laugh. Please respond only if you're a kind, funny, honorable, fit, ultra-successful, entrepreneurial, marriage-minded, communicative Jewish mensch, 39-53, into philanthropy and theater. 2157 ☎

Sophisticated, Spiritual, Successful—Woman seeks her match in a physically fit, 50-something, fun and loving guy. If petite and attractive appeals to you, send note/photo to: 2131 ☎

Investment Analyst—38, MBA, 6', fit. New to NYC, works too hard. Seeks long-term relationship with attractive, intelligent woman, 20s-30s. Photo, please. 2254 ☎

Looking For Soul Mate—I'm handsome, Jewish (nonreligious), health professional who loves music (especially classical and jazz), and enjoys ballroom dancing, theater, museums, hiking and sports. Seeking serious relationship with a warm, fun lady, 27-36, for always. Photo appreciated. 2111 ☎

What Are You Doing New Year's Eve?—Pretty, creative redhead, NYC, seeks 60-plus knight in shining armor. 2212 ☎

Successful, Handsome Business Exec—In entertainment industry, seeks attractive, thin, free-spirited woman, 25-35, for exotic travel, fine dining, the best life has to offer. Photo/phone for reply. 2250 ☎

Seeking Exceptionally Beautiful—Asian or European, single white female (25-34), who is sophisticated, svelte, well-built, chic, athletic, high IQ, for exciting and exclusive romantic relationship. I am an extremely handsome, single white male, never married, 40, fitness buff, scuba diver, pilot, multimillionaire, generous, genuine, adventuresome, and very selective and romantic. Let's meet. Photo and description is a must, with confidentiality. 2185 ☎

Dichotomous Diva—Bright, creative female, 37, tall and voluptuous, with beautiful face, seeking manfiend. I like the arts, rock music, nostalgia and pop culture. I live NYC, weekend Jersey shore, and I want a big, tall, white, successful executive, 35-45, to drive me there! Photo/phone. 2252 ☎

Tiny Waist, Gorgeous Smile—And great big heart. Highly successful yet incredibly feminine and sexy. Pretty, articulate, green-eyed blond, 51, with wonderful sense of humor, integrity, elegance, knockout figure and, most importantly, compassionate heart. Seeking sophisticated, high-powered, kindhearted man who has a great smile and loves to laugh. Recent photo appreciated. 2110 ☎

Tall, Attractive, Athletic, Romantic—Modest gentleman, 56, with flexible schedule...true blue - seeking striking, sexy, genuine, energetic partner, 38-48, interested in golf, archeology, soft summer nights, history and music. Like to dance with a patient partner. Photo, please. 2144 ☎

Caring, Dynamic Surgeon—Communicative, generous, good-looking, really nice guy, affectionate, 5'10", very fit, mid 40s, passion for staying fit, the arts, travel. Seeks vivacious, educated, sweet woman, under 37, for storybook romance. Photo/photo necessary. 2291 ☎

Whoops...I Forgot To Get Married!—Brunette, sexy, curvy, long-stemmed Jewish beauty, 5'8", 38 (going on 17), and so busy having built a successful business when I should be sipping, supping and sisting with my Jewish dreamboat. I am very feminine, loyal, sweet, kind. You are strong, handsome, sexy and funny. Our solid old-fashioned values will come in handy when our future children curl up to us at storytime. Photo, please. 2265 ☎

One Super Guy—Very successful, handsome, 42, 5'11", 175 lbs, green eyes, wavy hair, athletic, accomplished man with flair for the good life. You are 25-35, model slim, know what you want and won't settle. You are a cut above and not afraid to admit it. You have uncompromising values, grace and class. My interests include music (jazz), downtown, MOMA, Knicks, fashion and dining. Photo, please. 2180 ☎

Heaven On Earth—Gorgeous, 38, green-eyed Jewish New Jerseyite, right outside NYC, earthy and casual, with outrageous sense of humor. Music is my passion, while exercise keeps me in fashion. Prefers Levi's to black tie, but when I'm all dolled up, you could die. Hoping to find 38-48, refined free spirit and soul mate, who is successful, loving and kind. Photo appreciated. 2166 ☎

Gay, Super-Successful—Good-looking, 60, in-shape, wishes to meet 40s, sophisticated, well-educated man, prefer European, to share special life style. Photo/letter. Serious replies only. 2222 ☎

I Need Some Luck Here—Chemistry can be so elusive. I'm 52, blue-eyed, trim beard and a muscular build. My passions include travel, both here and abroad, movies, especially dramas and tearjerkers, ethnic food, working out and Scrabble. The woman I hope to meet is kind, bright, sensitive, affectionate, trim and fit. I seek a relationship based on equality with honest, open communication of feelings and ideas. Preferring jeans to dressing up and a minimum of makeup complements my style. Note with photo appreciated. 2226 ☎

Tall Male, Italian Descent, 48—6'3", slim, muscular, funny, warm, caring, outgoing, honest, romantic with traditional values, single, no kids, healthy, loves dining/cooking, beach, movies, NYC, exploring/travel. Seeks marriage-minded, slim female, fun-loving, generous, secure, as I am, and not busy, for a full, passionate relationship, commitment and family. Photo/home number important. 2125 ☎

Very Attractive, Slim Professional—Jewish, LI widow, 48, in great shape, seeks 45-63 man to share love, travel, theater. Must be active and love Manhattan. Should be financially and emotionally secure. Note/photo/phone. 2263 ☎

Pretty, Prep-Schooled Sweetie—Shapely, wholesome, divorced Jewish female, youthful 40s, petite, with Master's degree. Enjoys golf, tennis, cooking, cuddling and nurturing a relationship. Seeking Jewish male, established, easygoing, kind heart, and ready for a loving, loyal life together. Letter/photo, please. 2188 ☎

Fabulous Man—Tall, handsome (really), very successful, Jewish, 50 and easygoing. You - pretty, curvaceous, 30-45, with a positive attitude. Photo, please. 2136 ☎

Looking For Mischief—Very pretty, sexy brunette, 5'4", 110 lbs, 36, Jewish, well-educated (Ivy/MBA), athletic, fun, and a lot more down-to-earth than I look! Can sometimes be a pain in the ass, but kind heart, big smile and good nature make up for it. Like most sports, chocolate mudcake, a quick wit, adventure, faraway places, and people who, while they fit in with the best, don't take themselves too seriously. Seeking truly handsome, charismatic, intelligent, funny, genuine and rugged guy (to 45). Note, photo and reference from ex-girlfriend. 2196 ☎

Beautiful MD—Petite, dark-eyed, foreign-born, Jewish, in 50s (looks 40). Enjoys home, Wall Street, NYC culture. Seeks her Mr. Right, 55-65. 2167 ☎

Beautiful, Blue-Eyed Lady Doctor—Romantic and adventurous - enjoys cycling, travel, classical music, jazz, passionate conversation, warmth - seeks very bright and enchanting counterpart (single white Jewish male, 40-50) with sparkle and wit, to share in wonderfully happy life. Note and photo, please. 2122 ☎

Alluring, Very Attractive—Stylish, loving woman, 46, curvy, nice figure, 5'7", playful humor, warm, adventurous, artistic. Jewish/Italian blend, European tastes. Drawn to Mediterranean cultures, the Southwest and CA. Love art, photography, beautiful things, dreams, travel, family. Seek smart, nonsmoking, financially secure man, 35-55, 5'10" plus, who values a soulful aesthetic life. 2248 ☎

Lost - One Glass Slipper—Very pretty, slim, intelligent, successful professional Jewish woman with great sense of humor and style, awaits handsome prince, "solemate", 34-45, for storybook romance with an urban twist (high-rise castle a plus). Photo, please. 2215 ☎

Lean, Muscular, Blue-Eyed—Attorney/CEO, 44, 5'10", 165 lbs, multimillionaire with Hampton home and city penthouse. Ruggedly handsome, literate - and slightly superficial. Seeks beautiful and fit actress or model type, 22-35. Sorry, but photo a must - will exchange. 2106 ☎

Gay White Female—5'7", mid 40s attractive, PhD, non-complainer, financially independent, looking for same (ages 40-50). You have a love of music high intelligence, class, humor and verbal skills. Please - no mood swings, temper or drugs. Photo, please. 2242 ☎

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Busy Physician—63, seeks woman - fit, fun, nice, kind, calm, warm, smart. 2195 ☒

Nice Package—Successful, single, white, divorced businessman seeks a special lady for a loving relationship. Someone who is intelligent, honest and trim, preferably in her 40s. I am 5'10", 160 lbs. My friends tell me that I'm very attractive, sensual, stable and of course available. I'm looking to share sunrises and sunsets. Current photo, please. 2273 ☒

Passionate, Exciting, Witty—Charming, genuinely nice Jewish male, PhD, youthful 51, seeks very attractive, warm, smart, classy Jewish woman of substance, for keeps. Photo, please. 2177 ☒

Pretty, Traditional—Artistic, warm, fit, single white female, youthful 49, enjoys books, films, theater, museums. Seeks caring relationship with professional, emotionally/physically fit, available male with gentle, loving soul. Will reciprocate letter/photo/phone. 2086 ☒

Looking For Partner, Lover, Friend—Pretty, artistic, slim brunette, seeking intelligent, healthy, financially secure, worldly, gentle man, 60s, to share life, lining in/out, the arts, travel and fun!! Informative note, please. 2134 ☒

Good-Looking—57 years young, athletic male looking for slim, pretty woman for a new start in life. Photo. 2105 ☒

VJ Gal—53, divorced and Jewish, with a sense of humor. Director position with pharmaceutical company. Rx for fun includes opera, ballet, working out, movies, trips to NYC. Looking to meet Jewish male, 48-60, successful professional, direct, honest, for healthy relationship. Nonsmoker. 2171 ☒

Successful Female—5'8", brunette, 40s, bright, witty, naturally curious, looking for brilliant, stable, successful man with great imagination. Note/phone/photo, please. 2285 ☒ ☒

You've Seen The Rest—Now meet someone special! Sexy, pretty, thin (5'5", 110 lbs), happy, together, professional female would like to meet good-looking, tall, intelligent, fit nonsmoker, emotionally and financially secure, youthful 52-60-year-old male who enjoys laughing, loving, and living life to its fullest. Photo/note, please. 2089 ☒

Beautiful, Slim Blond—Great legs, European educated, professional, caring, enjoys languages, arts. Seeks professional male, 44-54, for long-term relationship. 2253 ☒ ☒

Stop! Look! Listen!—Attractive female, 33, looking for sensitive, intelligent, fun-loving Jewish man, 35-45. Photo. 2277 ☒ ☒

Politically Incorrect Female—38, seeks mensch, pretty, 5'7", slim, warm and sincere, with traditional Jewish and conservative political values, seeks male 37-46, 5'9" plus, with strong Jewish identity. Out-of-town responses welcome. 2176 ☒

World Traveler (39)—Seeks adventurous woman to see the world. 2224 ☒ ☒

Still Looking—You can be Jewish, Asian or anything else, just looking for a nice, single woman who cares, 25-36, nonsmoker, affectionate, cute, likes sports, going out or staying in. I'm a good-hearted, single white male, late 30s, in pro sports-related field. Note/photo. 2270 ☒

So...—If I'm so pretty and so bright, why am I 26 and still single? Because I haven't met you! If you're single, Jewish, professional and under 40, let's connect. Please send photo and note. 2102 ☒

I Want To Be A Daddy—38, professional, dark and handsome, seeks petite, fun-loving, 30ish professional. Photo. 2092 ☒

MD, Beautiful Inside And Outside—Innocent, independent, financially secure, searching for a great career gentleman, caring, over 37 years old, for marriage. Photo. sugarscute@yahoo.com 2214 ☒

I Enjoy Sharing Pleasures—With a woman, 50-60. Photo necessary. 2247 ☒

Stunning And Stylish In Stamford—Also smart (48), slim, sleek, shapely, sprightly, sane, secure and saucy! So, sir, if you sense someone special and are searching for a serious soul mate, shall we - socialize? 2276 ☒ ☒

Seeking Man Who Loves God—Smart, open, warm, naturally beautiful, accomplished woman with grace and adventurous spirit, 30s, would like to speak with you. 2202 ☒ ☒

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Get To Me—Genuine, kindhearted, passionate, professional, single Jewish female, 36, slim, pretty brunette, seeks a handsome, sincere, warm, caring, professional, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 34-42, for a special relationship in the next century. Note/photo, please. 2154 ☒

Magic Moments—Smart, fit, pretty, warm, multifaceted female seeks honest, intelligent, active, Jewish, divorced/widowed, 50s, fun guy with lots of time to share travel, music, theater, museums, hiking, long talks. Nonsmoker. NY/NJ. Photo/photo. 2158 ☒ ☒

Looking For A Man—35-45, who has spent time building his life and is now ready to live it. Single white Catholic female, attractive, fit, enjoys the outdoors and loves to laugh. Photo. 2146 ☒

Independent Woman—Long-distance runner, 54, wants to make lunch for a humorous, smart man. 2205 ☒

Pianist/Teacher—52, attractive, sincere, romantic, down-to-earth, nonreligious, seeks attractive, commitment-minded, classical music-listening, 40s woman who's equally eager - for lasting romance. Photo helps. LI/NYC. 2150 ☒

If You Love What You Do—And you do it well, are funny, fit and, at midlife (that's mid 50s or so - and over the crisis), perhaps we should meet. Looking for a guy with a major sense of humor, a minor self-involvement and a desire to be with a woman of real substance. I'm a very attractive, successful, athletic, intrepid and progressive woman with work I love doing, terrific friends and wonderful adult "children". Drawn to public service, serious conversation, living the angst and hilarity of real life, good books, music, the diversity of the city and the solitude of the country. 2165 ☒

Pretty, Green-Eyed—Lively, easygoing, financial professional, looking for warm, kind, funny, tall, almost-normal, 50-60ish guy who's looking for me. Special loves: Kyoto, Barcelona, Harvard Square, Seattle, Maine, Palo Alto. Prefer (914)/(203)/(212). Photo, please. 2306 ☒ ☒

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Director: Tammy Korol



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Passionate, Sensuous—Young-looking 51, woman/child with brains, beauty, great body, waist-length hair, and an incredible smile. I am good-natured, honest, affectionate, adventurous, and a successful business professional...truly a cut above. Being the outdoors type, I enjoy horseback riding, boating and secluded getaways. Seeking romantic, communicative, intelligent, secure, ruggedly handsome, affluent blue collar, as opposed to pretentious blue blood, strong yet sensitive man with a sense of humor, to share love, laughter and life. Let's spoil each other. Letter/photo, please. 2170 ☐

Beautiful, Fun, Bright, British—45, 5'6", 125, looking for a mate. 2310 ☐

Petite And Sweet—Professional black female, 35, seeks single white male, financially secure, with a passion for children, sports, and the lure of an exciting and stirring relationship. Photo/phone. 2233 ☐

Complex Man Seeks Unusual Woman—30s, distinguished-looking, boyishly adventurous MD, artist's sensibilities, swimmer's build, understands women, always mistaken for flamboyant, most comfortable near the water, away from the crowd. 40s, 6', 170 lbs, brown hair. 2245 ☐

Seeking Quality Woman—She is trim, pretty, cultured, 45-55, and enjoys the best of Broadway theater and fine dining. I'm 5'10", youthful 59, slim, divorced, financially secure. Recent photo necessary with note. 2132 ☐

Cute, Dynamic Brunette—With captivating smile, Jewish, athletic (figure skating and tennis), very successful - seeks tall, trim, educated, monogamous, optimistic male, 30s-40s, to explore friendship and romance. Recent photo required. 2274 ☐

Auburn Beauty—40s, slim. Loves puppies, springtime and slow dancing. Seeks male counterpart. Photo. 2114 ☐

Suddenly Available—44-year-old female MD, never married, no children, is back in town after a three-year sentence at the Texas Medical Center. Witty, confident, devastatingly sexy and feminine, pretty too - looking more than 10 years younger than her stated age (satisfaction guaranteed or your money back!). I suddenly have a lot of free time and am looking for a playmate with whom to enjoy the second half, including museums, baseball, theater, food and travel. I would love to share the joy of living with a youthful but grown-up man, 40-52, who values friendship, honesty and commitment. Those relationship-impaired or troll-like creatures need not apply. Photo/note. 2193 ☐

Female, Single—49, slim, very affectionate, seeks professional white male, kind, sincere, passionate man for commitment. Letter/photo. 2219 ☐

Wonderful In Westchester—5'6", bubbly, pretty, slim professional female, enjoys travel, dining, music, comedy, football. Seeking honest, handsome nonsmoker, financially stable professional, single white male, 32-42, easygoing, who likes to laugh. 2268 ☐

Pretty Special Woman—Sophisticated yet totally natural and down-to-earth, athletic, 5'5", 125 lbs, seeks stable, kind, very attractive, interesting man with a good heart and sense of humor, over 47, with whom to share life's experiences. Some passions are skiing, sailing, tennis, traveling, driving (top down), good food and wine of course. Photo, note and phone, please. 2076 ☐

You—Warm, cozy, fuzzy, funny, smart, loving, 48-65, with kids. You don't blame your mother for your problems. Me - very attractive, creative, a snuggler, single mom in her 50s, looking for someone to share the mundane and the momentous. 2091 ☐

Michelle Pfeiffer-Type—Very attractive, vivacious, divorced Jewish female, beautiful green eyes, blond, 5'4", slim, 40ish, a definite head-turner. Loves dancing, traveling, theater, NYC. Seeks handsome, bright, charismatic Jewish male, 48 plus, who appreciates a class act. Photo. 2227 ☐

Very Attractive Blond—Bright, sensual, warm and loving, engaging, genuine, love travel, late 30s, Jewish. Seeking intelligent, attractive, affectionate man with depth of character, who would like to share his life and passions with a special woman. Note/photo, please. 2240 ☐

Very Successful, Hip, Cool—Professional guy - energetic, witty, caring, very attractive, athletic, Ivy-educated, single white male who loves traveling the world, adventure, art and great conversation. Seeks awesome, single white female soul mate, 22-35, for amazing experiences and potential long-term happiness. Returnable photo necessary. 2220 ☐

Engaging, Good-Looking Woman—Slim, youthful style, innovative, sensual professional - wants seasoned, single, insightful, warmhearted, sensual man to enjoy the good life. 2126 ☐

Cherish Me—I'm vivacious, independent, secure, very pretty, 53, Jewish, active, fit and fun, with wit, warmth and class. Seeking special man. 2175 ☐

Colorful Artist/Professor—46, 5'5", shapely, fit, feminine. Long auburn-haired, earthy, worldly, with adventurous spirit, seeks creative, health-conscious man with wit and (com)passion, to share love of nature, travel (especially Europe), animals and life's journey. 2115 ☐

Tango Argentino?—Intermediate, spiritual, sensual, beautiful Jewish woman. You: 53-plus man. Photo. 2104 ☐

Manhattan Attorney—Beautiful Jewish female, 34, slim, 5'4", varied interests, seeks professional, nonsmoking, sincere Jewish male forever. Note/photo. 2279 ☐

Pretty And Vivacious—White, Christian, teacher, in late 40s, would like to meet handsome professional male, 50-60. I like to read, dine, the theater and enjoy sports. Photo/note, please. 2288 ☐

Pretty Widow—Northern NJ, delightful, witty, intelligent, physically fit and emotionally secure - seeks man, 48-55, for long-term relationship. Photo. 2262 ☐

Seeking Assertive Lady—Good-looking, athletic business owner, 43, 5'11", 185 lbs, eager to please, would love to meet a fit, attractive lady who enjoys being pampered. NY/NJ. 2169 ☐

Dreams Do Come True—39, successful MBA, Jewish, handsome, fit, active and self-aware, seeks a bright, fit, warm, refined and genuine woman for keeps. (212) a plus. 2217 ☐

Dangerously Addictive!—Pretty, slim, shapely blond, upbeat and affectionate, seeks tallish, witty, romantic male, 48-58, who's handsome, accomplished, worldly and warm, for laughter, love and the occasional chocolate fix. Photo. 2294 ☐

Divorced White Male—43, Jewish, Modern Orthodox. Me: bright, witty, great sense of humor, loves kids. You: slim, attractive, self-sufficient, sensual, with sense of humor. Us: perfect together for today, tomorrow and beyond. 2088 ☐

Infectious Smile, Great Legs—Very attractive, warm and caring, seeks outgoing, fit, educated, successful, sensual, youthful, widowed/divorced Jewish male, nonsmoking, 58 plus, for best friend, great conversation, travel dining and more. Note/photo. 2201 ☐

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Joyful 55—Loves work. Yarns for male, friendship, companionship, courtship, relationship. 2096 ☒

Stephanie Powers Type—Long auburn hair, violet eyes, Jewish, 40ish, curvaceous 5'6", seeks kind, sophisticated, handsome male, 42 plus, 5'10" plus. Photo. 2124 ☒

Blue-Eyed Bombshell—37, well-figured, funny. Seeks single, upscale male, for keeps, under 50. Photo/phone. 2149 ☒

Tall MD/Scientist/Musician—43, separated (nearly divorced), still romantic, attractive, art-loving and alliterative; seeking 33-42-year-old, warm, independent and attractive woman professional. Note/photo. 2085 ☒

Great-Looking Professional Girl—With versatile interests, who enjoys life and laughter, is looking for professional, emotionally secure, smart and family-oriented man, 35-45. Note and photo appreciated. 2135 ☒

Ready For Real—Pretty, passionate, in-shape and shapely, nonreligious Jewish child psychologist, 39, looking for an intelligent, down-to-earth, genuine man who sings in the car, laughs out loud at a joke, cares about people/ideas, and is also ready for real. 2308 ☒

Handsome, Successful, Ivy-Educated—Professional seeks brainy beauty, 35-45, or serious long-term relationship. She is intelligent, well-educated, adventurous, warm, and so much more. Nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 2287 ☒

Finding A Diamond On A Muddy Road—Outful 58 male, 6'1", entrepreneur with sound mind and sound body, varied interests, seeks tall, educated (possibly European) female, 40s-early 50s. Consider the outcome. Note/photo. 2159 ☒

Jewish Doctor Ready For Marriage—I am a handsome, magnetic 48-year-old male seek a slim, pretty Jewish gal, 35-45, who is serious about falling in love and getting married. Note/photo a must! 2298 ☒

A/Central Park South Model—Attorney/investor - stunning, glamorous, hic, slim, long blond hair, great legs, killer smile, dazzling wit. Loves arts, restaurants, travel, theater, film, abarets, horses, Europe. Seeks tall, handsome, clean-shaven, patrician, highly successful, generous, monogamous t-set gentleman, 40-60. 2095 ☒

Male Real Estate—50, seeks relocatable male. POB 130245, Sunrise, FL 33313

New Year's Eve And Beyond!—Divorced, Jewish, successful business exec, 5'10", 195 lbs, mature yet quite rile, masculine looking. Seeking a romantic encounter of endless duration, with a trim, earthy, vibrant, sensuous, outful female for all the right reasons. Brooklyn/Queens resident. Photo/phone. 213 ☒

Man Of Ideals—Passionate, caring, intelligent, 37, 6'1", seeks affectionate, attractive, intellectually stimulating male with easy laugh, for friendship, romance and simple pleasures. 2302 ☒

And Looking Great—Hoping to find lifelong mate. Are you male, under 40, with profession? Write to me with ur confession. Photo, please. 2232 ☒

Attractive, Well-Traveled—Tall, fit, successful, 31-year-old white male executive seeks a woman with style and sense of humor, to share good times. ☒@panix.com. Note/photo. 2080 ☒

Lion Of The Autumn—48-year-old, trim, blue-eyed Leo wishes to meet comparable woman for relationship. Must like NYC, dining out and movies. 2207 ☒

Central Jersey Teacher—37, pretty, sweet, bubbly, Jewish, nonsmoker. Seeks wonderful Jewish man. Note/photo/please. 2107 ☒

French Ms.—47—Pretty, spunky, Ivy MBA/MFA, relishes NPR, NY Times, Strand, MOMA, Met and world travel. Seeks adventure with tall, nonsmoking man. Photo/note. 2234 ☒

Very Pretty Brunette—Great figure, 38, warmhearted, fun-loving, seeks handsome male, well-built, 5'9" plus, athletic, family-oriented, intelligent, with great sense of humor. Photo/photo a must. 2194 ☒

Merry Widow—Elegant size-10 blond, retired advertising creative director, published author (see Who's In The World, 1995), would like you to join her for a single malt on Beekman Place or champagne at Claridge's. How about a night at the opera (without Groucho)? Note, yesterday's photo. Cambridge, Oxford, Harvard grad preferred. 2256 ☒

Really Nice Guy—I read a lot, run daily, laugh easily and adore the ocean. I'm mentally and physically fit, in my early 40s, great career, balanced life. Seek considerate, professional, slim woman who knows the glass is half full. Photo/note appreciated; will reciprocate. 2223 ☒

Adorable, Sexy, Petite Jewish Gal—5'2 1/2", slim with spunk, smarts, great effervescent smile, diverse interests. Seeks kind, Jewish, spontaneous, successful man, 50-59. Note/photo, please. 2260 ☒

Poet's Heart In Business Suit—Generous spirit, creatively romantic, with passion and integrity. 46, 5'9", gym-trim and athletic, Jewish, enjoying a NJ/NYC lifestyle, gastronomic delights, my boxer puppy, traveling to any warm place, and stimulating conversation. I seek a gym-trim enchantress to share and build a life together, forever. Photo/note. 2216 ☒

Sexy, Slender, Slightly Female—Seeking same in reserved, polished male, 60s-80s, 5'8" plus, who loves traveling, feeling comfortable. Toothbrush waits. 2283 ☒

Be The Last Love Of Our Lives—And savor a good life with this undeniably tender, silver-haired, attractive, blue-eyed, Manhattan-residing, single professional man who is 55 years young on a 5'10", fit frame, who relishes embracing a gracious, approachable, beguiling woman (35-50) who will appreciate simple understated style, clever humor, from this best friend-to-be. Some facts, fiction, myths and a nonvintage photo welcomed. 2101 ☒

Attractive Gay Male—Educated, successful, masculine, 50s, 6'1", interested in travel, antiques, cooking, and all NYC has to offer. Looking for younger man with some overlapping interests. 2271 ☒

Beautiful Blond Model—Classy Jewish MBA seeks Jewish, handsome, GQ, fit (MD/DDS/JD), 40-45, who's emotionally and financially secure as well as marriage-minded. Photo/photo. 2143 ☒

Great Sense Of Simple Style—Extremely attractive, easygoing, smart, caring and upscale. Creative, generous, successful professional, appreciates good friends, city/country, simplicity/beauty, taking photographs, good food/wine, Philharmonic. Seeks 49-65 man; cultivated, financially stable, fit. 2228 ☒

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Afford me the opportunity to introduce you to one of my clients at no cost. Allow me to prove you have been picky only because you are meeting the wrong people.
Some of the available female clients this week include:
November's Playboy Centerfold, 29, ISO SWM, tall, attractive preferably in the financial industry.
Prof Dancer from Russia, 42, blond, blue w/legs that don't quit.
Very attractive, successful atty, 37, ISO SJM, financially secure.
Stephanie Powers Look-alike, 46 years old.
Natural Beauty, 32, 5'8", bright, brainy, with excellent figure.
Prominent NY Physician, gorgeous, 48, financially independent.
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Sultry, Sassy, Soulful—Woman with hazel eyes, red hair, living in two worlds, that of the artist and entrepreneur. From intense discussions to playful roaming through flea markets and auctions, spontaneity abounds as you share your good-looking, tall, fit self (Jewish); cultured, successful (because I am too), funny, creative, 30s-40s. We share the love of good wine, the excitement of the city and the warmth of the country. Skiing, hiking, playing tennis, while enjoying animals, the arts, foreign films, travel, as we think about starting a lifelong love affair, with marriage and children, and create a life that others only dream about, with lots of hugs. Photo/phone. 2307 ☒

Jack Looking For Jill—Accomplished, attractive, financially secure, athletic Jewish male, 42, seeks honest, intelligent, single/divorced white female, 35-40. Serious reply only. Photo/note. 2293 ☒

Cutie Single—White brunette female, 35, seeks great professional guy to enjoy Manhattan with. Photo and detailed note gets definite response. 2113 ☒

It's Lonely At The Top—Sure, I enjoy the rewards of long hours, luck and talent...but enough already! Success is relative without someone to share it with. I am: lively, sophisticated, enlightened, cozy, funny and direct, Upper West Sider, fashion exec, 40s, dark glossy hair, chocolate eyes, velvet-skinned and a killer smile (a strong resemblance to Julianna Margulies), nonsmoker, cooking skills, no kids, a second residence, cute dogs, sane relatives and a good driving record. You are: a liberal, happy, self-confident, emotionally and socially available, attractive, fit gentleman of 40-55, blessed with personal integrity, professional achievement, financial stability, humor, broad shoulders and keen appreciation for life's pleasures. Your well-adjusted children are a bonus. Commitment is not a four letter word. If you can say it without stuttering, I look forward to your response/photo. 2301 ☒

Make My Life Complete—Jewish professional male, marriage-minded, age 60, medium build, financially secure, seeks an affectionate, intelligent female, mid 40s-mid 50s. Note/photo. 2127 ☒

Adventurous Witty Woman

Writer (professionally), reader (habitually), NYU grad, SoHo dweller, forty-five but looks forty-four-and-a-half. Looking for someone who is braver than he is frightened, warmer than he is cool (but Downtowners given preference), reader of fiction but no spinner of same. Demonstrable ability to sustain intimate relationships a plus; driver's license and/or day job a necessity. I'm funny, kind, compassionate and generous as well as adorable. I prefer Oreos to Hydrox, Matisse to Picasso, New York to LA. If you think you can handle it, drop a note, photo, severed ear or whatever. (No Republicans, Fundamentalists, or investment bankers please.)

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Enterprising White Male Sought—By 45, Japanese lady. Photo. 2117 ☒☒

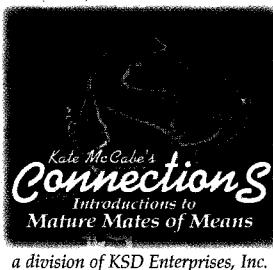
Stylish, Natural Woman—With '60s values, seeks positive, romantic guy, 55-65 who is ready to settle down. 2300 ☒☒

Let's Plan Our Winter Vacation—39-year-old Jewish male, surgeon specialist, 5'11", warmest heart, charismatic smile, athletic (tennis, golf, running), dynamic, seeks upbeat, positive, thin, attractive, wonderful woman, 20-mid 30s, to simply share a life. Bio/photo. 2272 ☒

Profile 10 CONNECTION

Gender/Age: female, 48
Personal Status: divorced, no children
Occupation: benefactor
Hobbies: golf, belly dancing, sailing
Clubs: yacht/country & garden club
Favorite Food: oysters
Favorite Song: "Afternoon Delight"
Favorite Wine: Silver Oak, Cab. Sauvignon '95
Favorite Beach: Orient Pt. Beach, Sint Maarten
Ultimate Turn On: black leather

If this lady peaks your interest, connect with Kate McCabe...203-483-1303



December 31st, 11:59—Ritz Crackers, jug of wine and thou. Very attractive, witty professional brunette, 50. 2269 ☒☒

In Search Of Man, 52-68—Manhattan or NJ. I am 49, 127 lbs, professional female. 2138 ☒

Handsome, Successful—Single white male, 46, with herpes, seeking single white female, 28-40, who is looking for a man who has a good sense of humor, has traditional values, is well-adjusted and responsible, family-oriented and wanting to make a commitment sooner rather than later. Have faith and respond - there are happy endings no matter how awkward the beginnings are. Note/photo. 2119 ☒

Physically Fit, Athletic Male—35, MA degree, Yankee fan, seeks bright, petite, slim, single white female. 2155 ☒☒

Truly Handsome White Male—59, blond, blue eyes, formerly married, successful, former pro athlete, good physique, sense of humor. Seeks 40-55, slender model/dancer type for friendship and romance. Photo/phone. 2090 ☒

Traveling, Romantic Male—Youthful, slim, happy, 5'8", 60s. Seeks comparable female. Share travel, togetherness. Note/photo, please. 2139 ☒

Widower—69, retired attorney, playful, nutty, fun. POB 1153, NYC 10023

Asian Sophisticate—Shapely, desirable, professional, well-educated lady with long hair, 5'5", early 30s, sensual, feminine, seeking successful man. 2148 ☒☒

This Diamond Is A Man's—Best friend! I'm an enthusiastic, energetic, caring and cultured woman who loves foreign films, country and city. Seeking a mensch, 50-60, to share life and have lots of fun. By the way, I have great legs for those beautiful country walks - and a little rollerblading too. 2097 ☒ ☒

Beautiful Black Lady Sought—By blond, blue-eyed European professional, 40, 5'11", good-looking, athletic, very well built. Please be shapely, sexy, 25-30, and ready for relationship. Photo appreciated. 2225 ☒

Attractive, Blond, Petite—Warm nature, Manhattan, likes films, music, museums. Seeking Jewish man with similar interests, professional background, nonsmoking, 60 plus. 2112 ☒☒

South Florida Stunner—30, petite, fit, pretty, Jewish, educated, fun, caring and happy. I'm originally from New York and have a strong sense of family and tradition, a keen adventurous spirit as well as a broad range of interests: travel, humor, tennis and more! Recently moved to Florida and hoping for a funny, intelligent Jewish man under 40, with similar qualities and interests, to be my soulmate. Think you might fit the bill? Drop me a note and photo. 2079 ☒☒

Top Of The Line In Elegance And Class—Shapely, smart and sweet lady seeks man, 65-75, who is attractive, intelligent, sensitive and financially secure, to enjoy a life of quality and love together. 2305 ☒☒

Beautiful, Well-Read Redhead—5'6", slender, 32, kind, stylish; seeks very smart, funny, attractive, successful, Waspy, generous, good-hearted man, ready for the real thing. 2309 ☒ ☒

Successful, Handsome—Witty professional male seeks attractive, romantic, petite female, 38-47, for fun, for friendship, for love - forever? Note/photo/phone a must. Thanks. 2153 ☒☒

Forget Y2K - Why Not Me?—Me: 48, 5'3", 120 lbs, sensual brunette, spunky personality, loves to laugh. You: affectionate, generous Jewish man, established, with integrity and values. Great sense of humor a must. Photo/note. 2190 ☒

Dynamic, Good-Looking—Jewish executive looking for stunning Jewish woman, 35-50, with great body and great mind, who's beautiful both inside and out, to share great times. Photo/phone appreciated. 2299 ☒

If You Believe...—That urban/outdoor life is heaven, that a new moon is more interesting than New Year's, that adventure can be found in China or in the Cloisters, that Gordon Gecko wasn't a superhero and that there's no such thing as bad weather, this 35-year-old, tall (5'10"), Jewish (Boston variety), successful beauty is looking for a guy (33-45) who believes that life is exactly what you create. If you are tall (6' or taller), successful, secure and grounded, if you love to live in (and leave) the city, are athletic (skiing, golf, running, etc.), and totally get it, then I believe we should meet. Call or send note with photo. 2243 ☒☒

Lovely, Cultured Lady—45, free to travel, seeks accomplished gentleman, fit and financially secure, 39-53, nonsmoker and photo a must. 2081 ☒

Sunny Disposition—Beautiful woman (actually true), intellectual, successful, emotionally and financially secure, Jewish (you needn't be), petite, a youthful 45, seeks her male counterpart, preferably 40-55. No, "counterpart" doesn't mean you have to be "beautiful" too. 2230 ☒ ☒

Handsome, Blue-Eyed—Successful professional, funny, athletic, 6'4", mid 30s, warm, sincere and supportive, enjoys cooking, shopping, movies, concerts, sunsets, conversation, museums and dancing, seeks professional female. 2295 ☒☒

Manhattan, East Side Widow—Slim, beautiful, mischievous, loving, with engaging career; seeks 60ish partner, kind, curious, established, with moxie, for arts, travel, sports, domestic felicity. 2140 ☒

Will Be Wintering In Florida—Socialite seeks comparable gentleman (50-70) who appreciates a lady who is elegant and proper, yet sexy and passionate. Note/photo. 2284 ☒

53 And Never Been Kissed - Really!—Single, white Jewish male, nonsmoker, very willing to learn, seeks tutor. Handsome. Bright. Intelligent. Nutty. Wants children. Your kids okay. 2237 ☒☒

I'm Y2K Compliant, Are You?—This very fit, handsome, athletic, 37-year-old mensch is looking to share the first half of the next millennium with a dynamic woman who has charisma, style, beauty and brains. She must have a great sense of humor. Skiers encouraged. Couch potatoes need not respond. Photo/note/phone. 2229 ☒

Smart, Sassy, Sultry Lady—Transplanted to NJ from CA, experiencing culture and weather shock. Seek nonsmoking white male, 45-55, to share life, love, changing seasons. 2120 ☒☒

Xilent Woman—With xtra tickets for BAM, etc... (You missed Elvis Costello and L. Anderson.) Creative, attractive, smart, evolved optimist. Looking for thoughtful, warm, smart, healthy Jewish man, 48 plus, with worldly interests, down-to-earth values. Tell me about yourself soon. No smoking, please! Thanks. 2239 ☒☒

Marriage-Minded—Jewish female, 36, 5'7", medium build, loves life, warm and affectionate, seeks honest, romantic Jewish male, 36-45, for commitment leading to marriage and children. Note/photo. 2206 ☒

Pot Belly, Please—Attractive, (212), single white male, 48, 5'10", 175 lbs, blue eyes, thick salt-and-pepper hair, never-married, intelligent, lived overseas, wide range of interests, very down-to-earth and sincere, seeks passionate forever with an attractive, (212) or (718), American white female, under 5'4", overweight but full-figured, whose work ends at five, enjoys movies, dancing, simple pleasures, quiet evenings, very feminine, with Imelda's passion. 2275 ☒☒

High-Standard Cover Girl Sought—By well-bred, accomplished investment banker, 40, handsome/trim with traditional values. You are erudite, attractive, 25-35, and enjoy being spoiled constantly. Note/recent photo. 2181 ☒

Pretty Professional—Slim blond, 51, seeks secure, romantic man for love, warmth, laughter. 2145 ☒☒

Kenya, Turkey, Israel, Jordan—Divorced Jewish female, world traveler seeks similar adventurer. From TX, now (212) and refreshingly different from NYC women. Adorable, petite, fit, strong independent, successful, loving, giving irreverent brunette, 5'3", 50 going on 25 Cuddly ENFP, sparkling eyes and million dollar smile for everyone. Seeks charming funny, exciting, under 60, Jewish entrepreneur, warm/hot, lover of the arts sports, for fun and more. Dancer, grea kids, dog lover, blue eyes a plus cindybgood@hotmail Photo/note. 2303 ☒

Very Nice, Handsome—Single white Catholic male, 42, 6', 190 lbs, blue eyes, brown hair, heart of gold, seeks very attractive lady, 28-38, with touch of class. Please send note/photo. 2203 ☒

Upgrade To First Class—Enjoy a well-deserved, fun-filled journey with alluring, sensitive, classy, accomplished, creative spirit. Seat saved for tall, creative, 35-50 male, stimulating and humorous conversationalist with zest for life. Help plan itinerary: include beach, golf, movies, theater, nature, fine dining and passion. Photo ID. Call/write to reserve non-smoking seat. 2099 ☒

New Millennium Resolution—Exceptional, compassionate, Afro-Asian professional male seeks generous, financially secure male companion for gracious living in 2000 and beyond! SundanceNY@hotmail.com 2087 ☒

Pretty, Witty, Late 60s—Senior professional gal seeks dynamic, upbeat, secure guy who loves life, music, theater and travel. Are you there? 2151 ☒

Therapist With Soul Of Artist—Hazel-eyed beauty seeks fit male, 38-50, to share passion for life, love, arts. 2121 ☒

Warm, Sensual, Artistic Woman—Seeks loving man, 55-70. 2179 ☒

Sleeping Beauty—38, untouched by time, has finally awakened from somnolent state. Seeking a passionate Prince Charming to reacquaint her with all the wonders the kingdom has to offer. Not looking to be rescued, merely enchanted. Note/recent photo, please. 2123 ☒

Warm, Lovely, European Background—Loves travel, sports, arts, languages. Mid 30s. Seeking calm, intelligent Christian man. Photo/note. 2100 ☒

Blond Manhattanite—(Christian background), fair, very pretty, 52, 5'6 1/2", 26 lbs, toned, shapely size 8, stylish request my home-page pictures). Sensual et intellectual, affectionate, former professional, now private income - travels, off, no dependents, nonsmoker, upbeat, table and sane. No baggage (really). Seeks fit, likeable single gent, 54-68. Responder must be successful - business or professional. Note/photo. 2187 ☒

Hope And Desire—Pretty blond psychologist, intellectual and fun-loving, seeks substantial male partner, 50s or 60s, or an amazing afternoon of our lives... everlasting. Note/phone. 2116 ☒

it, Feminine, Fanciful—Sincere, loving professional in early 40s, seeks secure, authentic, kind, accomplished male professional. You enjoy life, from forest ferns to city lights, have a strong life force with nothing to prove and everything to share. Defense de fumer. Recent photo. 2129 ☒

Intellectual White Male, 45—Seeks male friend/lover. Please send bio/note, photo(s) and phone. 2264 ☒

Are You The One?—Pretty, spicy, playful, fit brunette, 40ish, seeks intelligent, upbeat, attractive, fit ultimate, 48-60. Photo. 2093 ☒

Why Is Everyone So Perfect?—Kind, sometimes-cranky female, 39 and headed, loves baseball, biking, Oscar via, general silliness, and too many ps. Hates cooking, daytime TV and golf. Seeking a genial non-Adonis to be best end for life. 2296 ☒

I'm Will, She's Grace—My best friend, a smart and sexy fitness pro, divorced, is out there looking for a refined, stand-up guy, 35-55, to enjoy it all: travel, theater, galleries, great moments. 2162 ☒

Asian, 30s And Still Single—This Asian male is handsome, successful, caring and cooks. So what's wrong with this picture? You're not in it. My mom can't show her face at the Joy Luck Club till I'm married, so hurry! Note/e-mail to: nyc.asian@yahoo.com. Photo or artistic self-portrait appreciated. 2178 ☒

Romantic, Handsome CEO—45, 6', seeks lady, 30-47, with beauty, brains and a warm heart. Photo, please. 2142 ☒

Trial Attorney—As a 40-year-old male, I am an extraordinarily successful, wealthy, Columbia University-educated head of my own law firm, published author of a novel. I am extremely handsome and stylish, with a quick wit, fit body and healthy spirit. I'm also a man of laudable virtues, with a big heart and an easy laugh. Some of my interests include sailing, long-distance running, literature, healthy eating and living. I am seeking a truly beautiful woman (inside and out) with a passion for life and a capacity to love, for lifelong romance and commitment. Note/recent photo and phone number, please. 2209 ☒

Bi? - Hi!—Attractive, sensitive, upscale, gay Hispanic male professional, 35, seeks masculine bisexual male, over 35, for friendship and more. 2238 ☒

Sexy, Petite Redhead—43, who loves to have fun, seeks secure, charismatic man of substance, with mutual interests. 2278 ☒

Seeking (203)/(914) Dad—Happy, grounded, successful, 44-52, with barbecue mitts and dear heart. Your pretty counterpart awaits. 2173 ☒

A Man Of Substance—42, youthfully good-looking, Jewish, bright, successful, down-to-earth, athletic and fit. I possess an intense energy while still being in touch with my inner child. I enjoy a variety of outdoor and indoor interests. You are pretty, thin, warm, 27-37, with a natural look, and have a good feel for what makes you happy. Photo, please. 2282 ☒

Elegant, Talented Lady—Seeks kind, considerate NYC man, 60s plus. 2083 ☒

If There's No Love, There's Nothing—I'm a woman, 40. 2258 ☒

Wanted - Preferably Alive—Single white female, financially secure, tall and attractive, good sense of humor. Me, single white female, 5'7", attractive, 40ish, looking to share the best in life. I like dinner, theater, travel, and the Mets. Please send note and photo. 2304 ☒

Sparkling Smile, Eyes To Match—Radiant, very pretty, slender Jewish female, 44. Affectionate, huggable, vivacious, compassionate. Laughter is key. Likes skiing, tennis, theater, golf, reading. Adventurous, intelligent, successful professional; has integrity, confidence. Seeking male who is involved in life and ready for a relationship. Note/photo appreciated. 2128 ☒

Comfortable Lawyer—Seeks soul mate to enjoy life in NY. I am recently divorced, 47, seeking white female, 25-40, for serious relationship, marriage? Into good life, travel, theater, smoking, music, fine food. You are sincere, intelligent, educated, hip, open-minded, into lingerie. Photo and note. 2199 ☒

Do You Sing When You're Alone?—Can you get cabs in the rain? Do you often remember your dreams? Do you think it's possible, even in the face of current available data, to find a soul mate? My best friend, 47 (but looks 46), is pretty, funny, compassionate and newly available. She's an artist and writer, lives creatively and has a most generous spirit. I'd love it if you prefer the arts to the Mets, films to movies - and drive, hike and kiss well. Sense of humor and pulse vital. If you like dogs, yourself and what you do, let's meet, talk and I'll introduce you. This is a goofy way to meet people, but she's fabulous and worth the trouble. 2210 ☒

Successful, Attractive Harvard MBA—Male, 32, with diverse cultural and athletic interests, seeks Asian woman. 2168 ☒

Pretty Woman, Teacher—White, sincere, loyal, sense of humor, seeks a good man for the long run, 60 plus. Photo. 2192 ☒

Pretty, Petite Blond—Blue-eyed, sweet, smart professional female with good sense of humor and traditional values, seeks handsome, sincere, educated, established, professional Christian man, 35-44, for fun, friendship and more. 2290 ☒

Passionate, Honest—Down-to-earth woman, 37, seeks a man who is self-aware, loving and ready to play in the big leagues. I am a tall, slim, attractive brunette who feels real beauty comes from within. Please send note/photo. 2183 ☒

Kind But With An Edge—Responsible but with an underlying irreverence, attractive, tall, thin, Ivy-educated woman, 33, seeks her match. Photo. 2084 ☒

Pretty, Petite, Educated Widow—With brains and bucks and interesting life, seeks Jewish man, 60-70, who enjoys opera, concerts, theater, travel. 2191 ☒

Want To Win The Lottery?—Handsome, romantic, intelligent, upbeat, adventurous, single Jewish professional male, 36, 5'8", slim. Enjoys travel, theater, dancing, comedy, new experiences and more. Seeks a fun-loving, down-to-earth, attractive, slender, single white female, 26-38, for relationship. Let's make a winning combination! Hey, you never know! 2280 ☒

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Wanted: Single, Handsome Guy—Professional, 30-40. Did I mention handsome? You won't be disappointed with this woman. 2082 ☒

Sophisticated, Cultured Women Wanted

My name is **Samantha Daniels**. I am a private social consultant who works with only the finest of worldly, savvy, and successful individuals, both men and women who are interested in finding their mate. My clients are very important and distinguished members of society - involved in charitable organizations, world travelers, highly educated and leaders in their areas of business. The only thing that is missing in their lives is someone with whom to share all of their successes.

Presently, I am in search of women between the ages of 29-38, who are well versed in current events, travel, the arts, and education and can *turn heads in any room into which they walk*. The man with whom I am working is family oriented, wildly successful, athletic, travels to the most exotic of places and would love to discover a soulmate. Please send a specific and honest letter and a photo (*a must*) and I will contact you when appropriate. I am very discreet and your privacy will not be compromised.

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Smart, Sexy, Spirited—Lovely 49, slim blond seeks accomplished Jewish man, to age 55, for love and laughs. 2103 ☐☐

Continually Evolving PhD—And nice guy, 50s, 5'9", black, fit, seeks pretty, slim lady, 39-50, any race. 2186 ☐☐

There's More To Life Than Work—Successful NYC corporate executive, 45, enjoys dining, dancing, good conversation, working out, long walks, the beach. Seeking a special woman, 37-43, to share life and love. Note/photo/phone. 2118 ☐☐

Unique Wit, Eclectic—Successful, 6'2", handsome, youngish 49, Jewish Manhattan male - seeks attractive, creative, slim, buxom, upbeat female. Note/photo. 2152 ☐☐

Handsome, Gay Jewish Man—Young 40, MBA, successful, interesting, comfortable in straight/gay worlds. Seeks 30-something male to start the millennium together. I'm all ears. 2261 ☐☐

Handsome Doc—46, athletic, fit, seeks sweet, smart, sexy soul mate, 30-42. E-mail: HIMDC@aol.com Photo. 2241 ☐☐

Single White Male—37-year-old CEO, generous, athletic, in search of single white/Asian female, 22-35 years old, for romance, pampering and enjoying the finer things in life. 2246 ☐☐

Tall, Attractive Attorney—Single white male, 44, kind, dependable and easygoing. Loves running, meditation, travel, animals. Seeks woman who is happy with her life and values humor, honesty and growth. Note/photo appreciated. 2292 ☐☐

Wouldn't Serendipity Be Nice?—Attractive, athletic, early 50s dad wants to play back 9 better. Loves books, country, adventure. You're a slim, athletic, 35-45, who can turn heads, pages, and double diamonds, as comfortable in blue jeans as black dress, who wants to make a new friend or perhaps find your last lover. Photo and note, I'll reciprocate. 2094 ☐☐

Very Pretty, Blue-Eyed—Playful, lovable, artistic woman of substance, looking for a handsome, creative, sensitive, educated soul mate, 45-58, over 5'10", (212). Single dads preferred. Photo/note. 2255 ☐☐

Slender, Glamorous, Warmhearted—Pretty brunette. Generous, independent, bi-coastal theatrical producer. Loves all the arts, exercise, travel, hiking, reading, wonderful conversation. Seeks cultured, financially secure, attractive, intelligent man, 48-59, 5'8" plus. 2109 ☐☐

Very Special Lady—Mature, traditional, cultured, emotionally/financially secure, healthy, attractive, romantic, seeks gentleman, 60-70, complementary qualities, for lasting monogamous relationship. Serious replies only. 2266 ☐☐

Male, 44—Sensitive, intelligent, emotionally mature, great sense of humor, seeks a woman with similar qualities. 2314 ☐☐

Self-Assured, Self-Employed—But not self-absorbed. Tall, trim, sophisticated woman with distinct presence, elegance and style, early 50s. Intrigued? 2200 ☐☐

I'm A Single Mom—Looking for a play date with a single dad - but you can't be older than 45 to play. 2141 ☐☐

Gorgeous Lady—5'7", slim, intelligent, seeks lifetime partner, 32-45. 2184 ☐☐

Real Deal—All-around great guy. Good-looking, accomplished attorney, athletic, fit, romantic, 41, 5'9", Jewish. Seeks special woman, 29-40, beautiful, slender, caring, for best friend and soul mate. Note and photo. 2172 ☐☐

Very Pretty, Green-Eyed—Jewish female professional, 38, 5'5", slim, European-born, seeks 40-plus, bright man. Note/photo, please. 2197 ☐☐

The Answer To Your Dreams By Day—And fantasies by night (or vice versa) might be this young 60ish redhead, lover of arts. You're a secure man, 60-70. Note/photo. You'll not be disappointed. 2208 ☐☐

Fashion Designer—Very attractive, tall, fit, successful woman with kind and romantic heart and a great sense of humor. I am a world traveler who enjoys the finer things in life - such as arts, movies, theater, sports, dining and cooking and love the outdoors. Seek affectionate, handsome, secure, high-energy, 32-45 man. Letter and photo. 2236 ☐☐

Handsome Jewish/European Doctor—52, successful, romantic, down-to-earth and family-oriented, seeks a very pretty, petite, shapely, intelligent and fun-loving female, 30-38, for long-term committed relationship. Photo required. 2098 ☐☐

Very Cute, Fun—Professional (DDS), 32. Tired of being the third wheel. I am a huge sports fan, love to travel, have a great sense of humor, conversant on many subjects and am usually up for just about anything. I want someone to go out and do things with and stay home and do nothing with. Not looking for just any man. I'm looking for quality. Great personality, successful (Broker/Trader/JD/MD, etc.), very good looking. Take a chance - I am. You won't be disappointed. Under 40 only, please. (212)/(203)/(914). Note/photo. 2009 ☐☐

Manhattan, Handsome Retired Lawyer—6', 175 lbs, brown hair, athletic, 75. Affectionate, gentle, imaginative. Loves humor, racquetball, theater, music, history, reading, ideas, good nutrition. Nonreligious Jewish. Seeks slim, compatible woman, 5'5"-5'8". Photo/letter. 2164 ☐☐

NYMessage

Attractive Heterosexual Female, 40s—Intelligent, down-to-earth NYC business owner seeking other single females who like to go out to meet men. Write: 2156 ☐☐

SEND A WRITTEN RESPONSE Here's How:

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New York Magazine, Box # _____
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Active Lifestyle, Traditional Heart—5'5", slender, attractive, divorced, professional Jewish female who values family, friends and connected good times, seeks an educated and sophisticated, professional Jewish male with brains, heart and soul, for a friendship-based, long-term relationship. Note/photo, please. 2218 ☐☐

Exquisite Beauty—Class, Ivy MA, sexy, great figure, affluent, strong values, fun, seeks same in man, 45 plus. Photo. 2137 ☐☐

Wickedly Funny, Petite Beauty—Aerobicized and therapized to perfection (perhaps modesty still an issue). Seeks successful man, a non-workaholic with heart and wit, 49-57. Note. 2289 ☐☐

Let's Team Up—Tennis, travel, entertaining, sharing special times. Successful, attractive blond would like to meet kind, caring, established man, 42-55. Photo/note, please. 2133 ☐☐

Young Jewish Widow—40s, beautiful and bright, classy, nonsmoker, brunette, big brown eyes, great smile, vivacious, fun-loving, emotionally and financially secure. Seeking Jewish male, 40s-60ish, well-educated, emotionally and financially secure, kind and caring. Photo/note/phone/e-mail. 2249 ☐☐

Huggable, Great Catch—Handsome, fit, athletic, successful Jewish professional, humorous, intelligent. Seeks classy lady under 46. Phone/note/photo. 2163 ☐☐

The One In 2000—Attractive, athletic 6'2", 41, successful Network Engineer. Enjoys sports, concerts, fine dining and is well-traveled. Seeks fun-loving attractive woman with similar interests. This could be the beginning of more than just a new millennium. Photo/note please. 2231 ☐☐

Looking For Cover—Handsome masculine, successful, bi male, 30s seeks feminine, attractive, in-shape nonsmoking woman for friendship and social settings. 2244 ☐☐

Very Beautiful, Elegant, Sexy—Highly educated and refined woman seeks highly successful, very brainy (street smart okay) man with interesting lifestyle and a desire to travel and enjoy the finer things in life. Age 40-70. Note/photo. 2147 ☐☐

Love Is Lovelier...—Perky, professional attractive Jewish widow seeks well-educated, attractive man, 50s-early 60 for adventure and love. 2211 ☐☐

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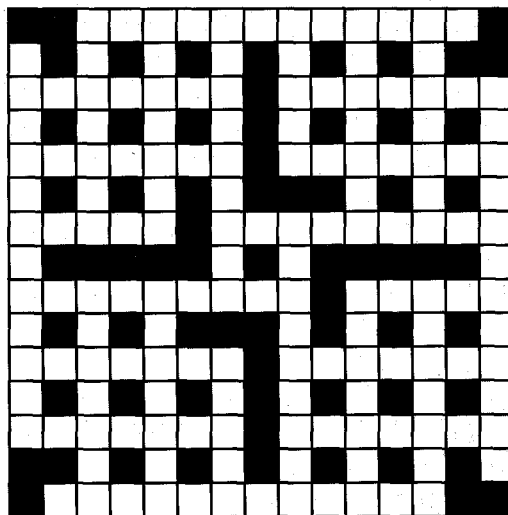
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The 'Guardian' Crossword

- A** Sorry for defence of ancient text. (7)
B (P's more usual) Go: say "usual" next. (7)
C Fish, if that's the Queen's—they legislate. (9)
D Pollard, bird in nest? Make abdicate? (7)
E Butler's work before that's on man's end. (7)
F Half of letter torn for one to mend. (7)
G Don't stop talking, equatorial state. (5)
H Maybe water, metal, hand, or weight. (5)
I Who decks cake with black stuff under skate? (3-4)
J Hurl hid jetty out, yet Yanks aren't free? (4,3,5)
K Knowledge always turns away from G. (5)
L Resin maker, canticles transferred. (3,6)
M Ruth was getting nip from great old bird. (7)
N Trimmer has to talk about a blue. (7)



Method: Solve the clues and fit the solutions into the diagram jigsaw-wise, wherever they will go.

- O** Flower, gold in ring, takes up from coup. (7)
P Talking like a church in quarry spied. (7)
Q Queen's fool first: a tree's insecticide (7) and horse is wild: I'm one, the first in Lent (12).
R (Jocular) You beasts! Swap loot with Trent. (6,3)
S Glue up Web? Big shoes or bigger hat. (4,5)
T Grandly shod, got drunk: that's gain in that. (3-6)
U Posh friend frequently is overhead. (2,5)
V Promise to the Spanish, A not Z (5) and energy holds true, dissolved in eye (7).
W Abbey town struck Disney on the thigh. (7)
X Fragrant wood my small gold box has made. (12)
Y Just one changed at first for precious jade. (2-5)
Z Tough, with naught to right, around it swayed. (4,8)

'Misbehaving Athletes': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1** First crossword word
7 Interpret the future
14 Numbers game
19 Almost
20 Have a mental picture of
21 Dye worker
22 Start to catch up to
23 What a misbehaving basketball did?
25 Actor Davis
26 Opposite of curse
27 "Sock — me"
28 Golf-ball positions
29 Jubilation
31 Wrestling win
33 Cockney's greeting
36 Before a B
37 Misbehaving gridders?
43 Coffee sediment
45 Yo-Yo Ma, for one
46 Robert De —
47 "East of Eden" twin, and others
48 See 48-Down
49 Off the right path
51 Rabble-rouse
53 Cropped up
54 Japanese tea-bowl pottery
56 What misbehaving swimmers do?
58 Mag. execs
60 Makes a new road guide
64 Wasn't thrifty
65 Shade of blue
67 Yucatan yes, emphatically
69 Les girls, for short
71 Garb
73 — tai, rum drink
75 What a misbehaving relay-racer did?
77 Dutch uncles
79 Readies, informally
81 Donkey, at times
82 Songs of praise
86 Genghis Khan's people
88 Remove frost
89 Bra size
90 Yearly quartet
92 Goes through a book again
94 Pitcher's misbehavior?

- 97** "One Day — Time"
99 Last year's frosh
100 Volleyball fixture
101 Pierre's girlfriend
102 Pâté de foie —
103 In — of (as a substitute for)
105 Tennis champ Agassi
108 Kind of door or page
109 Misbehaving hockey players?
114 Rains of "Casablanca"
115 Tightens a muscle
116 Microscopic creatures
117 Humorous words twister
118 Broadway's Oscars

- 119** Baskers' goals
120 Blush
DOWN
1 Neighbor of Zambia
2 Desisting
3 What misbehaving netmen do?
4 Birdlife of a region
5 Gin-fizz fruit
6 Thesaurus entry: abbr.
7 Tellers of small untruths
8 Brunch offering
9 Have status
10 Psyche components
11 Confessor's earful
12 Queen of Spain,

- 1906-31
13 Elongated fish
14 Midwest college-sports group
15 Impertinent
16 To the — degree
17 Chevrolet division, once
18 Meal leftover
21 One of Turner's networks
24 Pig conversation
29 Shot, with "down"
30 Youths
31 Chummy ones
32 More skiddy
34 Lion's lodging
35 Gumbo ingredient

- 37** Bartlett information
38 Sonic feedback
39 Memorable Pee Wee
40 Isn't colorfast
41 Tent pole
42 Sauce for sushi
44 Renowned express
48 Lox's go-with, with 48-Across
50 Résumés
51 Part of T.G.I.F.
52 Valley of the grapes
53 — Maria
55 Needing moisture
57 News bit
59 Nimcompoops
61 Llama's relative
62 What misbehaving golfers did?
63 Mobuto — Seko (former Zaire ruler)
66 Portable computer
68 N. Eur. airline
70 Ukr. was one
72 Martini's partner, in a vermouth brand
74 Native of Teheran
76 Glenn Miller singer Ray
78 Audience's view
80 Prefix for while
82 Lady Bird's successor
83 Essen exclamations
84 Common Market currency
85 Stroke, medically
87 Adjutant: abbr.
88 Prepared-food mart
91 Bored feeling
92 Famed pharaoh
93 Straphanger
95 Complains like a brat
96 Saloon employee
98 Rearward, at sea
102 Thousand bucks
104 Reverse curve
105 Like — of bricks
106 Nair competitor
107 Aba's follower, in a "Honeymoon" tune
108 Chimney channel
109 Frequently: poetic
110 Ziegfeld, to friends
111 Boggy place
112 Anatomical duct
113 Ostrich look-alike
114 Revival-method abbr

